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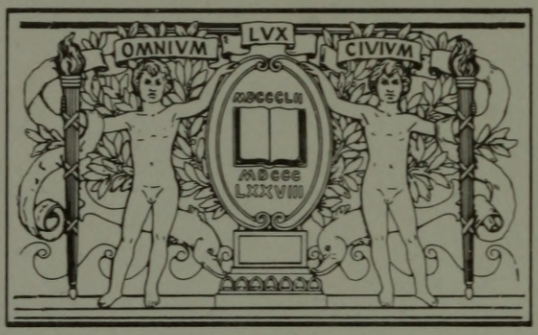

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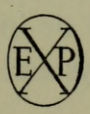
TYLER-BROWNS OF BRATTLEBORO

Tyler-Browns of Brattleboro

Dorothy Sutherland Melville



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For my sons

JOSEPH ANDREW and ROYALL TYLER

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Preface

History wrote the plot and Tyler-Browns wrote the letters. My task has been to weave them into a narrative to show how their lives were interwoven with each other and with our history of a century ago.

This story began in my own mind in early childhood. I used to haunt the Brattleboro Free Library on many visits to my ancestral village and felt quite proprietary about the portrait of the handsome young officer in the Union blue which hung over the mantel in the Reading Room. I knew he was the same who slept under the "Dulce et Decorum" stone in the Tyler lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery with the flag flying from the Union Defender marker. I picked ferns and lilies of the valley at the Tyler-Brown home on Tyler Street to place there on Memorial Day. "*I* brought these for *John,* because he was a soldier," I announced to my elders, who were decorating later graves in the family lot.

My brother found John's letters in the old home at 9 Tyler Street. They were tied in a little bundle and labeled in his father's handwriting: "Letters written by Col. John S. Tyler during the War of the Rebellion 1861-1864." Letters from the tragic sailor Rufus, on shipboard before Fort Fisher and on the Galveston blockade, were in the bundle with John's. Those from the youngest brother, Hanson, were scattered among the myriad letters from the old house on Tyler Street.

Guy Brown's letters too, written to his beloved friend, Ned Tyler, wound up at 9 Tyler Street in the hands of their mutual niece, Faith Tyler. It was a fortunate coincidence (for me) that Guy's "9th New York Heavy" was also attached to the Sixth Corps with the Vermont Brigade, for I was thus able to follow Guy's regiment authentically through the eyes of the Vermont

historian, G. G. Benedict, in his classic volumes on *Vermont in the Civil War.*

Allan Brown's letters "At Sea," covering the years 1863 to 1874, were copied by him for his daughters at his wife's request over the period 1871 to 1878. They are in a large naval blank book, the flyleaf inscribed "For the children. Extracts of letters written to Mamma by Papa." (The accent was *always* on the second syllable.) Since none of my grandparents' actual letters to each other are in existence, Allan's book of seagoing letters and "Gertrude's Journal" are greatly treasured.

My cousin, the late Laura Lawrence, gave me, years ago, many family letters which were in the possession of her mother, Edith Tyler Platt, as well as a carbon copy of the young Edith's journal, found after her death and typed by Laura for herself and her sister.

Among them all, Gertrude Tyler's voluminous letters, full of dressmaking and culinary details and written in a delicate, *pale,* ladylike hand on very thin paper, were the most difficult to read (although a delight); and the worldwide letters from Hanson Tyler (the irrepressible "Stem"), written in a large bold black hand, were the easiest (and the most amusing).

Unless otherwise indicated, all letters I have quoted are in my possession. So I state here that I have only two letters written by Mary Hunt Palmer Tyler (Mrs. Royall Tyler). The one written to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edward Royall Tyler of New Haven, on June 24, 1861, the day the Second Vermont Regiment left Burlington, was in the bundle of Civil War letters; and the one written to her grandson, John, on New Year's Day 1857 is actually an addendum to a letter from Rufus to his brother. The bulk of "Madam Tyler's" correspondence is in the "Royall Tyler Collection (Gift of Helen Tyler Brown)" at the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier.

I grew up with *Grandmother Tyler's Book, the Recollections of Mrs. Royall Tyler,* and was familiar with several typed and longhand copies in the family long before it was published by Putnam's in 1925, including the one my brother and I helped copy (in longhand) in our teens with other members of the family. The original manuscript of Mary Hunt Palmer Tyler's auto-

biography belonged to the descendants of her fifth child, William Clark Tyler of Boston, at whose request his mother wrote her life story. It descended to his greatgrandson, William Royall Tyler of Washington, D.C., for many years a career diplomat with the United States Department of State.

I found a notebook of Gertrude Tyler's verses in my mother's desk in our rectory at Black Mountain, North Carolina, after her death in 1932. It was the first treasure in my own collection of family memorabilia. I have taken liberties with the poem I have used as the theme of Part I of my tale, as I have identified it especially with June 6, 1861, the day John's company of volunteers marched down Main Street in Brattleboro to join the Second Vermont Regiment in Burlington. Actually, the lines were suggested to Gertrude as she watched the Fourth Vermont Regiment march away "September 21, 1861," which is the only title she gave her verses. "To Our Volunteers," which she wrote in June of 1861, was no doubt in honor of the Second Vermont.

I am grateful for the hospitality and courtesies shown me by the staff of the Vermont Historical Society, especially by Mr. Charles T. Morrissey, the former director, and his predecessor, the late Dr. Richard G. Wood, when I visited them to delve into the Tyler papers there (for many other reasons than the writing of this tale).

I appreciate the attention granted my requests through correspondence with the Navy Department and the National Archives for further information about the service of Rufus, Clarence, Will, and George Tyler; with the New York Department of State about the employment of Daniel; and with the Mariner's Museum, Newport News, Virginia. It was the latter which enabled me to unravel the mystery of the *General Grant* disaster and Rufus Tyler's untimely end.

Mrs. Cornelia R. Balliet and Mrs. Kathryn Jackett, parish secretaries at St. James' Church, Batavia, New York, searched parish records for me to authenticate dates connected with Tyler-Brown residence there; and Mrs. Sidney K. Backus of Rochester, New York, sent me the information about Judge Joshua Lawrence Brown from Beers' Historical Gazeteer.

Mrs. Ann Turner, reference librarian at the Henry Prescott

Chaplin Memorial Library, Norwich University, sent me information about the periodical, *United Service,* in which Allan D. Brown's serial appeared, after I had been referred to them by the Library of Congress.

I wish to give especial thanks to my cousin, Frances Ann Drees (Mrs. Edward D.) of Utica, New York, for her unfailing loyalty, encouragement, and assistance with this project.

Most helpful of all in the writing of this tale has been the memory of Tyler lore, which surrounded me from childhood and which was passed on to me by my elders, notably by my aunt, Helen Tyler Brown. To her and to Thomas Pickman Tyler, my forerunners in the role of family narrator (not meaning to include "Grandmother Tyler"), I acknowledge the debt of all Tyler descendants. Although they did not live to see their most cherished hopes bear fruition, they contributed much data about Royall Tyler to the printed page. It has fallen to my lot to write about those who followed him.

Most of all, I am grateful to my brother, Allan Donald Sutherland, M.D., for cherishing John's letters and letting me have them to work my will upon them, which led to the writing of this tale. Of the result I can only say, as Helen Tyler Brown wrote of John Steele Tyler's portrait at its presentation to the town of Brattleboro, it is my hope that this portrait (this picture of the young Colonel of the Second Vermont Regiment and all the other boys and girls of the sixties and their elders) "may serve as a token to coming generations that loyalty and sacrifice of self are worth endeavor to have and to hold."*

D.S.M.

West Lebanon, New Hampshire
November 1972

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*Letter from Helen Tyler Brown, September 20, 1908, to the Survivors of Company C, Second Regiment, Vermont Volunteers (quoted in newspaper clipping in writer's possession).

Children of Royall Tyler (1757-1826) and Mary Hunt Palmer (1775-1866)

With Their Children and Grandchildren
(See Appendix for full names, dates and marriages)

1. *ROYALL*
2. *JOHN STEELE*
   - LUCINDA
     - Mary Cutter *
     - Emily Cutter *
3. *MARY WHITWELL*
4. *EDWARD ROYALL*
   - AMELIA
   - BESSIE
     - C. C. Billings, Jr.
   - JOHN STEELE
   - WILLIAM CLARK
   - EDWARD ROYALL
   - GEORGE WHITTLESEY
     - Faith
     - Royall
5. *WILLIAM CLARK*
   - MARY CAROLINE
   - WILLIAM ROYALL
   - HENRY CAREY
     - Royall *
6. *JOSEPH DENNIE*
   - ELLEN
     - Samuel Person, Jr.
   - DANIEL FULLER
   - CHARLES SKINNER

CLARENCE WHITEHEAD
JOSEPH DENNIE

Charles
Alice
George
Clarence
Edward *
Joseph
Henry

7. *AMELIA SOPHIA*
8. *GEORGE PALMER*
TROWBRIDGE
FRANCES BRADFORD

Tyler Mairs
Elizabeth Mairs *

9. *CHARLES (ROYALL)*
GERTRUDE

Helen Brown
Ethel Brown *

HELEN
EDITH

Gertrude Platt *
Royall Platt
Laura Platt *

10. *THOMAS PICKMAN*
JOHN STEELE
RUFUS CLARK
HANSON RISLEY

John Steele

11. *ABIEL WINSHIP*

---

*Has descendants living in 1972.

Part I

Slowly through the misty street
Comes the measured tramp of feet;
And a thousand forms sweep by
Going forth to win or die.

Stepping to the roll of drums,
Down the dark'ning street they come
Marching forth with gallant heart,
Ready, each, to bear his part;

To resign, it may be, life;
Eager but to join the strife.

* * *

Will they tread the homeward track?
God in mercy bring them back!

GERTRUDE TYLER

Chapter 1

Ready Each to Bear His Part

"That the old reputation of the Green Mountain Boys will not suffer by you, I am content," John Steele Tyler's father wrote to the young law student in Vermont from his rectory in western New York. "We are New Englanders, in spite of residence elsewhere, and I would rather have you connected with the Green Mountain boys than with the Army of New York."

The tall blond youth was thinking of these words, received from his father the previous night, as he walked across the Common to his grandmother's home close by. It was the day after John's eighteenth birthday, for the date was Tuesday, April 30, 1861. There, on the Brattleboro Common, where a granite *Soldier of the Union* leans on his rifle contemplating the present day scene, the first group of that gallant band, in whose honor he keeps constant vigil, had met and made plans to volunteer their services to the State of Vermont for the Union cause. Within six weeks they would rendezvous as Company C with the Second Regiment, Vermont Volunteers, which was the first of the state's three-year regiments and which shared in almost every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac from First Bull Run to Appomattox.

But at their historic meeting on the Common on April 30, it was decided to begin drilling immediately. The Town Hall on Main Street would be large enough. E. A. Todd, a medical student, and John S. Tyler, a law student, would be their drilling officers, with Colonel Charles Appleton Miles, head of the Burnside Military Academy on Putney Road, to help them.[1]

John thought gratefully of his years at military school as he walked homeward along the well-worn path, recalling his father's letter. The dark bulk of Wantastiquet loomed above him, a familiar bulwark against the eastern sky. Its base hidden by the high river

bank a short distance away, the mountain rose out of the Connecticut from the New Hampshire shore, but as John crossed the Common that night, it appeared, as always, to hover benevolently over the Vermont town and her people. Looking northward through the tender spring green, John could glimpse the long vista up the West River valley, where the ground fell away abruptly from the upper edge of the Common to the Asylum lawns and meadows below.[2]

John turned south opposite his Uncle George's at the Congregational parsonage and walked a little way along Putney Road, which skirts the eastern edge of the Common and which for years was part of the main highway along the Connecticut River leading to northern Vermont and the White Mountains. He was still thinking of his letter. "The great scarcity of any knowledge of military drill creates a great demand for it," Dr. Tyler had written. "It is right that you should have the benefit of your training. You will fight for your country's government and its very existence."

John smiled as he thought of the admonitory postscript, "You had better get the standard work on Military Tactics, & make it a study." But it was fitting that fathers should thus admonish the young volunteers as the Union sprang to arms in the early sixties. They were for the most part totally unfamiliar with the grim business ahead of them and would learn the first lessons with scant training.

At Grandmother Tyler's, John immediately sat down and addressed a letter to the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler, DD., Rector of St. James' Church, Batavia, New York.

Brattleboro,
April 30th, /61

Dear Father:

Yours recd last evening. Allow me the pleasure of informing you that I have been chosen 1st Lieutenant of our company here —which will soon be mustered into active service.

I hasten to inform you by first mail.

All well—

Your aff. son
John

John's father was glad that there would be *"enough time"* (!) to "get your men *well drilled & equipped.*" He congratulated the young man on his prospect of honorable service and assured him that he would see him before he went away.

"I feel anxious that you should have lessons in fencing," Dr. Tyler wrote. "'Is there no teacher there? Who is Captain of your company? Keep me informed of all about the matter—if only by a few lines every day or two.

Love to Grandma, your bros. & all. In haste
Your aff^{t}
Father

Lieut. Tyler"

To which Lt. Tyler replied on May 12 that "Lt. Stoughton of Bellows Falls," a West Point graduate, had been drilling them the past week ("and of course is a great prize") and was also giving fencing lessons to him and Captain Todd. "Having been the best fencer at West Point," John had been told, "of course we could find no better teacher. We drill five hours per diem."[3]

"Capt. Todd of *ours* is a very fine young fellow," he went on, "about 22 years of age, by profession a physician. He has had considerable experience in military companies both in this State & in New Hampshire.

"Last Tuesday the Commission of and instructions to our recruiting officer (Mr. Francis Goodhue) arrived and before night 64 privates and 13 officers were enlisted, i.e. the full complement of 77 men. Mr. Goodhue took the roll and started for headquarters at Rutland where he learnt that the General Government had declined to accept any more men unless they were enlisted for *three* years instead of *two* as our *State* Government had provided. Our company unanimously agree that they will enlist for three years or for 15 if wanted.

"The officers have not as yet been regularly elected. The Adjutant Genl sends one of his staff who presides at a vote by ballot. But there is no doubt but that I shall get the 1st Lieutenancy.

"I trust to see you before we leave to go into camp at Burlington.

"All are well. Love to all.

Your aff. son
John"

The house where our young soldier of the sixties was writing still stands at the southeast corner of the Common at 10 Putney Road opposite Terrace Street. As the home of his Tyler grandparents, it had long been significant in the Brattleboro scene and in readying the Tylers of the sixties for the part they would bear in the story of that decade. John had come from Batavia two years before to live in the old home with his grandmother and aunts, Mary and Amelia Tyler, while he studied law in the office of his uncle, Probate Judge Royall Tyler. John's motherless younger brothers, Rufus and Hanson, and his fatherless cousin, Joe Tyler, were also part of the household.

Their grandmother, Mary Hunt Palmer Tyler, widow of Royall Tyler, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont and author, poet, and playwright in the early days of America, was then in her eighty-sixth year. She survived her husband, the former Chief Justice, who died in 1826, by forty years. He and Mary had eleven children. Madam Tyler, as her townspeople called her, "was beloved and respected, a bond of union, a centre of mingled love and authority . . . to a large family of adoring children and descendants," as the *Vermont Phoenix* expressed it at the time of her death in 1866.

Young John himself wrote to his grandmother under date of "Jan. 31st/59," "You don't know how we appreciate your letters nor how much affection we all have for our dear Grandma. It shall henceforth be my endeavor . . . to honor the name you have given to your children & children's children.

Your aff. Grandson
J^no^ S. Tyler"

In 1861 as John prepared to go to war, Grandmother Tyler was engaged in writing her autobiography for her descendants at

the request of her fifth child, William Clark Tyler of Longwood (Boston).[4]

John Tyler's decision to fight for the Union with the Vermont forces and his father's approval had the hearty concurrence of his eldest surviving uncle, John Steele Tyler of Boston. The elder John hoped that his namesake would lose no time in "presenting himself in Vermont," where his military education ought to fit him for a commission. "Were it not for my 65 years," Uncle John wrote to his brother, Pickman, under date of April 20, 1861, "I would try to take care of the name. As it is, I trust to him who bears it. Let him understand that I answer for his proper outfit.

"The streets (of Boston) resound with the Drum & Fife, and the voices of thousands cheer on our Boys to the struggle of liberty against Anarchy," John went on in the vein of the aroused North. "Doubtless the systematic efforts of the traitors who governed the Country the last four years have disarmed the North to a great extent. Pennsylvania offers 100,000 men, yet her first recruits are stopped at Baltimore for want of arms to force their way. Whilst Sampson slept, his locks have been shorn, but . . . there can be no doubt of the final result. I hope to see Peace once more in our borders . . .

Yrs.
in usual haste *John*"

Pickman sent the letter on to Brattleboro. "You see the General's wishes in regard to you," he wrote to his son. "As head of the family, he ought to control your wishes in the matter."

It was like Uncle John to "answer" for his nephew's outfit. "The General," as he was known to family and friends by virtue of his rank as commander of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, had been considered head of the family ever since his father's death in 1826. John, the munificent, the bountiful, the beloved, was "the main support of his parents in their declining years and the aid, advisor and guide of his brothers and sisters." So wrote his youngest brother Pickman much later, in his unpublished *Memoirs* of their father. The house at 10 Putney Road in Brattleboro, where our story opens, was a gift to his

parents from this beloved son, their eldest surviving.

One block east of the old home on May 17, 1861, Gertrude Tyler, the probate judge's daughter and cousin of our young Lieutenant John, began her journal on her twentieth birthday, and added feminine touches to the history of those early summer days. "Since the President's call for troops, war is the great topic of the day," she wrote at her home on Tyler Street, which lies along the Connecticut River bank. "A company has been raised here; Capt. Todd and Lt. Tyler, that is, John. They drill every day, and evenings at the Town Hall. I have been to see them at the latter place."

She had more to say about the "fencing Lieutenant" John had mentioned who, before he was featured in one of Lincoln's *bon mots,* would make his mark, according to John, as one of Vermont's "splendid officers." "Lt. Stoughton, a new acquaintance, whom time would I think convert into a friend if there was a chance," Gertrude related to her new confidante, "has escorted me home from the Town Hall and the library several times. He is a West Point graduate, who has served in Oregon and California, although he resigned last fall in obedience to his father's wishes, said father being Papa's old friend, Mr. Stoughton of Bellows Falls. He is now studying law in New York, but being at home now volunteered to train this company. He is well educated, very agreeable and a perfect gentleman. He is of medium height, an erect good figure, light brown hair, curling in short close rings close to his head—decided features—a good forehead & mouth—eyes light blue—a brown moustache, curling at the ends. If he lived here, I doubt not we would become very good friends. As it is, we are agreeable acquaintances."

She was busy fixing a havelock for John out of linen cloth from a pattern their cousin Will had sent him. John brought it to her on May 18, she said: "with a humble request that I make one for him. John is coming out nobly. I am really proud of him. Mr. Stoughton and son, Edwin, and Lt. Tyler dined here. E.S. was very agreeable. He pays compliments prettily."

And on May 26, 1861, Gertrude noted that she "received a letter from Allan," from Newport, the first mention of her midshipman, Allan Danvers Brown of Batavia, a friend of her cousin's,

whom she had met while visiting her Uncle Pickman in his rectory there.

Gertrude's father, Judge Royall Tyler, with whom John Tyler had been studying law for two years, was the seventh son and ninth child of Chief Justice Royall Tyler. He was Judge of Probate of the District of Marboro, a position he held for fifty years, from 1846 until his death in 1896. He was also the clerk of Windham County from 1851 until 1896. He had served as state's attorney from 1841 to 1843, as his father, Royall Tyler, had done during the last six years of the previous century, and had represented Brattleboro in the state legislature in 1846.[5] He prepared at Phillips Exeter for Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1834. He studied law with Charles C. Loring of Boston, was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1837 and to the Windham County bar on a certificate from Massachusetts in 1839.

He had been baptized Charles and was usually called by that name in his intimate circle, although in public life he was always Judge Royall Tyler, and his signature, even when writing to his wife, was invariably "R. Tyler." He was born April 19, 1812, and was one year old when his oldest brother, Royall, died at the age of nineteen of "typhus fever" while a Sophomore at the University of Vermont. Their father was at that time a trustee of the University and professor of jurisprudence. After Charles started the study of law in Massachusetts, he had his name changed to "Royall" so that he might carry on the honored name borne by both his father and grandfather.

Judge Tyler had written to his nephew, young John in Batavia, October 8, 1858: "I am satisfied you have the stuff in you to make a successful lawyer . . . You must use it and of course you will if you set about the task. Deliberate well beforehand. Yet if you determine to come to me next spring, let it be with an undoubted faith and a motivation not to be shaken.

In gt haste
Yrs
R Tyler"

John set out for Brattleboro from Batavia the next March after receiving Judge Tyler's letter. He was accompanied by his young

uncle, Rufus Clark, and his dog, Drive, "who took up his abode in the baggage car with as good a grace as possible." The young man arrived, he said, "in such grimy condition" that he "nearly came to the conclusion that the real estate upon my face and hands might be rented as arable land to good advantage."

He wrote his father under date of March 31, 1859, "Yesterday (Wed) I went to work here in the office and have commenced Kent's Commentaries. Grandma and the family are well.

"With much love to all I remain

Yours truly
John S. Tyler"

It was then one month before his sixteenth birthday. This was not John's first arrival on the Brattleboro scene. He was born there April 29, 1843, while John Tyler of Virginia sat in the White House. Young John was the eldest son of the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler, tenth child of the Chief Justice, and Mary Ann Clark. He was born at the home of his maternal grandparents, Rufus Clark and Sally Goodenough, at the Clark Farm in the "southern end of Brattleborough East Village," previously owned by John's greatgrandfather, Joseph Clark, an early settler of Brattleboro. It was he who gave the land on the high bluffs above the river, south of Whetstone Brook, for the use of the "East Village" as a "Burying Ground." His wife, "Mrs. Freedom, the late amiable consort of Mr. Joseph Clark, who died in childbed Ap' 3, 1796, in the 35 year of Her Age," was the first occupant of the cemetery (now known as Prospect Hill).

The first mention of young John Steele Tyler is of record in a letter from his father written when John was three weeks old. Pickman, or Pick, as he was called by his elders and contemporaries, reported to a boyhood friend, Abijah P. Marvin of Winchendon, Massachusetts, that he found Mary Ann "in status quo" and arrived in time to greet the 11-pound boy after sleighing all the way to the Clark Farm from his "little flock" in Canton, New York. "Never had such a quantity of snow been seen in April."

Their third son, Rufus Clark Tyler, was born in Fredonia, New York, January 20, 1847. Walter, between John and Rufus, did not survive. A fourth son, Hanson Risley Tyler, was born in Columbus, Ohio, May 17, 1851. He was named for Hanson Alex-

ander Risley, a close friend and parishioner in Fredonia.[6] A daughter, Mary, was born in Fredonia in May of 1853 and lived eleven months. She was buried April 13, 1854, from St. James', Batavia, where her father became rector the previous January.

The boys' mother, Mary Ann Clark Tyler, died of tuberculosis in Brattleboro on May 17, 1856, when John was thirteen. Because of their mother's illness and death, he and his brothers, Rufus and Hanson, spent much of their childhood and youth in Brattleboro with their Tyler and Clark kindred, even though their father's parish was in western New York. Although motherless, they belonged to a large, closely knit, affectionate family circle and therefore had more than one home. At the Clark Farm they hunted, fished, and skated with their young uncle, Rufus, and were petted by their aunts, Mary Ann's sisters, Caroline, Eunice, and Ellen Clark. Their Grandmother Clark, like their Grandmother Tyler, lived to a ripe age (92). She was "a woman of rare graces of character, manners and speech," according to our Brattleboro Annalist.[7]

During many of their early years, John Steele Tyler and his brothers were with their paternal grandmother, the Chief Justice's widow, and her daughters, Mary and Amelia Tyler, in the house on Brattleboro Common in the northern end of the village. Madam Tyler, the former Mary Hunt Palmer, was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, March 1, 1775, one month before the Battles of Lexington and Concord, in which her father, Joseph Pearse Palmer, and her grandfather, Joseph Palmer, took active parts.

Although the latter was born in England, he was a staunch patriot and "with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of American independence during the Revolutionary War." At the time of the Battle of Lexington he was a lieutenant colonel with the American forces and later became a brigadier general. He came from Shaugh, Devonshire, with his wife, Mary Cranch, and her brother, Richard Cranch, and arrived in Boston on the *Wilmington* November 2, 1746.[8] They settled in Old Braintree (now Quincy) where Joseph Palmer and Richard Cranch established a glassworks and other industries. Mr. Palmer and his wife were first cousins. Their mothers were Joan Pearse and Elizabeth Pearse, daughters of Christopher Pearse of Whichcombe, Devonshire, They married John Palmer and John Cranch. Richard Cranch, who came to America with his sister and brother-in-law

in 1746, married Mary Smith ("Aunt Cranch," as she was referred to by Mary Palmer Tyler in her "Book"), a sister of Abigail Smith (Mrs. John Adams).

Mary Palmer Tyler's father, Joseph Pearse Palmer, was a participant in the Boston Tea Party, after which, being *persona non grata* to the royal authorities, he fled to the home of his father-in-law, John Hunt, in Watertown, where Mary was born, the second of nine children. After Lexington and Concord, Joseph Pearse Palmer served in the "New England Army" as quartermaster general from May 1 to August 14, 1775, for which he was paid forty-five pounds, eight shillings, and seven pence halfpenny.[9] In the fall of 1777 he was with his father, Brig. General Joseph Palmer, during the ill-starred Rhode Island affair.[10]

Mary's mother, Elizabeth Hunt of Watertown, daughter of John Hunt and Ruth Fessenden, was a descendant of Enoch and Ephraim Hunt, father and son, who came to Weymouth in 1639 from Lee, near Wendover, Buckinghamshire.[11] Betsey Hunt's other ancestral lines were established in neighboring Massachusetts towns at about the same period.

Mary was almost eighteen years younger than her husband, whom she survived by four decades. Royall Tyler was born in Boston on May 18, 1757, the son of Royall Tyler, a prosperous merchant, and Mary Steele. The Tylers lived on Ann Street (later North Street) next door to Fanueil Hall. This first Royall Tyler was a king's councilor and a leading spirit in events prior to the American Revolution, but he died in 1771 and was buried in the tomb of his father, William, in King's Chapel Churchyard adjoining the sidewalk on Tremont Street, where the marker may still be seen. Like his son and grandson, Royall, he was a graduate of Harvard College. Royall Tyler I was the son of William Tyler and Sarah Royall, and grandson of Thomas Tyler, a sea captain from Budleigh, Devonshire, who settled in Boston and married Miriam Simpkins, daughter of Pilgrim Simpkins and Katherine Richardson, both of whom are buried in Granary Burying Ground on Tremont Street.[12]

This is a brief glance at the Tyler limbs on young John Steele Tyler's family tree.

The first Tyler visit to Vermont occurred in the opposite corner of the state from Brattleboro when the second Royall Tyler

and future chief justice rode into Bennington early in 1787 on a military errand from Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts. Royall had served briefly during the Revolution in the Boston Independent Company, with the rank of major, as aide-de-camp to General John Sullivan in the expedition against Newport. At the time of Shay's Rebellion in western Massachusetts, the young lawyer was named aide to General Benjamin Lincoln and sent "to pursue and apprehend the delinquents," which pursuit carried him into Green Mountain territory. A hasty note from Bennington in February to his friends, the Palmers, gave a lively account of his adventures, and begged them in a postscript, "Do not communicate my nonsense; you know not the injury you may do me."[13]

Four years later Royall Tyler returned to Vermont to make his home, and settled in Guilford in the southeast corner of the infant and fourteenth state in January 1791, having meanwhile written the first American comedy, "The Contrast," for which he enjoyed considerable fame. Just why he left his extensive family and business connections in Boston for the new State of Vermont is a moot question, not only in family annals, but to other students of Tylerana as well. But this is not Royall's story!

Mary, however, held all the threads of family relationship in her loving grasp in the sixties, and so we add that "R.T" (as he was always referred to by his descendants) went down to Massachusetts in May of 1794 and married nineteen-year-old Polly Palmer of Framingham. She had been his most ardent admirer ever since her first meeting with him at "Uncle Cranch's" in Braintree, when she was a little girl of eight or nine and he a dashing young lawyer in love with Miss Abby Adams. That young lady went to England with her mother to join the doughty John and eventually returned Royall's ring and letters. It was to be Mary's gain (and Vermont's)—and Royall gained his loyal, devoted, Mary. "Amidst all my disappointment and misfortunes, I believed there was one faithful heart in the world on whom I could rely," he told her.[14]

Royall and Mary Tyler moved from their first Vermont home in Guilford to a farm in adjoining Brattleboro in 1801 with their four elder children, Royall, John, Mary, and Edward, an infant of six months. William, Joseph, Amelia, George, Charles, and Pickman were born on Meetinghouse Hill, where the earliest inhabi-

tants of the town first settled. It lies midway between the "East Village" and the "West Village." Pickman's birth is recalled in a letter from his young son, Rufus Clark Tyler, writing to his brother, John;

Brattleboro, Nov^{br} 20th /58

Dear John:

Today is Father's birthday; and Grandma has been talking about it and she says that a little while after he was born there was a great deal of snow fell; she remembers it because Uncle Edward came that night from Boston and he tried the back door up at the old farm and could not get in and he went round to the front door; he had to climb a fence and grandma could see him from her window; she thought it was a robber but when he got over the fence he had to jump into a great snow drift. When grandma saw him she was very glad. When he came in he kissed the baby and grandma, and called him a little quiz.

Saturday it snowed here all day and we had fun sliding. Winter came on so suddenly that we had not got our boots. I found your old boots and wore them; they are ever so much too big for me. The cobbler has just finished Clare's boots and I think he has got mine done by this time.

I look forward with great pleasure to our meeting at Christmas. Write soon to

Your affectionate brother
Rufus

Thomas Pickman Tyler, born November 20, 1815, "at the old farm" on Meetinghouse Hill was named for his mother's brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas Pickman of Salem, Massachusetts, who married Sophia Palmer. Edward Royall Tyler was fifteen years old when he "came from Boston" as his nephew Rufus related, and jumped into the snowdrift the night his little brother, Pickman, was born.

Soon after that birth, the family moved to the East Village, where the eleventh child, Abiel Winship, was born. It was in the "grassplot" of the old house on Putney Road adjoining Brattleboro Common that Royall Tyler planted and nursed the "misshapen" chestnut seed and, as his life drew to a close, envisioned its growth in a prophetic ballad of "Brattleborough East Village" called "The Chestnut Tree."[15] He died there August 16, 1826,

after a distinguished career in law and literature in his adopted state.

His eleven children are listed here again, since they were the uncles and aunts of the young Tylers of the sixties: Royall, John Steele, Mary Whitwell, Edward Royall, William Clark, Joseph Dennie, Amelia Sophia, George Palmer, Charles (Royall), Thomas Pickman, Abiel Winship. Their life-span in Vermont covered one hundred years. The eldest was born in Framingham; but John, the second child, was born in Guilford in 1796; and Royall, the Judge, died in Brattleboro in 1896. The latter was the only lawyer among the nine sons. Two went to Boston and became successful businessmen; four were clergymen; and two (the first and last born) died in their promising youth. Charles and Pickman were the only ones who married Brattleboro girls. Edward, Joseph, and George went to Yale and found their future wives in Connecticut; John and William in Boston. Of the four clergymen, Edward was a Congregationalist and George a Presbyterian; Joseph and Pickman were staunch Episcopalians, as were their parents. In their youth Royall and Mary had attended King's Chapel in Boston, while it was yet in the Anglican fold.

The Tyler home at the corner of the Common was for many years the location of "Miss Tyler's School" and there young John Steele Tyler and his brothers were from time to time pupils of their aunt, Amelia Sophia Tyler, Brattleboro's beloved "Teacher of Three Generations," as she was referred to by the townspeople and in her memorial window in St. Michael's Episcopal Church.[16]

The Peabody sisters of Salem were her first cousins. Mrs. Tyler's next younger sister, Elizabeth Palmer, married Dr. Nathaniel Peabody and was the mother of the famous sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia. Amelia Sophia Tyler and Sophia Amelia Peabody (Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne) were both named for their aunts, Amelia (Mrs. Abel Curtis) and Sophia Palmer (Mrs. Thomas Pickman), both of Salem. Amelia Tyler was a natural-born teacher like her cousins, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody and Mary Tyler Peabody (Mrs. Horace Mann), and developed much of her teaching skills during youthful visits to Salem where she taught in *her* Aunt Amelia's school.

Her younger brothers were among her earliest pupils. A letter

to John written by his father July 29, 1852, speaks of his own school days under Amelia. "It is a great advantage to you to have so good a teacher as your Aunt Amelia," he wrote encouragingly to the little lad of nine from Fredonia. "When I was a little boy she used to teach me. I remember how I used to cry sometimes because she made me get my lessons. But I have lived to be very glad that she did and very sorry that I made her so much trouble. If you live to grow up you will be glad that you had a chance to go to school to her.

"You will be sorry to have your mother and brothers come away and leave you, but I hope you are manly enough to do cheerfully what is for the best. Besides, Brattleboro is a pleasanter place to live than Fredonia. You were born there, and so were your mother and I. It is home to us all. We want to have you with us more than you wish to be here, but we know it is far better for you to stay there. You must try to make your Aunts & Grandma as little trouble as you can.

"With much love to Grandma, Aunts and all.

Your very affectionate
Father"

Mary Whitwell Tyler, the Chief Justice's older daughter, was housekeeper and homemaker for her mother and sister, but Henry Burnham in his *Brattleboro Early History* calls her "a natural born kindergartener with unbounded affection for little ones, rich and poor",[17] and he, as well as Helen Tyler Brown in her appendix to *Grandmother Tyler's Book,* attests to the love Aunt Mary inspired in all little children.

There were many merry scenes depicted in the youthful letters of the fifties as John and his brothers went to school to Aunt Amelia, for the old house bulged with Tyler cousins and others lived close by.

Amelia, or "Minna," Bessie, Will, Ned and George, Edward Royall's children, lived in New Haven with their widowed mother, Sarah Boardman Tyler, but were frequent visitors in the Tyler homestead and closely entwined with the Brattleboro scene throughout their lives. Minna was Aunt Amelia's first family pupil in her generation—"Amelia Secunda," young Pick dubbed her when he heard that "the Parson perpetrated a daughter" October

24, 1832. The Reverend Edward Royall Tyler had held pastorates at Middletown and Colebrook and was editor of *The New Englander* in New Haven at the time of his death—"very suddenly September 28, 1848 at the age of forty-eight," a New Haven paper related with the many flattering phrases of the period.[18] Little George was but a few months old when the father died.

The second Amelia was the teacher in her generation. Bessie, Uncle Edward's younger daughter, was the homemaker; the beloved big sister, confidante, mentor, and smoother of romance for all her younger cousins. She brightened her Uncle Pickman's Rectory with her presence for extended periods after Mary Ann's death. Her young friend, Guy Brown, wrote to her brother, Ned, "Bessie is so good and so beautiful." Mary R. Cabot, a lifelong friend and neighbor of the Tylers, referred in her *Annals* to Amelia's brilliance and to Bessie's "personal beauty and lovely character."[19]

The third child was John Steele, named for his uncle in Boston, who did not have to wait for his youngest brother, Pickman, to give him a namesake, but "Uncle Edward's little John Steele," as he was always called, died in 1840 at the age of four. His brothers, Will, Ned, and George, are woven into the fabric of this tale.

Dan, Clarence, and Joe, sons of the Reverend Joseph Dennie Tyler, had come North from Staunton, Virginia, after *their* father's death in 1852 (also at age forty-eight), and were in Brattleboro for long periods. The two younger were under Aunt Amelia's tutelage. Charles, between Dan and Clarence in age, was drowned at age thirteen. Presumably, he came North with his brothers, but where the tragedy occurred is a mystery. There is no reference to it in any family letter. The bare fact that he was "drowned August 4, 1855" appears on a typed list of family births, deaths, and marriages.[20]

"Uncle Joseph" was named for Joseph Dennie, a "Walpole wit" and literary partner of Royall Tyler in the "Colon and Spondee" days of *The Farmer's Weekly Museum,* a widely read periodical of that era. The sixth child of the Chief Justice was the first superintendent of the Department of the Deaf of the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind in Staunton at the time of his sudden death, January 28, 1852. A severe illness after his ordination to the Anglican priesthood had left him with impaired hearing,

and this misfortune caused his determination to devote his lfe to the education of the deaf. He first taught at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford, Connecticut. While there, he married Amanda Fuller, daughter of Daniel Fuller of Wethersfield, and had William (died in infancy), Ellen, and Daniel. He came to Staunton October 1, 1839, so the other boys were born in the South (also Jane who died in childhood). There are no letters of record to pinpoint the whereabouts of Amanda and her oldest child, Ellen Tyler, between the father's death in 1852 and Ellen's marriage in 1858. Joseph Dennie Tyler is buried in Trinity churchyard in Staunton, Virginia, where parish records indicate that he often supplied and officiated at services there. His death prevented the inevitable heartaches he would have experienced a decade later in his adopted Shenandoah Valley; heartaches affecting family relationships, which his children and relatives did not escape.

Uncle George's children, Trowbridge and Fannie Tyler, lived a stone's throw from Grandmother Tyler on Putney Road opposite the Common in the Congregational parsonage. Although a Presbyterian, their father, the Reverend George Palmer Tyler, was pastor of the Centre Congregational Church in his native town from 1853 to 1866. He was named for his mother's brother, George Palmer, as was his cousin, George Palmer Putnam. He married Elizabeth Atwater Trowbridge ("Aunt Lizzie") of New Haven. Later John would use the distance between his grandmother's house and "Uncle George's" to describe the distance between his men and the "rebel pickets."

Gertrude and Edith Tyler, the Judge's daughters, lived on Tyler Street, which was named for their father, and were ten years apart in age. John and Gertrude were like brother and sister, and little Hanson and Edith, both born in 1851 (Hanson on May 17 and Edith on September 2), were close friends and "favorite cousins" always. There was a middle daughter to match Rufus' age, but little Helen Tyler had died at the age of four in 1850, the year before Edith was born.

John's little brother, Hanson, under the later label of "Stem," has come down in all annals, including his own letters, as the family comic. "Ellen says he amuses them all by his curious observations and manners," Grandmother Tyler relayed this word

from the Clark household. "He learns to read very fast," she reported to Pickman. "Edith has begun to come to school and promises to be a good scholar; says, 'O, how I wish I could read as well as Hanson'."

Grandmother wrote to John at school in Connecticut: "Hanson is a good child, but very enterprising—thinks he can do everything the other boys do. He is out all weather and his cheeks are as red as roses. He is washed every morning in cold water and stands there and will not allow a drop of warm put into it but has a basin full poured over his person and never flinches."

Aunt Amelia wrestled with his "na-ows" and "ca-ows." She wrote to Hanson's father, "He is a good child & makes progress in learning—but he has an inveterate turn for Yankee pronunciation—quite diverting to the other children. It seems to me like a gift. I come seriously for advice & aid. Do tell me what you wish, & send him an admonition about it."

Gertrude caught her young cousins in a doleful but comical group as she stopped in at her grandmother's on her way home from church one Sunday morning. She wrote to Bessie that she had put her head into the south parlor and was "perfectly transfixed at the sight . . . . Hanson sat on the floor in the middle of the room with his elbows on a cricket, calmly contemplating Joe, who was lying on the settee with his head on a pillow and a doleful look on his face. Clare was stretched out on the floor with pillow and comfortable, and under the table by the looking glass was Rufus with another pillow and comfortable. And among them all perambulated Aunt Minnie with a book in her hand and a smile on her face! Seeing my astonishment, Rufus protruded his head, like a turtle from his shell, and 'Hi! Hi! Hi!' went all the young sprouts; at least all but Joe, who turned over and looked at me with his big eyes, but said nothing. Joe has a cold and Clare a sick headache. As for Rufus, he undertook, while out at Mr. Clark's, to turn a somersault from a beam on to the haymow, but his calculations failed, and he hit on his head, instead of his feet, which has jarred his constitution and given him a lame back—nothing alarming, I guess."

Gertrude hurried home across "the Terrace" toward "the neighboring mountain's rocky height"[21] to report to her confidante. "Riverside," which she had named their home, stood at the junc-

tion of Tyler, Terrace, and Walnut Streets. Ensconced on its high green terrace at the southern end of Tyler Street, it has an uninterrupted view down the Connecticut to the Massachusetts hills in the distance.[22] Mt. Wantastiquet rises abruptly from the water's edge on the opposite shore. A small round summerhouse, vine covered, crowned the far corner of the front lawn on the river's brink above the steep curve of Walnut Street, an ideal spot for reading, writing, sewing, or visiting. The scene inspired Gertrude's verses which she titled "The River."

> The summer sun is sparkling on the river's dark blue tide,
> On tiny wavelets darkling in the shade of the mountainside.
> On the shore of the sunny water, lowly drooping its leaves,
> For the love of the queenly lily, the weeping willow grieves.
> All is peace by the river as its waters calmly glide,
> And the summer sun rests on it, brightening its dark blue tide. . . .

Behind the house, Tyler Street stretched along the high river bank for one peaceful green block in the shadow of the friendly mountain. At that time it was called Chesterfield Mountain, but now it bears the name given by the Indians to the river flowing into the Connecticut just north of the town—Wantastiquet—while that beautiful stream has been known for many years as West River. A century ago, Gertrude's father owned all the land on the river side of Tyler Street (as it then was). Much of it was occupied by "Mrs. Tyler's garden," which, as Miss Cabot pointed out in her *Annals,* "was laid out with the taste of landscape artists."[23]

There was still another house in the immediate vicinity which belonged in the family circle, and Gertude reported to "Darling Bessie" upon returning from a visit in New Haven, "All are well in the four houses." Her maternal grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Asa Keyes, lived in the brick house which is still standing at the northeast corner of the Common where North Street joins Putney Road. In its early days North Street was known as Keyes Lane.

Asa Keyes and his five children were all born in Putney, nine miles north on the Connecticut River, but the family moved to Brattleboro in 1833. Mrs. Keyes, the former Sarah Britton, was from Chesterfield, the New Hampshire township directly opposite Brattleboro. Asa Keyes represented Brattleboro in the state legisla-

ture in 1835 and was state senator in 1855 and 1856. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1810 and was admitted to the Windham County bar in 1814. He had been Register and Judge of Probate for the District of Westminster (the northern portion of Windham County) before he moved to Brattleboro and was thenceforth known as "Judge Keyes."

Charles, the third Royall Tyler, became Asa Keyes' law partner when he returned to Brattleboro in 1839 after completing his law studies in Boston, and the eldest Keyes daughter became Mrs. Royall Tyler the following year on April 29, 1840. Gertrude's "Mamma," Laura Britton Keyes, was a tiny but imperious little lady, and her daughters inherited her diminutive stature. Her long lineage was of the same pattern as that of her husband. Her forbears on all the Keyes and Britton lines settled in Massachusetts towns in the 1600's (with the exception of Matthew Griswold, who settled in Connecticut in 1639), and their descendants came to the Lower Twin State Valley and settled on both sides of the river in the late 1700s.

Asa Keyes' description in prose of the Brattleboro landscape soon after he moved there from Putney is reminiscent of Royall Tyler's description in verse of "Brattleboro Vale." "Oh, if you could have a moonlight view of the scenery from my window as I now behold it [9 o'clock in the evening]," Judge Keyes wrote to his daughter Laura, "the crystal stream meandering through the valley, the arched bridge, the apparent smooth surface of Chesterfield Mountain [a name once and ever dear to any Britton ear] save now and then a lofty cedar like the Tower of Babel piercing the skies, you might well imagine you were in some enchanted castle."

So Brattleboro vale appeared to the young Tylers as they grew up—the "Hill and Tree and River dark at the base of Chesterfield" with "foliage, flowers and fields beneath" and "hills piled in the west."[24]

John Tyler was away at school when his mother died. He entered the Rectory School, Hamden, Connecticut, when he was eleven years old. Rather belying its name, it boasted a strict and efficient military regime. Certainly, John was called upon to prove its value in short order, and it helped him to perform a man's duties while still a youth. The principal of the school was the

Reverend Charles W. Everest, a close friend and college chum of John's father. They were classmates at Washington (now Trinity) College in Hartford. "By Mr. Everest's kindness you are able to go to a school where none but the rich are able to put their sons," Pickman wrote to his eldest. "You know everything depends on yourself. You may, if you will, make a great & good man."

"Your cousins, Minna and Bessie, left us this morning and Gertrude has gone to spend a few weeks with them. Should you go to New Haven, you must try to call there," Grandmother Tyler advised the boy during his first year at Hamden. "They are three as pretty girls as we meet with often."

It would indeed have taken Johnny a lifetime to carry out the loving admonitions he received from all sides. "Oh, Johnny," Aunt Caroline admonished him after her sister Mary Ann's death, "ever cherish her memory & remember her advice in years to come." "We are charmed with your home here," she wrote on July 15, 1856, from Batavia, where she and her youngest sister, Ellen Clark, and Bessie Tyler had journeyed with Pickman in the sad return to his parish. "The Village is beautiful, and the people very polite & agreeable. I am sorry I shall not see you this vacation, but am glad to have you come here to be with your Father and Bessie. Remember always to come to me for whatever you want as you would to your mother.

Your affectionate
Aunt Caroline"
(Clark Aiken)

His grandfather Clark was grateful "that you do not forget your grandparents while engaged in your studies & surrounded by so many exciting scenes. You have an excellent school and I trust you will improve your time to the best advantage. We shall expect you in April and you will stay till planting time and drop corn for me. May the Lord be with and bless & prosper you in your studies.

"Your Grandma unites with me in expressions of kind regard & much love to you.

Your Aff. Grand Father
Rufus Clark"

Pickman's admonitions covered a wide range of subjects. "My dear Son," he wrote on June 12, 1854, "I was much pleased with your writing and composition. You have indeed acquired a most beautiful handwriting. You will soon write a better hand than I do. No doubt you will learn the drill as perfectly as any of the boys, and if you stand up straight you will make as fine, soldierly appearance as any. Be noble, generous, brave & kind always. Always pity the poor & be good to them, for they have a hard enough time of it anyway. Take the part of little boys, & don't let them be abused.

"Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Everest. I want you to reflect how much you & I owe Mr. Everest—the only reward he hopes for is to see you a good & successful man.

"May God bless & keep you, my dear boy, & make you the pride & blessing to us all.

Your affectionate father
Thos. P. Tyler

Master John S. Tyler"

Perusers of John's papers a century later may indeed be grateful for his "beautiful handwriting." Among mementos of him is a poignant little bundle tied with pink tape and labeled in his graceful printing:

COMPOSITIONS

By J. S. Tyler

Rectory School

Hamden, Ct.

Batavia, N.Y.

The first paper in the little bundle is an "Index" neatly listing the contents by number, title, and date. It bears mute witness to the precepts laid down and traits fostered. Essays on home, education, love of wealth, filial obedience, early piety, decision of character

and a few historical events are enlivened by several entitled "The Recent Vacation" and "The Recent Excursion." Of the latter, the trip to Norwich (Connecticut) was remembered "as the pleasantest excursion we ever made"; "gliding up the Thames" on the steamer *Mystic;* parading on the "Great Plain" under their drill-master, Colonel Arnold; enjoying a "very fine and plentiful repast"; marching to the depot and embarking on the train "amid the cheers of the citizens."

Boyish letters kept John current with Brattleboro doings where "Rufus, Trow and Clare" formed a lively trio. Joe was at Hamden with John for a year or so. Their grandmother's letter of November 1855 was addressed to "Masters J. S. and Joseph Tyler."

One letter has survived from the young Confederate-to-be, Clare. "Dear John," he wrote on June 26, 1856, the month after John's mother died, "Aunt Minna lets us go in swimming in the river now & the water is awful warm. They have not taken the boom away yet and it is twice as much fun diving off it. Uncle Pickman says that Hanson can go in, if we will take care of him.

"Dan is coming up here after the Fourth of July. Trow and I have got $1.17 for the Fourth, & we have got a torch too.

"I have not dove in our little place yet, & I don't believe that I shall, until you come; because it is not any fun diving there unless you are here to dive with me. I wish you would tell Joe I wish he would write to me, because you write to the Judge.

Your aff. Cousin,
C. W. Tyler"
(Clarence Whitehead Tyler)

Rufus' cousins took boyish delight in bestowing the nickname of "Judge" upon the lively boy because his initials, R. C. T., were similar to those of their revered uncle, the Judge, Royall (Charles) Tyler. The boy seconded Clare's letter thus on July 5, 1856:

"We boys had two pin wheels and a Roman candle & some Surpents & 17 packs of cracks. Our fireworks went off finely especially the Roman candle. I blistered my fingers yesterday.

"Monday 14th Dan was here a week. We went swimming in the River. Clare & Dan & Trow went up the Mountain, while I

went to the depot for Father & Bessie. Aunt Minna did not keep school while Dan was here. Uncle William was here too. He went fishing & had pretty good luck. Father went away on Thursday. I went swimming yesterday. Now I dive where Clare does. I can swim to shore or to the rocks.

Your affectionate brother
'the Judge' "

Grandmother Tyler sent New Year's wishes to John in Batavia and told him of the family Christmas, typical of many.

Brattleboro Jan^{y} 12th 1857

My dear John

I wish you a very happy New Year and as I hear you are a good boy and improving the advantages so wonderfully provided for you I have every reason to hope and believe you will have a *happy new year* and many of them.

I received letters from your Father last week and in one to Hanson he gave him a short account of the good time you all had there at Christmas—and that you had a hundred children there but as your dear Father had not time to be particular I want you to write me a full account and tell me what presents you had on the Tree—and what your Father had and Bessie also. I also want to know if your Father gave you a good sermon Christmas Day.

Aunt Laura had a beautiful Tree and invited us all there to supper and the Children had been busy for many days making and buying little presents for each other and their Uncles & Aunts. Clarence had a Prayer Book and Rufus some nice paper and envelopes & Hanson had a desected (*sic!*) Map of Robin Hood & his merry men. The boys and girls all spoke pieces, & little Edith & Hanson did as well as any of them according to their age. They all enjoyed themselves finely.

The weather was tremendous stormy so that very few of us *women folks* could get to Church. We like our new Minister very much—he is an excellent young Man—an uncommonly good Preacher for a beginner and exerts himself as a Pastor.[25]

Give my best love & respects to Mr. and Mrs. Everest and accept a great deal from all your friends here especially your

Loving Grandmother
M. Tyler

John's composition entitled "The Recent Vacation" under date of January 11, 1857 tells of the holidays in Batavia: how his friend, Charles Hubbard, went home with him; how they helped trim the church for Christmas Eve; went to a large party on Christmas evening at a Young Ladies' Seminary and had a most *respectable* time; enjoyed the Christmas tree and supper at the rectory for all the children in the parish the following Tuesday; danced the old year out and the new year in and got home at 2:30 in the morning after a sleighride with fourteen couples; and finally the next day made and received a good many New Year's calls.

Only Charlie Hubbard is mentioned in the composition, but John's friends, Allan, Guy, and Florence Brown, were part of the festivities. Dr. Tyler wrote to John after the holiday: "Judge Brown was here tonight and said that he was determined to send Allan to Hamden because for one reason he liked the appearance and manners of you boys."

The Brown trio were the children of Judge and Mrs. Joshua Lawrence Brown, members of St. James' Parish. Mrs. Brown, the former Diana Osborne of Attica, was considered to be quite a beauty, a good share of which she bequeathed to her children, and the Judge's bewhiskered visage, peering sternly from his photograph, also shows resemblance to his tall, handsome sons. In contrast to the Tylers' sandy-haired good looks, the Brown brothers were dark-haired with ruddy complexions.

Allan, the elder son, was born September 2, 1843, a few months after John Tyler, and later was with him at "Everest's" in Connecticut. His copy of Addison's *Poems and Dramas* is inscribed: "Allan D. Brown, A Prize in English Composition—Rectory School, Hamden, July 29, 1858. C. W. Everest."

Guy Ashton Brown, the younger brother, was born December 8, 1846, the month before Rufus Tyler's birth. Together, they were "ever ready for any 'deviltry' we choose to execute," Guy recalled later. "The time for such schemes we once used to organize and execute with fiendish malignity are passed with boyhood," wrote eighteen year-old Guy "before Petersburg" in January 1865.

Their pretty sister's pet name of "Kit" persisted from small childhood until the years when she was "Auntie Kit" to her nieces.

Florence Brown was born March 26, 1848, almost midway between Gertrude and Edith Tyler, and so fulfilled the role of friend, comrade, and sister to each of them in lifetime Tyler-Brown contacts.

Judge Brown was County Judge and Surrogate of Genessee County and was also enjoying a successful law practice.[26] He was born in Sharon, New Hampshire, August 12, 1812, the eldest of nine, the last six of whom were born in Pembroke, New York. The parents were Cyrus Brown and Milla Lawrence. Like the Tylers, their forbears came from England to Massachusetts towns; Thomas Brown to Concord by 1640, and Henry Lawrence to Charlestown by 1635.[27]

Gertrude, as well as Bessie, took several turns in Batavia, keeping house for Uncle Pickman. Both succumbed to Cupid's darts in the sixties, although affairs did not develop as rapidly as one of Hanson's later yarns would imply. According to him, "aunts with pretty daughters" needed only "to send So-and-so out 'to keep house for Uncle Pickman'. When they got to Batavia," Stem reminisced in 1872, "they would have excellent times; and we would have somebody introduced to them the first week, in love with them the second week, and proposing on the third."

Bessie had been performing her proverbial role extensively in the rectory since Mary Ann's death. Her handsomely bound Prayer Book (1789 Edition, 1854 printing) is inscribed, "Miss Bessie Tyler, A Reward of Merit, from her affectionate uncle, Thos. P. Tyler, Feb. 16, 1857." She was confirmed in St. James', Batavia, although her mother in New Haven headed a staunch Congregational household. She included the young Browns in her sisterly affection, and letters show they regarded her henceforth in that light. Destiny decreed that all basic Tyler-Brown friendship should become, at the least, brotherly and cousinly in character as the little fellow with the bow and arrow cemented Tyler-Brown ties and tangled the threads of family relationships in a confused skein.

All youthful letters were not merry. The same month that John Tyler arrived in Brattleboro to commence the study of law, his brother, Rufus, wrote sadly to their father of his pal Trow's illness and death from typhoid fever. The letter is labeled in

T.P.T.'s handwriting, "Rufus & AST Mar 8 59 (Trowbridge's death)."[28]

Brattleboro March 8th 1859

Dear Father,

I have had the headache every day and have it now. The Doctor says it is because I grow so fast; and that I must not study latin till I get over it. About a week ago Joe was taken sick with a fever and headache and so Aunt Minna has not kept school. Sunday Aunt Minna was sick so she could not go to Church but she is over it now. Trow is sick now too. Gertrude is sick with a cold. Hanson is out to grandpa's now. Last night Joe got a letter from Cousin Ellen. We have been having a terrible lot of snow here, but it is melting away very fast now. Tell Bessie that she owes me a letter.

Thursday, March 24th 1859

Aunt Minnie has I suppose told you all about poor Trow's death and funeral. I do not think I ever missed any body so much as I do him. He gave me a beautiful flute which cost about twenty-five dollars.

Monday, March 28th 1859

Aunt Minna began school today. My headache hangs on still. *We expect John tomorrow."*

(In Amelia's handwriting)

"Dearest Pickman,

"The grief of the stricken parents is, we think, growing a little less poignant; at least so we hope.

"Rufus eats and sleeps well so I hope he will in time get over his headaches. I have had the most unprofitable winter in the way of study that I remember since the children—even as far back as Willie—came to me. I despair of getting them ready for the High School this spring.

"I've a mind to send you Amanda's and Ellen's letters.

"*John arrived today.* He is out at his Grandfather's tonight.

Love to Bessie.
Your aff. sister,
Amelia"

"Charles says John does very well in the office," Grandmother Tyler reported to John's father the next June. The boys had just had a great fright, she related. They were in swimming in the West River. The big boys ran up the bank, calling, "Come, Hanson, come out now." But Hanson stayed behind. A few moments later, John, dressed, looked around for him and saw his little brother sinking from sight. He caught up a long pole, held it out to Hanson, and drew him to shore. John rubbed him, dressed him, wrapped him in his own coat, and led him part way. At Uncle George's, he bade the child run home. John was so frightened he could talk of nothing else, and that night he dreamed of pulling the little boy from the water. "At Prayer time," Hanson came running in, brought his cricket and set it before his grandma, observing with a smile, "If it had not been for John, I would not be sitting here now." Grandma concluded that it had been a good lesson to all. "John will take better care of him, and Hanson will obey."

The elders dropped into verse at times as Thanksgiving approached and the clan prepared to gather in Brattleboro. The Boston uncles, John and William, and their families, were usually in the family group clustered around the glowing hearth with Grandmother Tyler in the seat of honor as she read portions of her "new book" to them as promised.[29]

Uncle John led off with his "LINES, Accompanied by a Pig for Thanksgiving" which he addressed to his mother:

" 'Tis one of the customs, time-honored and lasting,
To pick out a day for thanksgiving and fasting.
So knowing dear Mother, that such is the case,
I trust you'll consider it not out of place,
This trivial proof of remembrance from one,
This Thanksgiving *Pig,* a gift from *your Son!*

Then Mother, dear Mother, the offering take
Of him who now racks his poor brain for thy sake—
Believing no better employment can be
Than writing these *tender lines,* Mother, to thee.
On a *hogs-head* I wrote with a *porcupine* quill,
And, if, having eaten, for *pork you pine* still,
I'll feel twice rewarded, if happy the while,
I view from thy guests one heart moving smile."

John Steele Tyler, the head of the family, on November 23, 1820, had married Mary Wheeler Winship, daughter of his friend and employer, Abiel Winship of Boston. John had left Brattleboro in 1810 to work in his uncle, George Palmer's, store (King and Palmer in Boston). In his youth he relinquished the dream of a college education in order to help his parents with their growing family and to provide a home for them as his father's health declined, but he received honorary degrees from Middlebury College and the University of Vermont. "You learned boys ought to be able to carry out the plan," he told "Dear Pick," writing of their hopes for the proposed biography of Royall Tyler, their father.[30] "John S. Tyler, Notary Public and Adjuster of Averages, Boston," his letterhead said. He became a prominent and influential figure in his ancestral city, where he held many positions of trust and honor, besides heading the "Ancient and Honorables." He headed the military escort when Lafayette visited Boston. He *also* was named for *his* uncle, Colonel John Steele Tyler of Boston, Royall Tyler's older (and only) brother, who served as secret agent in the Revolutionary War and was manager of the Federal Street Theatre in Boston where he used several of "R.T.'s" works in his stage productions.

Uncle George issued the Thanksgiving invitation to the Boston contingent in November 1858 to rally at his parsonage in Brattleboro:

In this State, and in this village,
In the house the Parson lives in—
We're to keep our next Thanksgiving.
All from Mother's house will be there,
All the old, and all the young folks.
There will be the brown roast turkey,

There the Turkey boiled with oysters.
There'll be soup a la tomato . . .

And the rich crisp piggy wiggy
Suitable on such occasion.
There "Wantastiquet" will run red—
There will glow the "Golden free soil"
There will be the "Issabella"—[31]
After dinner, we'll go over
(All who can go) home with Mother—
Take a "weed" and read her new book
Round the fire in her North Parlor. . . .

Uncle William penned the "Reply to the Foregoing Invitation":

I have seen a funny letter,
Seen a very funny letter
Coming from a Reverend Parson
Living off among the mountains,
Off among the greenest mountains
In Vermont, the good old Whig State . . .
And he asks us, and he wants us
To come up upon that great day
Called Thanksgiving by our Fathers,
A great day among the Yankees.
This is proper, this is pleasant,
This is doing just the right thing.
This is what might be expected
From a very clever fellow
And I vote to go by all means . . .

Vote to muster in a body,
And go up to see this Parson,
Go to see him and his fair Wife,
Go and eat and drink his viands,
Eat until we make him stare, some
Showing what the city can do—
See *him* ply his knife & fork too—
(Worth a trifling journey always)
See our Mother and her household . . .
Hear her new book, which a young girl
Noted for her taste and talents
Says is equal to a novel . . .

This we say and thus we answer
And to prove that we are serious
Look below and see our names here.

The General The Major
Mrs. Mary Tyler Mrs. Caroline Tyler
The Cutters[32]

William Clark Tyler, the other Boston uncle, who had brought his mother the "beautiful book" with the request that she write her life story for them,[33] held the rank of major in the "Ancient and Honorables." He married, on July 24, 1850, the month before his forty-eighth birthday, Caroline Mary Etheridge of Charlestown, Massachusetts, daughter of Samuel Etheridge and Caroline Fowle.

But eighteen-year-old Gertrude Tyler closed the decade with verses to commemorate

"Thanksgiving Day a.d. 1859"

New England's festal comes again,
As oft in days of yore;
And neath the ancient homestead roof
We're gathered in once more.
With thankful, happy hearts we come,
From near, from far and wide,
This day again to cluster round
The glowing hearth beside.

She sits in her accustomed place,
With snowy cap, and gala dress;
A smile upon her dear old face,
For everyone a kind caress.
Her day of life was wisely spent,
And thus, at set of sun,
She tells her children's children now
What Grandmamma has done.

And round her gathered are her sons,
Their heads are frosted o'er,
But the man's heart beats warm for her
As the boy's heart did before.

Her daughters too—the dearest aunts
That ever childhood had—
One trains the youthful mind to work;
One makes the palate glad.

And other daughters gather round:
Those whom her sons have brought
To find a home within her heart,
And share her love and thought.
Another generation, too,
Join in their sports tonight,
Bright, rosy, little sprites, they play
By the fire's ruddy light.

The older ones, whose growing pride
Forbids such childish play,
Chat merrily in corners dim
And while the hours away.
And everywhere the firelight shines,
For it is bitter cold,
And cheery voices speed the jest,
And many a tale is told.

And thus, in kindly chat and glee,
The bright hours speed away,
Until the night-time closes down
On our Thanksgiving Day.
And when another year its round
Of joy and pain has run,
Oh! may we all meet here again,
As we this day have done!

GERTRUDE TYLER
November 29, 1859

Uncle John's only child, Lucinda Baldwin Tyler (Mrs. George H. Cutter—"Cousin Lu") headed the large array of Tyler grandchildren. She was born April 16, 1822, and her two daughters, Mary and Emily, were the same age as some of her own first cousins. Cousin Lu was thirty years older than her youngest first cousins, the little people born in the fifties. Her elder daughter, Mary Eliza Cutter, was approaching young ladyhood and was among the older group of young people who did "chat merrily in corners dim to while the hours away," ranging in age from the

eldest, Minna, down through Bessie, Will, Dan, Gertrude, Ned, John, Mary Eliza, and Clarence, with Rufus and Joe, Jr., in their early teens. Lucinda's younger daughter, Emily Lyman Cutter, was a merry pre-teener in company with Uncle George's Fannie and Uncle Edward's youngest, George.

Uncle William's little trio—Mary Caroline (Lina), William Royall, and Henry Carey—were among the "bright rosy little sprites" who joined Hanson and Edith in their play "by the fire's ruddy light." Lina was born in the summer of 1851, between Hanson and Edith; "Willie Royall" on December 12, 1852; and little Henry, born October 1, 1855, brought up the rear of the cousinly throng.

The sixties were approaching with "joy and pain" for all. Gertrude's long chestnut curls hung on her neck and framed the delicately rounded face as the dainty little lady penned lines addressed to a "Gallant Gentleman of Eighteen Hundred Sixty." "I'm just eighteen, not very tall," she wrote in January to begin a new chapter. "Is there no one with me to ride o'er the moonlit lea; to steal a kiss from rosy lips where only stars can see?"

NOTES

1. Mary R. Cabot, *Annals of Brattleboro* (Brattleboro, 1921), page 762.

2. The Brattleboro Retreat was then known as the Vermont Asylum for the Insane.

3. Lieutenant Edwin H. Stoughton, West Point Class of 1859, was appointed colonel of the Fourth Regiment, Vermont Volunteers, the following September. (G. G. Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War,* Burlington 1886, Vol. I, page 157.)

4. Mary Hunt Palmer Tyler, *Grandmother Tyler's Book, The Recollections of Mary Palmer Tyler (Mrs. Royall Tyler)*, edited by Frederick Tupper and Helen Tyler Brown. New York: Putnam's, 1925.

5. Cabot, pages 540 and 1023.

6. Hanson A. Risley, the friend for whom Hanson R. Tyler was named, is mentioned as "Supervising Special Agent of the Treasury Department" on pages 31 and 60 of *An End to Valor* by Philip Van Doren Stern. Guy Brown asked his friend, Ned Tyler of the Fifth

Auditor's Office, in July of 1867, "Are the Risleys still there?" (in Washington).

7. Cabot, page 230.

8. Richard Cranch (Sketch written at Quincy, April 11, 1805—"Communicated by Mr. Nathaniel C. Peabody of Boston, Mass.") *"New England Historical and Genealogical Register,"* Vol. 27, page 49, (Boston, 1873).

9. *Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay*, Vol. XIX, Chap. 984, page 858; Chap. 496, page 200.

10. Charles S. Palmer, *Biographical Sketch of General Joseph Palmer*, "The New Englander," III, No. IX, (New Haven 1845); Nathaniel N. Shipton, *General Joseph Palmer: Scapegoat for the Rhode Island Fiasco of October, 1777*, "The New England Quarterly," XXXIX, No. 4 (Portland 1966).

11. George Walter Chamberlain, *History of Weymouth, Massachusetts*, (Boston, 1923).

12. Winifred Lovering Holman, S.B., F.A.S.A., "The Family of Pilgrim Simpkins of Boston," *The American Genealogist*, April 1952, Whole No. 110, Vol. 28, No. 2.

13. Thomas Pickman Tyler's unpublished manuscript, *Memoirs of Royall* Tyler, page 33, (D.S.M. copy): the original manuscript, a handwritten copy, and a typewritten copy are in the Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.

14. *Grandmother Tyler's Book*, page 178.

15. Royall Tyler's long poem, *The Chestnut Tree*, written in 1824, was published in 1931 by the Driftwind Press (Walter John Coates), North Montpelier. The house at 10 Putney Road, where Royall died, and where he wrote *The Chestnut Tree* was lived in by the Tyler family until after the death of the younger daughter in 1878. It went out of Tyler hands on May 15, 1883, when it was sold by the Chief Justice's granddaughter, Miss Amelia Tyler, to Stephen Kimball.

16. "Amelia Sophia Tyler, Teacher of Three Generations. *Vivit post funera virtus.* A nation is rising whilst its women are wise and virtuous, for good women are God's modelers of its heroes." (Window in St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro, given by "A Grateful Pupil.")

17. Henry Burnham, *Brattleboro Early History*, (Brattleboro, 1880), page 107.

18. Quoted by Burnham on page 105, *Ibid.*

19. Cabot, page 277.

20. Typed list in "Royall Tyler Collection (Gift of Helen Tyler Brown)." It was furnished H.T.B. by Elizabeth Atwater Merritt, who typed it from information coming from her mother, Frances Bradford Tyler.

21. From Royall Tyler's *The Chestnut Tree*, page 27.

22. The house still reposes there peacefully, but was remodeled

in 1909 and changed in appearance. Its official address is now *21 Terrace Street!*

23. Cabot, page 838. The Cabot property is on the opposite corner of Tyler and Terrace at 19 Terrace Street. It is now the residence of Miss Cabot's nephew, Mr. Frederick Cabot Holbrook.

24. Royall Tyler's "Lines on Brattleboro" appear on page 834 of Miss Cabot's *Annals of Brattleboro;* on page 116 of Marius Peladeau's *The Verse of Royall Tyler,* The University Press of Virginia, Charlottesville.

25. The Reverend William Scott Southgate of Portland, Maine, Rector, St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro, until October 1860. "We had a parish meeting last night and concluded to give Mr. Southgate a call." (Gertrude Tyler to Bessie Tyler, September 29, 1856) Judge Tyler was the parish's first "Senior Warden."

26. "Judge Brown was a good citizen and a lawyer of learning and ability. He was for many years a partner of Major Henry I. Glowacki and the firm of Brown and Glowacki enjoyed many years of extensive and lucrative practice, which was at the full height at the time of Judge Brown's death." (Beers' *Gazeteer and Biographical Record, Genessee County, 1788-1890,* page 51).

27. Charles Edward Potter, editor, *Genealogies of Some Old Families of Concord, Mass. and Their Descendants* (Boston 1887).

28. "Trowbridge, Only Son of George P. & E. A. Tyler, born Jan. 1, 1846, died Mar. 15, 1859"; buried Prospect Hill Cemetery, Brattleboro.

29. Mary Palmer Tyler began her autobiography in May 1858 at the age of eighty-three. *Grandmother Tyler's Book,* page 4.

30. A group of letters to Pickman from his brother John about this project is in the "Royall Tyler Collection (Gift of Helen Tyler Brown)"; the one quoted about "you learned boys," which is dated June 11, 1872, remained in Brattleboro and is in the present writer's possession, as well as John's letter of April 20, 1861, about his namesake, young John.

31. "Wines made from his garden" is written in the margin of George's verses.

32. "A Letter of Invitation to a Thanksgiving Dinner by Geo. P. Tyler—Brattleboro Nov. 1858" and "Reply to the Foregoing Invitation" by William Clark Tyler are copied in Bessie Tyler's book of family verse in writer's possession. They also appear in other notebooks in Royall Tyler Collection at Vermont Historical Society.

33. "This I understand . . . is your wish and for this end you furnish this beautiful book." *Grandmother Tyler's Book,* page 3.

Chapter 2

Marching Forth with Gallant Heart

Little more than a year remained of John's boyhood; only a brief period to study law with Uncle Charles, to drive the buggy up the beautiful West River valley to Newfane, the shire town; to look upon the familiar scenes of Brattleboro vale.

The month of June 1860 brought grief to John and his brothers. "We have all experienced a great loss in the death of your excellent Father Clark," Grandmother Tyler wrote to Pickman. "He was taken with chills Sunday morning just as his wife and Rufus [son] were starting to meeting. . . . The physician called his disease typhoid pneumonia. He told George when he went to see him that he thought his time had come. George said he talked very calmly and had his senses perfectly." Rufus Clark died June 10, 1860, at the age of sixty-nine. "Mary, Amelia and all the boys" went to the funeral on Tuesday in a carriage sent by young Rufus Clark. Madam Tyler did not go. It was a windy day, and Amelia was opposed to it.

The same month brought sorrow too to the young Browns in Batavia, for Judge Brown died unexpectedly on June 19, 1860, at age forty-eight while in St. Louis on a business trip. "Thus was cut off in the very prime of his manhood one of our most estimable citizens," mourned the *Batavia Republican-Advocate* of June 26, 1860, "one of the ablest members of the Bar—whose loss to the profession and community will be deeply felt—and to his family it will be irreparable."[1]

The eldest son of the bereaved family entered the Naval Academy the next September. Allan Danvers Brown was appointed acting midshipman September 29, 1860.[2] His brother, Guy, commented later to his great friend, Ned Tyler, that "Mr. Frank has

done considerable for the family in appointing Allan to the Naval Academy in 1860."

Clarence Tyler, who thought it "no fun" to dive in their chosen spot unless John were there to dive with them, left for the South that fall. His grandmother wrote to Gertrude, who was visiting in Batavia in November 1860. "Clare has gone. His sister sent for him last week. He and Hanson got you some cones before he left. Ellen begged Clare to hasten as they were leaving for Raleigh. The Judge was uncertain whether he would put him in a military school near Wilmington or a counting house. She said that Clare must not think of the sea in any capacity. She should feel guilty if she consented. Clare said he would go to sea *before the mast* before he is twenty if by no other way." Ellen Tyler, Uncle Joseph's only daughter and oldest child, had married Judge Samuel J. Person June 9, 1858.

Before Clarence went away, he and his cousin, John, were confirmed together in St. Michael's Church, "at a visitation of the Bishop," Burnham tells us,[3] (presumably by the Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, who was Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont from 1832 until 1868). It *is* stated that *he* baptized John on June 22, 1843, at Old Christ Church, Guilford, the parent parish of St. Michael's, when John was not quite two months old. Pickman came from Batavia for the boys' Confirmation and was present also to give them their First Communion. "Kneeling side by side, almost brothers in affection, they parted to fight on opposite sides of the long weary struggle." After Clarence left Brattleboro in November 1860, he and John never met again on this earth.

Daniel Fuller Tyler, the eldest of Uncle Joseph's sons, was in New York City with Fuller relatives, employed in "gentlemen's furnishings" at 33 Warren Street. Joe, Jr., the youngest of the trio, was still in Brattleboro in high school. A printed program labeled in Thomas Pickman Tyler's handwriting, "Rufus' High School Exhibition," shows that on Thursday Evening, November 22, 1860, Joseph Tyler took part in an "Original Dialogue" and Rufus Tyler appeared in two "Original Dialogues."

John returned from a short vacation in Batavia in March of 1861 to find his little brother, Hanson, full of eagerness over a

letter he had just received from their father.

"So, about this gun next summer," Pickman wrote to his youngest on March 25, 1861, "now I should like to say that I would not only let you save your money to buy one, but give you one myself, but if I should let you have one of your own, all grown up people, especially all fathers and mothers and aunts, would blame me for doing what was unsafe for my boy, and dangerous to other boys who would be with him. While I think I ought not to let you own a gun this year, I have asked your brother, John, who is ready to do anything he can to help along his youngest brother, to let you go out with him hunting sometimes; a part of the way to carry a gun yourself, and teach you how to load, aim and shoot it.

"I write in haste, as I did not expect John to leave before tomorrow, but he thinks it best to go. Let me never (as I do not fear) hear anything of my dear Buckeye boy, but what I shall be glad and proud to hear. In some hurry, with love to Grandmas and Aunts and Cousins,

Your
Father"

But John was unable to help his youngest brother as hoped. He shouldered his gun that spring for more cogent reasons.

"AND VERMONT," a headline in *Harper's Weekly* for April 27, 1861, announced among "Replies" to the President's proclamation of April 15. "Governor Fairbanks of Vermont," the item reported, "responds that one regiment of Green Mountain boys will be immediately raised."[4] Eventually, the staunch little state furnished eighteen regiments, three batteries, and three detached companies of sharpshooters. Her Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments (and later the Eleventh) made history as the "Vermont Brigade"; likewise, the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments as the "Second Vermont Brigade."

The First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers assembled at Rutland ready for duty on May 2, two days after men of Brattleboro held their meeting on the Common. The First Regiment, enlisted for three months, was largely made up of already existing com-

panies of state militia. Its colonel was John W. Phelps of Brattleboro, a graduate of West Point and an officer in the Mexican War. A huge man, he was called by onlookers "a resurrected Ethan Allen" as the regiment marched through the streets of New York City to the steamer *Alabama,* which took them to the garrison at Fortress Monroe.[5]

Gertrude grasped her pen and wrote the following lines:

To Our Volunteers

There is treason in our midst, friends,
Rebellion in our land.
Then spring to grasp your arms, friends,
In every patriot hand.

Then up, and quick be doing, friends!
Avenge Fort Sumpter's fall,
The red dust at Baltimore, friends,
And our brave fallen, all.

Then rally for the Union, friends,
Constitution, and the Laws,
No fear but we shall conquer, friends,
With such an holy cause!

For the land that our fathers won, friends,
For the glorious gift they gave,
Ye'll return to your homes victorious, friends,
Or sleep with the "storied brave."

Allan Brown's first stay at Annapolis was brief compared to his later tours of duty there. Despite the underlying tension, "recitations and drills had gone on quietly, as if wars and rumors of wars were entirely unthought of,"[6] but the uneasy quietude ended abruptly on April 25 when a sloop of war was seen approaching. The academy authorities thought it might be a Confederate raider until they could discern the American flag flying. The ship contained General Benjamin Butler and the first contingent of volunteers to set out for the defence of the Capital by water in order to skirt the "red dust of Baltimore." The Governor protested the landing of Massachusetts troops on the soil of Maryland, but But-

ler's reply was "I am going to land United States troops on United States soil and shall proceed to Washington as soon as possible."[6]

Butler's unexpected appearance marked the abrupt parting of the ways. "Preparations were made for the departure of the Midshipmen, for it was realized that the school could no longer be kept at home; it must go north, away from all turmoil and strife. The first class had been detached and ordered into active service the previous week, so that the three junior classes were the ones to go on board the *Constitution.*"[6] The old ship sailed away with the midshipmen to Newport, Rhode Island, for the duration. The Commandant of Midshipmen was Lieut. C. R. P. Rodgers, with whom Allan would sail three years later on the *Iroquois.*

But several went South instead of North. Among them, Lieut. William Harwar Parker, instructor of seamanship and naval tactics, resigned his commission and "went with his State." Later he established the Naval School for the Confederacy near Richmond.[7] Throughout the war Union troops encamped on the Academy grounds at Annapolis and the buildings housed a military hospital.

In later years Allan Brown wrote a story about these incidents of which he was a part. It was published serially from January through October 1885 in *United Service,* a "quarterly review of military and naval affairs." "Jack Haultaut, Midshipman, USN," the hero of the tale, like Midshipman Allan Danvers Brown, was of the Class of 1863, and, like him, sailed away to Newport on *"Old Ironsides."* "As the sun was setting, they cast a long lingering glance upon the place that had been their home, and then with buoyant youthful hearts turned their faces towards fresh fields and pastures new."[8]

Thomas Pickman Tyler in Batavia could write of little but the approaching conflict. "John may be certain that I shall see him before he leaves Vermont," he wrote to his mother in Brattleboro on May 17. "I look for a pitched battle, on a large scale, within a month, not more than fifty miles from Washington . . . I have written an undesigned disquisition on public affairs," he apologized. "I trust you will let me know immediately when John receives his commission and where he is ordered. I should like him to have time for regimental drill for a few weeks in camp before he goes South. When he is equipped, please let me know

exactly what his supplies are—both as to arms and clothing. I may be able to bring some addition that will be useful.

"It must be beyond measure interesting to you, who remember Washington's inauguration, to be able, with mind unimpaired to read the history each day is making of the final struggle for the establishment of the work he begun. May you live to see it happily ended.[9]

"Love to all—

Your very affectionate Son
Pickman"

The men of Company C left Brattleboro on June 6, 1861, bound for Burlington to rendezvous with the Second Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. The rain fell in torrents as the men marched down Main Street to the railroad station, escorted by the old Mazeppa Engine Company.[10] At their head marched the company officers, duly elected by the men as then required, and commissioned by the "Freemen of the State of Vermont": E. A. Todd, captain; John S. Tyler, first lieutenant; and Forester A. Prouty, second lieutenant. ("John in his uniform looked every inch the soldier," Gertrude confided to her journal.) The sergeant orderly was Elijah B. Wales, thirty-two-year-old machinist of Brattleboro, who was the first man to enlist in Company C. He was referred to later by John Tyler as "one of our bravest and most efficient officers." He was Captain of Company C when they crossed the Rappahannock for "Second Fredericksburg" in May of 1863.

"Stepping to the roll of drums,
Down the darkening street they come,
Marching forth with gallant heart,
Ready, each, to bear his part;

"To resign, it may be, life,
Eager but to join the strife.
Cheers on cheers rise to the sky,
Bravely comes their last 'good-bye.'

"Will they tread the homeward track?" (asked Gertrude Tyler.)
"God in mercy bring them back!"

Later the Second Regiment's march would lead them to rendezvous with the heroic Vermont Brigade, which would still later march forth with the famed Sixth Corps.

For John Steele Tyler, the tall blond eighteen-year-old who marched forth with gallant heart as first lieutenant of Company C, the long journey which began that rainy June day in Vermont would end on a May evening in the dark and terrible Wilderness.

NOTES

1. Newspaper clipping in Diana Osborne Brown's scrapbook.
2. Frederick Phisterer, compiler, *New York in the War of the Rebellion* (Albany 1912), page 4461.
3. Burnham, page 153. Information in this paragraph of "Brattleboro Early History" was presumably furnished by the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler.
4. *Reissues of Harper's Weekly* (Shenandoah, Iowa—during the "Civil War Centennial").
5. Benedict, vol. I, page 36.
6. Allan D. Brown in his serial story, *Jack Haultaut* (See Note 8).
7. William Harwar Parker, *Recollections of a Naval Officer, 1841-1865* (New York 1883).
8. Allan D. Brown, *Jack Haultaut, Midshipman, USN, or Life at the Naval Academy* (UNITED SERVICE). Each chapter (I-XVII) is signed "Allan D. Brown, Commander, USN—To be continued.)" A copy of Allan D. Brown's serial, with installments evidently bound together by him, is in the Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society. "Life at the Naval Academy—A.D.B." appears on the handmade cover in his handwriting. "Union List of Serials" on file at Norwich University Library refers to "United Service, Philadelphia-New York, v. 1-14, 1879-1886, s2, v. 1-17, Jan. 1889-1897." The Norwich University set of "United Service," beginning in 1902, is published by L. R. Hamersly Company, 49 Wall Street, New York, N.Y.
9. Mary Hunt Palmer, as a young girl of fourteen, witnessed Washington's Inauguration in New York City on April 30, 1789. (Page 120, *Grandmother Tyler's Book).*
10. Cabot, page 763.

Chapter 3

Stepping to the Roll of Drums

The Second Regiment, Vermont Volunteers, left Burlington for Washington on June 24, 1861. It marched through the streets of the Queen City promptly at seven in the morning—868 strong. Their gray frock coats and pantaloons were made in Vermont of Vermont cloth. The gray doeskin cap of each was ornamented with a blue cord and a sprig of evergreen, the Green Mountain Boys' badge. The drums to which they stepped were in a twenty-four piece regimental band.

Colonel of the regiment was Henry Whiting of St. Clair, Michigan, recommended for the position by Colonel Israel B. Richardson, a Vermont classmate at West Point. The colonelcy of the Second Vermont had been offered to Richardson, but he had taken command of the First Michigan. The Lieut. Colonel of the Second Vermont was George J. Stannard, a gallant Vermonter of Georgia (Vermont) near St. Albans, whose stay in the regiment was brief, but whose service in the Vermont line was long and distinguished. ("His fame is the priceless inheritance of his native state.")[1] Charles J. Joyce, a young lawyer from Northfield, was appointed major.

They went away in twenty-four railway cars with two locomotives, via Troy, New York, to New York City, which they reached the next morning. There they were greeted with an enthusiastic reception organized by "Vermonters in New York" for their eight-hour stay in the city. The *New York Herald* of June 26 exclaimed enthusiastically, ". . . The staff officers of this fine regiment appear to be highly educated men, who know exactly how to prosecute the work in which they are about to engage. The men are nearly all six footers."[2]

We can feel certain that John Tyler's father and his brother, Rufus, were among the enthusiastic throng which welcomed the regiment and saw it march away to the Jersey City ferry in the afternoon. For this knowledge, we are indebted to Grandmother Tyler, for on the historic date of June 24, she wrote to her daughter-in-law in New Haven that Pickman and Rufus had gone away that morning to see the regiment off. It is typical that the main object of her letter, written on that day which made history, was the motherly wish to allay Sarah's maternal anxiety about her youngest son, thirteen-year-old George, who had been ill in Brattleboro.

"My dear Sarah," she wrote on "June 24th 61," "Charles and Laura expect to see you tonight & I write a few lines just to say that you must not be anxious about your dear George—he is doing very well now. He is now walking about my room in a dressing gown & has eaten 3 crackers & a cup of tea for breakfast. He has been very sick, but you will be pleased to hear that his aunt says he has been a very good boy & bore his affliction bravely. Amelia has been devoted to him. Charles has been very kind in getting the Dr. &c/and Pickman has been helpful and a comfort to us all. I have been writing a long letter to Bessie & am very tired.

"Give my best love to both your dear boys & tell them I am too old & good for nothing to write to them. Aunt Amelia will soon.

"Pickman and Rufus went away this morning after Charles and Laura left having had a telegram that the regiment starts today for New York.

Ever your Loving Mother
M. Tyler"

Judge and Mrs. Tyler also were evidently among the "Vermonters in New York," for Gertrude reported on Friday, June 21: "Uncle Pick received a telegram from John that the regiment was to leave for New York, so Papa rushed up here and Mamma got ready in a hurry and they started yesterday afternoon for New York via New Haven and Uncle was to follow with Rufus today, but he had afterwards a telegram from John that the regiment doesn't go till Monday. There is a great blank in the house without

Mamma but I have to comfort and amuse Edith. Little George has been very sick, but is now slowly recovering. He is a dear, patient little fellow."

A week later she added, "My people came home last night after a plesaant week in New York. They saw Dan, but he is a *secessionist*. Oh, disgrace to the family name! Clare is only a child and is only doing as he is bid. Helen would have been fifteen today—sweet little angel-sister, do you still love me?"

The Second Vermont received cordial midnight greetings and refreshments as it passed through Philadelphia on the 25th; marched through Baltimore with loaded muskets, remembering its "red dust" and the "brave fallen" of the Sixth Massachusetts; reached Washington on June 26; and encamped on Capitol Hill for two weeks of daily drill. They were ordered into Virginia on July 10 as the popular clamor increased for immediate action against the Confederates massed near Manassas and Centreville along Bull Run, some twenty-five miles southwest of Washington.

It's a pleasant afternoon jaunt to drive straight out from Washington along the Warrenton Pike to the old stone bridge on which the highway crosses the now peaceful stream. It was eleven days before the Second Vermont reached there in the terrible heat of a tragic bloody Sunday afternoon in July of 1861. Their journey to the front took them along two sides of a giant triangle. They went by steamer down the Potomac to Alexandria and then by rail to Bush Hill, five miles west of Alexandria, where they went into camp. There they were joined by the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Maine and were brigaded with them under Colonel Oliver O. Howard of the Third Maine.

There were Vermonters a-plenty at Bull Run, but the Second Vermont was the only regiment representing the Green Mountain State when sixty thousand or so young men in assorted uniforms, and completely unfamiliar with the business of war, started moving west on Tuesday, July 16, towards the illfated stream of Bull Run.

The Union Army in five divisions was commanded by General Irvin McDowell. Howard's brigade was the third of Heintzelman's division, which marched on a country road directly south

of and parallel to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The Second Vermont brought up the rear of the column.

After a two-day march, the brigade encamped Thursday night, July 18, on the Braddock Road two miles east of Centreville, a small hamlet on the Warrenton Pike twenty-two miles from Washington. It was three miles east of Bull Run, along which lay the Southern army under the command of General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, a West Point classmate of General McDowell. At Centreville the Union Army waited two days while McDowell looked over the ground and laid his plans. It was the first of the many tragic delays which dogged the Northern army. It gave Joe Johnston the time needed to give old General Patterson the slip in the Shenandoah and bring his army down from the Blue Ridge to reinforce Beauregard in the nick of time.

Colonel Howard transmitted McDowell's orders to his brigade on Saturday evening, the twentieth. Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions were to move in the late night and early dawn, circle around by a country road, cross Bull Run at Sudley Ford, two miles north of the Stone Bridge, and come down on the Confederate left, while General Tyler's division would march down the Warrenton Pike and attack at the Stone Bridge.

Accordingly, "We left there at 2½ o'clock A.M.," as John Tyler wrote his father. They made little progress owing to the delays. Heintzelman's division followed Hunter's; Howard's brigade was the last of the division; and the Second Vermont was the rear regiment. As they turned off the turnpike into the wood road leading north to Sudley Ford, Howard's brigade was halted by General McDowell and held there in reserve in case of an attack along the Centreville Ridge. The brigade waited there wearily for over four hours listening to the sounds of the oft-told, often-described, many times analyzed battle going on across Bull Run until they were permitted to continue the march to their first battlefield.

Colonel Howard received General McDowell's order to rejoin the division shortly after noon, and the brigade started on the long seven-mile detour as ordered. "We marched steadily from there to the battlefield and the last seven miles we actually

marched double-quick time," John wrote. His letter catches an echo of the unwise and unnecessary order, "Have the men move in double-quick time!" in the midday heat of that fateful July Sunday. "Of course the sun being scorching hot," Lt. Tyler explained, "hundreds dropped from sheer fatigue before the fight."

Howard's brigade splashed across Sudley Ford and turned south to reach the flaming Henry Hill, where by that time the whole fight was concentrated. The Federal line was already beginning to crumble when the men from the North Country made their appearance, although they did not realize it. The remarkable thing was that the raw troops on both sides stood up so much better than could have been expected under terrific pounding and fought so courageously. At the end, they simply did not know how to execute the complicated maneuvers to permit an orderly withdrawal.

Fresh troops from the Shenandoah under General E. Kirby Smith could be seen advancing on the right from the direction of Manassas. Hunter and Heintzelman were both wounded. Old Mrs. Henry had been killed in her bed from an exploding shell, and Farmer McLean had fled the tumult to the quietude of Appomattox, where his home was destined to be the setting for a yet more historic scene.

Griffin's and Ricketts' splendid batteries of the Regular Army on Henry Hill had been silenced. Captain Ricketts was lying wounded amid his deserted guns, and Captain Griffin was desperately withdrawing three of his as the Vermont and Maine men came on. The Second Vermont and the Fourth Maine went forward up the slope of Henry Hill. The Second Vermont was the first regiment on the crest, where the Southerners had "rallied behind the Virginians" and T. J. Jackson was standing like a "Stonewall." At the summit was a broad, open field with the Confederate line of battle behind a rail fence at the edge of the woods. Russell H. Benjamin of Brattleboro, corporal of Company C, was instantly killed by a shell from a rebel battery. His life was the first one lost in the regiment.

Howard's brigade, according to Colonel Heintzelman's official report, "took post on a hill to our right and for some time gallantly held the enemy in check."[3] "We were in a most unfortunate

position," John Steele Tyler wrote, "the enemy being entrenched under cover of some woods within 50 rods of us. We were on open ground and they could rake us with tremendous effect. From 10 to 15 men were shot within 6 feet of me. Many of our Co. acted most bravely standing by me to the last minute. Capt. Todd was badly wounded in the throat by a musket or rifle ball." So in his first action, our eighteen-year-old lieutenant found himself in charge of the company.

The Second Vermont maintained its position on the crest of Henry Hill for about a half hour until ordered to fall back in the general retreat. Colonel Howard remembered them "on that memorable day at Bull Run," he told them when they left his command. "As cool and steady as regular troops, you stood on the brow of that hill and fired your 36 rounds, and retired only at the command of your colonel."[4]

In his official report of the battle, Colonel Howard expressed satisfaction at marching at the head of his brigade in good order even though it was in retreat. It was not until they withdrew from the field and recrossed the turnpike that they became involved in the confused jam of wagons, ambulances, disorganized soldiery, carriages, civilians, and sightseers; and, in response to Colonel Howard's message, struck out for "the old camp at Centreville," which they reached at length and with little semblance of organization by eleven o'clock that night. After an hour's rest there, his brigade marched wearily to Fairfax Courthouse where they lay until daylight and then continued their tramp eastward toward Alexandria.

John's letter to his "Dear Father" was written from Bush Hill on Friday, "July 26/61." "We have just arrived at our former quarters, 4½ miles below Alexandria," he began. "Of course stragglers reach us daily. 2 of our men are killed & 9 more are missing." After describing the company's role at Bull Run, he concluded, "Capt. Todd has gone home on furlough, leaving the company in my charge. I do not much fancy the responsibility, but shall do my best of course. Direct yr. letters to Washington as before.

Your aff. son
John

"P.S. Knowing you will be anxious to learn, I must inform you that I am very much praised for my conduct in the fight & they tell me I have been reported at headquarters."

A note is added at the bottom of the letter in the handwriting of John's father, "From Gertrude comes word, 'Capt. Todd warmly commends John for his coolness & bravery—says he is as tough as a knot, and was in the thickest of the fight.' "

In Brattleboro a message was received via Vermont and Boston Telegraph Company dated July 23, 1861.

By Telegraph from Alexandria Va
To Hon. R. Tyler
Company badly cut up 3 killed 10 shot over 30 missing
J. S. Tyler.

Family reaction to the news of Bull Run is depicted in a letter written the same day from Amelia in Brattleboro.

July 23, 1861

Dearest Pickman:

The great battle you predicted has come at last and not so glorious to our arms as we hoped—though enough so perhaps for our good—we were too elated. Our army was wholly routed —flying over the country in all directions, enemy pursuing, etc., etc. 2500 were slain & as far as we could gather John was with Heintzelman's division. We might well fear he was of the 2500.

Some twenty of our citizens have formed a club to receive telegrams from the seat of war—so that we were set half distracted from four o'clock and on yesterday. Few slept quietly, I believe. George rushed in pale as possible. Charles, lawyerlike, was sifting evidence. Mother bore it with her usual divine faith & trust, but I had not got strong & when I shut my eyes I would seem to hear his knock at the door, go down, "Is it you, John?" —"Yes, it's I, Aunt Minna"—let him in—a few words—he would go upstairs—turn towards his room over the front door, nearly reach it & vanish. We had better news however before bed time & better still this morning. Best of all a telegram from John.

Mrs. Clark was here this morning—all in tears—yet rejoicing over John.

Do write immediately & let us know what you think. George goes to N. Haven this afternoon to attend a meeting of his class

after 25 years. He will perhaps then go to Boston.

Mother sends love. Mr. Morris[5] came in directly the news came to comfort Mother and really did so I think, telling her never to believe one quarter of what the telegrams report. Do write.

Your sister
A

Love to Rufus and Bessie, & remember me to Bridget. Edith has symptoms of measles, but not decisive.

Typical of the younger ladies of the sixties from whom "bravely came the last goodbye" was Gertrude's comment about the only battle she mentioned until her brief reference to "those terrible battles of the Wilderness." "The lithograph brings news of a battle fought and lost," she reported on July 22. "There is sorrow in a thousand homes tonight, for the true souls who have laid down their lives for their country, nay, for God, for I truly believe this country and its government to be of His erecting and to be under the protection of His providence."

"My expenses are very heavy as the officers do not draw rations from the Quarter Master but have to pick them up themselves," wrote John in his next letter to Batavia. "I am now paying $1.00 per day for my meals at a house near here. We have only had ten days pay since we left Burlington, i.e., from June 20th to July 1st. I completely used up my suit in the battle & have had to buy another, so at present I am very hard up. It is impossible as you will see by the general orders for officers or soldiers to go to Washington.

Your aff. son
John"

The younger boys in Batavia were getting restive. Rufus had gone home with his father in June. "He does very well," Pickman wrote to his mother, "except for occasional severe attacks of restlessness incident to his time of life. Every boy that is worth anything has them—as you need not be told—and tall and stout and full of life and energy as he is—it would be strange indeed if he could keep quiet in such times as these. No doubt Uncle Samuel's

whole team of fifteen years olds are skittish & hard to hold in—much more to guide and drive. . . . Tell my dear boy, Hanson, to write to me.

Your affectionate son
Thos. P. Tyler"

"July 25th 1861" was the date of the "Escapade at Fisher's Pond," and July 25, 1871, was the date appointed for a rendezvous there. The incident was referred to many times during the decade by Guy Brown, another of Uncle Sam's younger team. "Ye shades of Fisher's Pond! July 25th 1861-1871!", one letter from far away Nebraska reminded his friend, Ned, in 1867. Another recalled "the pond and its peaceful quiet of the long summer days; the old and fond memories which cluster around that sacred spot; our camp and the old time pleasures with Rufe, Barber, Totten & Pringle [whom Guy later replaced as Lieutenant of his company]; our promise to be there again if alive on the 25th day of July 1871; most of all your own peril there where your life was once in danger."

Only by the references in Guy's letters written to his beloved friend, Ned Tyler, can we conjure up the event, the setting, the participants. Over and over again Guy referred to the incident at Fisher's Pond when nineteen-year-old Ned, a Yale student visiting his sister, Bessie, nearly lost his life. "I was carried back," Guy wrote in 1869, "to the time when we were at Fisher's Pond, friends only of recent date, but coming from the water with love abounding each for the other and friendship cemented by the struggle we had undergone. I have felt as if I came from that place years older than I was. Though I have almost ever since been a wild, careless boy, I have felt your devotion strengthen and support me."

It was not strange that the younger boy, so recently fatherless and with his own older brother far away and absorbed in the Navy (as he would be for the rest of Guy's life), should have henceforth idolized the older youth in the Tyler clan, to which he was already bound by ties of friendship. To the abiding love and devotion between the two friends, which was born that day and which lasted the remainder of their lives, are we indebted

for many of the letters which tell the Tyler-Brown story of a century ago.

NOTES

1. Tablet in Vermont State House, Montpelier, in memory of Brig. Gen. George Jerrison Stannard.
2. Benedict, Vol. I, page 68.
3. Official Records of Confederate and Union Armies, Ser. I, Vol. II, page 403.
4. Benedict, Vol. I, page 84.
5. The Reverend A. P. Morris, Rector, St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro, October 1860 to 1864.

Chapter 4

Eager But to Join the Strife

Lieutenant Tyler's morale had improved since Bull Run. So had the Army's and the nation's. John's letter from Alexandria, dated August 3, 1861, echoes this verdict of history. "My spirits, which were considerably cast down," he wrote to his father, "are fast coming up under the guidance of our brave young general, McClellan. I am now ready for anything, & when duty calls, there you'll find

Your aff. son
John"

On Monday, August 12, the Second Vermont left Howard's brigade and returned to the District of Columbia, where they joined the newly arrived Third Vermont and other troops at Camp Lyon, which was pleasantly situated on the heights above Georgetown and commanded the Chain Bridge spanning the Potomac. A Confederate outpost was at Falls Church, seven miles away. The Third Vermont had passed through Brattleboro on Wednesday, July 24, three days after Bull Run. Gertrude Tyler reported that "our citizens furnished them a lunch and I went down with Papa to help. It made my heart ache to think how many of those brave fellows would never return."

She also recorded the return of the First Vermont as they reached Brattleboro on August 8 after their three months' enlistment and "marched up to their camping ground." A week later the family walked up to "Camp Phelps" on the old fairgrounds to see the regiment mustered out of service. Colonel Phelps was not with them. He had been promoted to brigadier general of Volunteers and had remained in command of the post at Newport

News. "It was a pretty sight to see the train pass—22 cars," Gertrude observed from her river bank which overlooks the Boston and Maine tracks. Many of the men of the old First Regiment would reenlist and subsequently serve the nation and state with distinction. Peter T. Washburn of Woodstock, the Lieutenant Colonel, whose health did not permit him to return to active duty, served the state as Adjutant General for the remainder of the war and ended his life as Chief Executive of the state.

In command at Camp Lyon, where the Second and Third Regiments were stationed, was William Farrar Smith, Vermont's "great soldier son."[1] "Baldy" Smith, an 1845 graduate of West Point, was a native of St. Albans and a nephew of J. Gregory Smith, who was Governor of Vermont at the end of the conflict. Capt. Smith, U.S.A., was serving in the engineer forces at Fortress Munroe when he was offered the colonelcy of the Third Vermont. He did not hold it long, as he was appointed Brig.-General of Volunteers on August 13. It was he who had already urged upon General McClellan the establishment of a Vermont brigade, which was then in the planning stage and which was responsible for the Second's recall from Alexandria. After many months under General Smith, John Tyler spoke of him as "my beau ideal of a soldier."

A letter from John to Gertrude, dated "Chain Bridge, August 17, 1861," expressed thanks for provisions sent him ("You have no idea how good the pudding tasted") and went on to relate a mishap to his personal belongings. "Being officer of the day I was obliged to make the 'grand rounds' after 12 o'clock, i.e. visit the sentinels & out posts to see that they were doing their duty. During my absence I had left the light burning in my tent & when I returned lo! & behold my trunk was all on fire, the light having tumbled down under the trunk which was elevated about a foot from the ground. Two linen shirts, 2 woolen ditto, two or three pr of stockings, 1 pair of continuations are among the missing or rather burned. Currant Jelly is *preserved.* The greatest loss however is the trunk itself, for which I paid $25.00.

"You see we have changed our location from Alexandria to Chain Bridge. We are now with the 3d Vermont, the 6th Maine and the 33d N. York.

"Tomorrow our regiment goes 12 miles up the river to guard the ford at Great Falls. We expect a brush with the secesh pickets.

"Please thank Aunt Amelia, Edith & Hanson for their letters. I will answer them soon.

"Please excuse haste and write again soon to

Your aff. cousin
John S. Tyler"

Early in September the Second and Third Vermont Regiments, the 33rd New York and a battery crossed Chain Bridge at night with great secrecy and caution and moved a mile out the Leesburg Pike, as General McClellan began to fortify the portion of Virginia opposite the capital city. They thought they were on their way to Richmond, but instead they started digging. There they erected Forts Ethan Allen and Marcy, built to guard the approaches to the bridge. By General Order 18, September 30, 1861, General McClellan complimented the Vermonters by naming one of the forts for their Revolutionary War hero.

The Vermonters were cheered in late September by the arrival of the Fourth and Fifth Regiments. The Fourth, enlisted largely from the southern part of the State, had rendezvoused at Camp Holbrook in Brattleboro, which they left on September 21. It was on that date that Gertrude Tyler saw the "thousand forms sweep by, going forth to win or die," while she watched the regiment of blue-clad boys march "down the darkening street," as she had watched Brattleboro's own Company C in June.[2] The Fourth was the first Vermont regiment to be outfitted by the Federal Government and appear in the Union blue. The colonel of the regiment was John and Gertrude's friend, Edwin H. Stoughton of Bellows Falls. Colonel Stoughton's brother, Charles B. Stoughton, aged nineteen, was adjutant of the Fourth.

On October 10 a short advance was made by the Vermonters toward Lewinsville and John's letter to "Dear Uncle" has the rather lengthy dateline, "Bivouac in Woods near Lewinsville, October 10, 1861 (Gen. Smith Commanding Div.-Col. Whiting brigade of the 4 Vermont Regts.)" In this letter John spoke with pleasure of seeing his many friends among the officers of the Fourth Regiment. "It seemed quite like home to see so many

familiar faces," he told his Uncle Charles. "Col. Stoughton makes himself very popular with his command and throughout the brigade. The 4th is the best Regt. Vermont has turned out.

"Col. Whiting once told me that if I wished he would try and get me a place on Genl. Smith's staff, but the latter took them all from the regular army.

'We rather expect an attack from the rebels today. Last night we laid in an open field ready to take them at the point of the bayonet. Hope they will come.

"When in camp, the officers recite daily to the Colonel.

Love to all.
Your aff. nephew
John"

As a result of their advance, the Vermonters established Camp Griffin one and a half miles from Lewinsville on the road from Chain Bridge. They named their camp for Captain Charles Griffin, 5th U.S. Artillery, the gallant commander of Griffin's Light Battery, whom they had first encountered on Henry Hill at Bull Run and with whom they had recently engaged in sundry skirmishes with the enemy in the vicinity of Lewinsville.[3]

The Vermont Brigade was formally organized at Camp Griffin upon the arrival of the Sixth Vermont on October 24, 1861. The brigade was commanded by Brig. General W. T. H. Brooks, a West Point graduate of Vermont lineage, and a brave and experienced soldier. His men were pleased with his appointment and their respect and admiration for him increased. The Vermont Brigade was attached to General Smith's division, which at that time was part of General Keyes' Fourth Corps. The twenty-five regiments of the division covered the countryside for many miles. The Confederate Army under General Joe Johnston lay fifteen miles to the southwest at Centreville and Manassas. The Vermonters remained at Camp Griffin for five months, while General McClellan was organizing, equipping, and training his new Army of the Potomac.

Our young lieutenant had his disappointments. "Of course I should like the Adjutancy of the 7th. I would give *anything* to get it," he wrote his uncle in October when Governor Holbrook

announced that two more regiments were to be raised. On November 1, he wrote to "Dear Uncle" that he had just received a promise from Colonel Whiting to write a certificate as to his capability, "when lo & behold! by the mail comes a request from Gen[l] Phelps, addressed to Gen[l] Thomas Adjt Gen[l] U.S.A., requesting my appointment as Asst Qrmaster on his staff with the rank of Captain. Of course this will not be refused at Head Quarters—at least, Col. Whiting says it would be a gross insult to the Gen[l] to refuse it.

Your aff. nephew,
John.

P.S. Of course I shall not have to trouble you about the adjutancy. My sincere thanks for what you have done already. Am in excellent health and in great haste."

The following note appears at the bottom of the letter in the handwriting of John's father: (Gen[l] McClellan's order requiring that each Gen[l] should select his staff from his own command prevented this arrangement. T.P.T.)"

Mrs. Royall Tyler, the Judge's wife, reported on November 12, 1861, to her daughter Gertrude, who was visiting in New York: "We received a letter from John tonight saying the appointment on Gen. Phelps' staff had fallen through. He owned to feeling a good deal disappointed, but hoped to get the adjutancy. Papa went to Montpelier to see the Governor about it, as John telegraphed Saturday to 'go ahead as you commenced.' "

General Phelps, the former commander of the First Vermont Regiment, had accompanied General Benjamin F. Butler on his expedition to the Gulf of Mexico and had established his headquarters on Ship Island in the Gulf, which commanded the channel between New Orleans and Mobile. Nothing came of John's desire for the adjutancy of the Seventh. His service would have been far from the Army of the Potomac if either of those appointments had materialized! Both the Seventh and Eighth Vermont Regiments were sent immediately to the Southwest when they left the state in the spring of 1862. After long sea voyages from New York to Ship Island, they joined the Butler expedition and served amid the sands, swamps, floods, and malarial fogs of

Louisiana and Mississippi, where widespread sickness exacted terrible toll from the Vermont boys.

Gertrude Tyler was bound for Batavia again in the fall of 1861, but she was loath to leave "100 West 48th Street," New York City, where she was visiting her friend, Henrietta Trowbridge, her "darling "Netta", a maternal relative of her cousin, Fannie Tyler, and a frequent visitor in Brattleboro. After a pleasant visit with the "Elm City family" in New Haven, where she found "Will in a scrape—a young lady is in love wth him and told him so . . .", Gertrude had come down to the city with Aunt Lizzie and fourteen-year-old Fan.

"I am glad you are enjoying your visit," Gertrude's mother told her in the November 12 letter. "Grandma has had letters from Uncle Pickman and Bessie both, in which they speak of expecting you very soon. Louisa [Barber] met Kate Trowbridge at the Delavan House in New York and K. told her that Bessie was engaged, & Uncle P. also to a widow lady. (Mrs. Brown?)" Mrs. Tyler queried parenthetically. "Grandma told her she did not believe a word of it about Uncle Pick; as for Bessie, she must not say a word. Of course it was the same as owning up. What does Uncle Geo. do but meeting Ellen Clark, he says, 'Look here, you & Bessie both getting engaged & never telling me a word about it!' Ellen rushed up to Grandma's to hear about Bessie. . . .

"Sarah Chamberlain called here yesterday. She spoke of you, & said she had seen the piece of poetry about the soldiers in the Phoenix, & thought it beautiful.

"I suppose the Boston Squad will come up for Thanksgiving on the 28th. Grandma had a long letter from Mrs. Hawthorne, beautiful & enthusiastic as usual. She inquired of your welfare, and doings in New York, & wishes when Grandma wrote to her, she would take occasion to 'mention your dear little self'. She had been to Salem for a few days, & says the children are beautiful, Cousin Mary pleasant & serene. Enclosed was a letter from Rose to Edith, & one from Rose's doll to Edith's.

Your affectionate mother
LBT"

It is strange that "LBT" spoke of the Judge's cousin, Sophia,

(wife of Nathaniel), as "Mrs. Hawthorne," while referring to another first cousin, Mary Pickman (Mrs. George Loring) as "Cousin Mary." The beautiful children at Salem were Posy and Sally Loring. Rose, of course, was the youngest Hawthorne. Sophia Hawthorne's "beautiful and enthusiastic" letter to "My dearest beautifullest aunty" is in the Royall Tyler Collection at the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier. "The countryside around Brattleboro was like Eden" and "Dear Amelia in her careful watch and ward is a spectacle for the angels." The letter alludes with admiring affection to her favorite cousin, George (they were born the same year, 1809) and to "faithful kind generous Cousin Mary" (Tyler).

It is no wonder that Bessie was anxious for her replacement to arrive. She was to be married at Christmastime. "Yesterday Minna came and we went out and bought Bessie's dress," Gertrude wrote of her last Saturday in New York. The girls also went to call on "Aunt Putnam," Mary Palmer Tyler's youngest sister, Catherine Palmer, who had married Henry Putnam and was the mother of George Palmer Putnam, founder of the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. "She is not like Grandma," Gertrude observed loyally, "but very agreeable."

Gertrude reached Batavia in time for Thanksgiving and wedding preparations. Dan met her at Albany when she "changed cars" for the west. She had relented somewhat toward "Danny." Despite his alleged "secession proclivities," he had gone to work in Governor Edward Morgan's office a few weeks before Gertrude went to New York. Among the contacts she reported there was a "pleasant hour's chat with Dan" and a "wish to see more of him" when business brought him down from Albany and he came to see her.

A merry scene of egg-beating and cake-mixing was depicted at "Mrs. Brown's" in Batavia on December 11 when a group of girls went there "to make Bessie's cake" and to enjoy music afterwards with Florence Brown at the piano. "Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Whittlesey came," Gertrude reported December 14; the latter, Elizabeth Boardman, was a sister of Bessie's mother, Mrs. Edward Royall Tyler.

Elizabeth Tyler was married to Cornelius Canfield Billings on

Monday, December 23, 1861, at seven o'clock in the evening, in St. James' Church, Batavia, by the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler. She "looked lovely," Gertrude related in her journal, "her veil softening her sweet, serious face and a look of confiding affection in her soft brown eyes. After they left at eight o'clock we finished the evening dancing. Walter and I were the 'First Attendants'." Florence Brown was listed as one of the bridesmaids. Walter, Cornele's "First Attendant," was evidently his brother. He was "tall and manly in appearance," Gertrude observed, "resembling Cornele; honest, frank, generous, true hearted." "You know the youngest, strongest and handsomest of the Billings is still uncaught," Pickman had written his niece in urging her to visit him.

Gertrude's little sister, Edith, wrote of the family party at the Judge's house while the bride and groom were in Brattleboro. "I suppose Bessie will tell you the particulars," Edith wrote her sister, "at least those that happened at her table, which was in the living room. Both the folding doors were open. Ned, Phil Potter, Hanson, Fanny, Joe and I were in the sitting room. Will, I suppose, thought himself too old to go with the younger ones, so he did not sit with us.

"We are going to Putney to see Carrie Keyes,[4] in a double sleigh so the whole family can go. I am going to take Lilly [her doll] with me and I am fixing her up nice. . . . Good bye, Write soon, to

Your affectionate Sister
Edith"

A message dated December 21, 1861 arrived on Tyler Street from Camp Griffin, Virginia. "My best wishes will be with you during the Christmas holidays," Lt. Tyler wrote. "Many a seat at the fireside will be vacant, but I trust next year at this time, we shall all be with you."

Gertrude watched the New Year in at the rectory in Batavia with her cousin, Rufus. "Mrs. Brown and Florence came to tea New Year's Eve and Rufus and I walked home with them. Afterwards he and I had a nice quiet talk about dear Trow and kindred subjects while we watched the New Year in. Rufus told

me that Walter is in the same state as Allan is in regard to me; that is, deeply in love with me. Can this be?"

"I am very well satisfied with my position here," she went on. "Keeping house is mere play. Bridget is serene and things are going swimmingly. Judge is a dear, good boy and a great comfort to me. I am fast learning to love him. He is growing fast & growing up mentally and physically."

His brother in Virginia wrote to "Dear Uncle" from Camp Griffin on "Jany 13, 62," "Capt. Todd's resignation was accepted at the War Dept. Jany 8th. He will leave as soon as he receives his pay. The men beg me to stay with them, & I am not sorry to have the chance. I wish you would see Gov. Holbrook about a commission as Captain of Company C as soon as possible. Lieut. Col. Stannard, now commanding the Regiment, informs me that such an appointment would meet his most entire approbation.

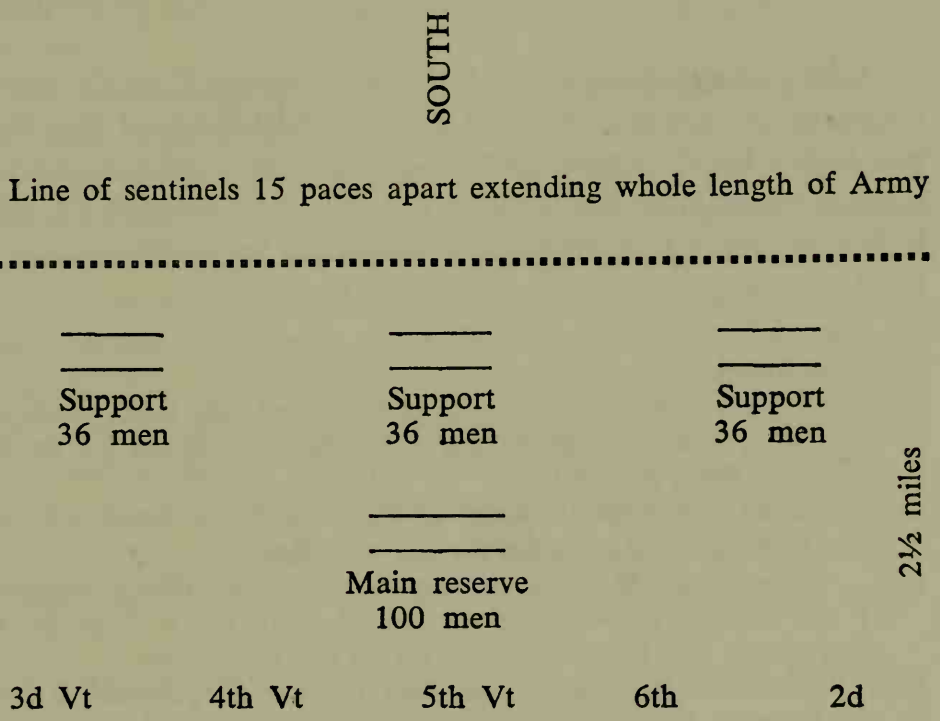
"I write this by the hand of a friend, being laid up myself just at this time from the evil effects of experimenting on Horsemanship. I have a long letter nearly finished which I will forward soon.

Truely Yours
John S. Tyler"

The "long letter" he wrote showed that fire, at least, could strike the same place twice; namely, John's tent. "I was attending the regular recitation in tactics at the Colonel's tent," he related, "when 'Fire! Fire!' cries somebody, and I rushed wildly to the scene. The fire evidently caught on the floor of the tent from the stove, & finally extended to the tent itself, which burnt like tissue paper. Everything in the tent was destroyed except the contents of my trunk, among them the Various Bible & Prayer Books, pincushions &C given me by Grandmother and others. My sword was destroyed—pistols slightly injured, rubber bed and bed clothes burnt up, also one dress coat. I wish you would see [Quartermaster] Gen. Davis & ask him for the sword the state should, but did not furnish me. He has often promised to send it to me.

"Perhaps the manner of our doing our picket duty may interest some of you. I will endeavor to enlighten you.

"Each brigade guards its *own front*—the five regiments taking its turn in furnishing the requisite number of men (200)—the whole being commanded by 1 Field Officer, 2 Captains, 6 Lieuts & 12 non-com[d] officers.



"At 7.30 o'clock every A.M. 200 men and the aforesaid officers leave the camp, having first been rigidly inspected by Genl. Brooks, with 24 hours rations. Thence they proceed to the 'main reserve' and 100 go on the 'supports' as designated above, and relieve the old guard. Each Support sends half the strength on to the line where it remains 2 hours & is relieved by the other half. At the end of 4 hours the 'supports' are relieved by the main reserve, the former then taking the place of the latter. You see there can be no communication thro' the lines. The idea is that in case of an attack the sentinels rally on the supports—the latter if hard pressed assemble on the main reserve and the whole 200 would be able to hold the enemy in check long enough to get the

Brigade under arms. My lameness consists in stiff joints caused by riding 20 or 30 miles, being unused to it. I am now about well.

"My best love to all,

Your aff
Nephew."

John's commission as "Captain of Company C in the Second Regiment of Infantry of VOLUNTEER MILITIA of this State" was signed by Frederick Holbrook, "Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the State of Vermont," on January 23, 1862. It did not reach him for several weeks for he wrote on Jan. 31, 1862,

Dear Uncle:

I rejoice to hear that my appointment has been confirmed, but what has become of the Commissions? None of us have received them as yet.

Have just rec'd a bundle of Phoenixs from somebody. Give Dr. Cummings my thanks for his compliment.[5]

Please get my sword of Gen. Davis if possible *immediately*. I am without one—not a very good thing for a Captain. Will you please box it up & send it on to me by express.

Col. Stoughton sends his kind regards to yourself & lady.

I am in good health & a great hurry.

I am indebted to Aunt Amelia for a kind letter.

Truely Yours,
John S. Tyler

"Dear Gertrude," her mother wrote from "Bratt-Jany 27, 1862," "It is Monday morning. I have just put the beans into the oven, & got other things in train, & now I intend to have this ready to send this afternoon. The weather has been bad and trains are delayed so much.

"Will Holbrook has been appointed Major of the 7th regiment, in camp at Rutland belonging to the Butler expedition.[6] It seems to me that John is as well qualified . . . However, John has got his Captain's commisson by this time—& if he lives, he will perhaps go beyond a Major, & his promotion will be worthily earned & not got by favor. I have been excessively *riled* about this

matter, but am gradually *settling,* & hope to be clear upon the subject soon.

"You remember Mr. Frost, who preached for us a while? He is appointed Chaplain to the 7th regt.[7] He is consumptive, has been sick a good deal, & it is just the thing for him to go to Ship Island, where our regiments are ordered.[8] He preached for us yesterday.

"Joe had a letter from Ellen Sat. via Fortress Monroe, sent there open, read, sealed, & mailed there. She was at Salem, N.C., where she went in the summer for her health. She had been 'confined to her room, almost to her bed, ever since.' Her mother had been with her, & was well. 'Clarence was most a man, & had a commission in the Navy'—*rebel of course.* The letter was short, as usual, & not particularly sweet. She sent 'love to all & kisses to yourselves.' The letter inside was addressed to 'Daniel F. & Joseph Tyler.' Dan, you know, has secession proclivities, & probably they know it and thought it not prudent to direct the letter to him, but sent it to Joe, expecting him to forward to Dan. We were glad to hear of them, rebels tho they are. Ellen said her little boy was a fine, smart boy, & Grandma would be proud of him, if she could see him.[9]

"We have a great deal of snow on the ground, & the travelling is very hard & unpleasant. It is extremely difficult turning out, & the roads have no chance to get good, because of the continual falling of the snow.

"When do you think of coming home?

Affectionately your mother
L. B. Tyler"

Gertrude, on the other hand, wrote with delight of the snow and the sleighing. "Oh, friend of my youth & companion of my riper years," the twenty-year-old addressed Bessie after spending an evening at her cousin's new home, from which war was soon to uproot the newlyweds. Rhapsodizing about the elegant snowstorm, the exquisite evening, the moonlight sleighride, the return to the rectory to sit by herself dreaming in the fireglow, she ended with love to Cornele. "I was pleased that he desired a kiss last night." Her journal shows that it was "Walter" who drove the

sleigh and "folded the robes tenderly about her." Walter had been beauing Gertrude about—but she was still writing to her midshipman, Allan Brown!

On February 28 she and Kit (one of the most lovable friends she ever had, she declared) attended a dance "with Guy and Rufus for escort" (Walter having left the scene for Buffalo), and there we leave them with "Kit in white with black velvet ribbons" (out of respect for Judge Brown's memory) and Gertrude "in white with blue ribbons," for the Batavia visit is left in midair at this juncture. There is but one brief entry in March until the following autumn.

Her notebook of poems gives a glimpse of a once tender young romance, short lived and only half guessed at, were it not for Guy's corroboration in later confidences to Ned. Only by the title Gertrude gave her verses, with their description of the dusky-haired maiden and the blue-eyed, red-tressed youth, can we guess the identity of the "merry lovers."

KIT AND JUDGE

Maiden sitting in a corner,
Mimics thus the famous Horner;—
Pouts adorn the lips of cherry
Where the smiles so oft make merry;—
Eyes concealed by drooping lashes,
Or revealed like lightning flashes;—
Hair all loose in wild disorder,
Frames the face with ebon border;—
And that face, in its expression
Plainly says, 'Sir—no submission!'

On the floor, at ease reclining,
Rests a youth, with head inclining
Gently toward the pouting maiden,
As with sweet entreaty laden.
Waving locks of palest red
Cluster thickly round his head;—
On the blue eyes' laughing glances
There the imp of mischief dances,
Till the terms for truce prepared—
War is ended—Peace declared!

She, the treaty to complete,
Places there her signet sweet,
In a kiss she light bestows
With her lips of dewy rose.
So sport on, youthful pair!
Merry lovers, gay as fair.
All too soon, in future years,
Manhood's pride, and woman's fears,
Each from each may widely sever
For long, perchance; if not forever!

GERTRUDE TYLER
February 1862

They were indeed severed, widely and forever.[10]

Pickman sent his "dearest Mother" a little lecture on March 8, 1862. "From some remarks, you seem to have lost sight of the fact that your life is the most valuable we have. We expect you to take the best care of yourself & have great confidence in Mary & Amelia's care of you. Please do not distress us by falling into Grandma Palmer's way of talking[11]—baseless even in her case, but utterly inexcusable in yours—when you have been so wonderfully favored in the preservation of your faculties of body & mind & your ability to receive & impart happiness.

"If, as some of you report, Clarence was a Midshipman in the rebel Navy of North Carolina, the chances are that he was aboard Lynch's fleet in Albemarle & Pamlico Sounds which was so thoroughly destroyed by our gunboats. I suppose you hear nothing new from thence."

"*Clarance* W. Tyler" was appointed acting midshipman, Confederate States Navy, September 12, 1861, according to information furnished by the Department of the Navy, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. On October 11, 1861, he was ordered to proceed to Brunswick, Georgia, for duty on board the *C.S.S. Resolute*.[12]

"Poor Bessie has been confined to her bed for a fortnight," her uncle continued. "Probably the continuous excitement & fatigue of three months passed had exhausted her strength & a severe cold brought her very near to inflammatory rheumatism. On Saturday Mr. Billings was here to tea & says she was better in appetite & spirits, though unable to get up. On Sunday P.M. Mrs.

Brown & Gertie rode out—the latter is still there. Mrs. B. reports that Bessie is still better today & that the Doctor, her brother-in-law, & a furious Allopath, says that she is decidedly convalescent.

"It seems at length that a movement of some part at least of the Potomac Army will take place within a week, if it has not already. In my judgement, the rebels have removed most of their forces to the south & southwest, leaving only enough to man their fortifications.

"Give my love to my dear boy—and to all of you—not forgetting yourself in the greatest measure.

Very affectionately your Son
Thos. P. Tyler"

NOTES

1. From tablet in Vermont State House, Montpelier, in memory of Brevet-Major-General William Farrar Smith.

2. "Lines suggested by seeing the Vt. 4th Regt. march through Brattleboro streets on Saturday evening just before leaving on the cars for Washington Sept. 21, 1861. G.T." (From *Vermont Phoenix* Thursday, September 26, 1861).

3. Brig. General Charles Griffin relieved the ill-starred Warren as commander of the Fifth Corps on April 1, 1865, during the Battle of Five Forks.

4. Caroline Keyes of Putney was a much younger "first cousin" of Mrs. Royall Tyler (Laura Britton Keyes). She was the daughter of James, Asa Keyes' youngest brother. She died circa 1920. "Cousin Carrie," her beautiful and quite famous garden and her spacious home on the main street of Putney village next door to the old "Brick Church" are happy memories of the present writer.

5. Dr. Charles Cummings, editor of the *Vermont Phoenix,* was later Lt. Colonel successively of the 16th and 17th Vermont Regiments. He was killed in action of "Poplar Grove Church," September 30, 1864. Benedict, Vol. II, page 523.

6. William C. Holbrook of Brattleboro, son of the Governor, who had entered the service as first lieutenant of Company F of the Fourth Vermont, served with distinction as major and later as colonel of the Seventh Vermont Regiment. He was born in Brattleboro July 14, 1842, and was therefore nine months older than John Tyler.

7. Rev. Henry M. Frost of Middlebury, chaplain of the Seventh

Vermont, "had recently taken orders in the Episcopal Church," Benedict, Vol. II, page 3.

8. Ship Island no doubt was *not* the thing for his "consumption." He resigned August 9, 1862, and was succeeded by the Rev. W. C. Hopkins, a son of Bishop Hopkins, *Ibid,* page 21.

9. Ellen Tyler's son, Samuel J. Person, Jr.

10. These verses also confirm the impression given the present writer long ago by her elders that Rufus was in love with Florence; an impression imparted in discreet, low tones, for our revered "Aunt Florence" had long been the widow of another Tyler.

11. Elizabeth Hunt Palmer spent the last ten years of her life with her daughter Mary in Brattleboro, where she died January 8, 1832, at age eighty-two.

12. All Navy records refer to "Clarance W. Tyler." A letter to Helen Tyler Brown June 27, 1921, from Joe Tyler's son, Charles Arthur Tyler of Brooklyn, speaks of his "only surviving uncle, 'Clarance' (he insists on spelling it that way)." Clarence is spelled with an "e" in all other family references. (Letter is in Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.)

Chapter 5

Up and Down the Peninsula

"John has had a short furlough," Gertrude's lone entry of March 6, 1862 recorded, "too brief for him to do more than visit Bratt. 'Captain Tyler'—it sounds well & is well. John is doing himself much credit & I am very glad he is doing so well. Today is Dan's 23rd birthday."

Captain Tyler reported his arrival at Camp Griffin to "Dear Grandmother" on March 7, "I arrived safely last evening—a little behind time, but found the Colonel very good natured, the privates having just presented him with a sword[1]—so I got into no trouble. The mud is as *deep as ever.* There is no prospect of making an advance. Love to all,

Your aff. and rather 'blue'
Grandson"

Possibly he brought his captain's commission with him from Vermont, for it was the next day, "March 8th, A.D. 1862," that "the above-named John S. Tyler" personally appeared at "Head Quarters" before "Henry Whiting, Col. 2nd Vt. Infy" and swore to be true and faithful to the State of Vermont and to support the Constitution of the United States. (Back of Commission No. 366)

"The Army of the Potomac is literally stuck in the mud, and no one attempts locomotion unless obliged," *Harper's Weekly* of February 22, 1862, had declared. "When he (the soldier) steps out of his tent at reveille, it is to sink at each step half-way to his knees in liquid mud." But two days after John's note to his grandmother came the order to march. It was received "with cheers and rejoicing throughout the brigade," Benedict reported in his *Vermont in the Civil War.* At sunrise on March 10 they moved out through Lewinsville and joined the vast Army of the Potomac,

175,000 strong, as it marched eastward with high hopes toward Alexandria, General Joe Johnston having meanwhile retired beyond the Rappahannock. The First Peninsula Campaign of the Army of the Potomac was to begin. Now splendidly equipped and trained, the men were in high spirits. They felt complete confidence in themselves and believed implicity in their idolized commander, George Brinton McClellan, although he had held them inactive all those weeks while they were "eager but to join the strife." The mud was not always knee-deep and the presidential patience was wearing thin, while General Grant's star was rising in the West with the "unconditional surrender" of Forts Henry and Donelson.

On March 22 a penciled note to "Dear Uncle" is headed "Camp near Cloud's Mills, Alexandria and Fairfax Turnpike," "I write on the eve of our departure for somewhere down the river, on shipboard—all our Division goes, comprising part of Gen[l] Keyes' Corps d'Armee. Our destination is probably the York River. Thousands are going daily—In tremendous haste,

Yours affectionately
John

Cold is all gone."

The troops moved up the Peninsula in a two-pronged advance, one marching along the York River towards Yorktown, and the other, headed by General Smith's division, along the James towards Williamsburg until they reached the Warwick River, which runs across the Peninsula between the York and the James. A formidable line of fortifications had been built along the western bank of the Warwick by Confederate General John Bankhead Magruder of the "Old Army," known as "Prince John" for his grand manner, prolific whiskers, and love of theatricals, as well as for his recognized gallantry in action.

From the Union "Camp in the Field" on Warwick River, Captain Tyler wrote to his father on "April 9th, 1862." Across the top of the letter is a message to the Brattleboro family written in a large boyish hand. "This letter arrived yesterday. Father wishes you to send it right back here when you have read it.

Rufus"

"Dear Father," the letter said, "The Vermont Brigade is now threatening the rebel chain of forts between the York and James Rivers about 4 or 5 miles north (I should think) of Warwick C. House. The day after I last wrote we embarked at Alex[a] on the steamer C. Vanderbilt for Fortress Munroe, passed the night very comfortably on board and reached the fortress at 5 oclok p.m. [sic] on the 24th ult. We landed and bivouaced on the sandy beach, under the walls of the fortress—and around the great Lincoln and Union guns.

"On March 25th we marched thro' Hampton which is entirely burned. It is very sad to see the beautiful buildings and churches a mass of ruins. We encamped 3 or 4 miles beyond and the next day marched on to within a mile of Newport News. Here I saw the frigate *Cumberland,* sunk by the *Merrimac,* and also the saucy little *Monitor.*

"Remaining here until the 4th inst. we marched to a place called Young's Mills about 6 miles. Here we found the rebels in force and expected a fight. Genl Smith determined to take their earthworks at the point of the bayonet—and the Vt Brigade was thrown forward for that purpose—but on our appearance the rebels ran away. We found they had been living in very fine barracks in which we gladly ensconced ourselves for the night.[2] Off we go in the morning at 6 o'clk and find the enemy strongly entrenched on the opposite bank of Warwick River (Lee's Mill) and they don't seem inclined to run away from here by a *good deal.* Ayres' Battery opened on them on our arrival, and elicited a hearty response.

"My company with 4 others of our regt. has been stationed within 1000 yds. by actual measurement of their fort. The left of the picket line consisting of my company was within easy rifle shot of their sharpshooters. My men were obliged to lie behind logs & trees and upon exposing any part of their bodies to view —whist!—would come a rifle ball and if we fired five or six shots in return they would compliment us with a shell. For 2 days we have remained in this interesting position, until relieved last night.

"McClellan is here flying about in all directions. Roads are being built, earthworks thrown up and everybody is busy.

"If you can read this, please send it on to Bratt[o].

"I trust my next will tell you about a great victory. 'God defend the right.' My best love to Gertrude & Bessie & Rufus.

Your aff. son
John"

At Lee's Mill, where Smith's divison was halted, the Vermont Brigade made the first assault on an entrenched line accomplished by the Army of the Potomac. Large numbers of Confederates could be seen on the opposite bank, building and strengthening their works, and McClellan sent word to "stop the enemy's working" at that point. He directed General Smith to occupy the opposing works but not to bring on a general engagement, and to withdraw his troops if serious resistance was encountered. It was.

John's letter to Judge Tyler dated "Camp before Warwick River, April 19, 1862," gives an account of the affair. "Dear Uncle," he wrote, "Here we are right under the guns of the rebel forts along the bank of the Warwick River or more properly creek. You have doubtless heard through the papers that the Vermont Brigade has had something of a fight. The 3d Regt. has suffered the most, losing I understand over 80, killed, wounded or missing.[3]

"On the morning of the 16th, Mott's Battery, supported by our regt and the 6th, opened on the rebel works. Firing continued thro' the forenoon until about 12 M when the enemy's guns appeared to be silenced. About this time McClellan rode up and after talking some minutes with Genl. Smith sat down beside our regt. and ate his dinner."

In this letter the young captain not only pictured the action in words, but also drew a pen-and-ink sketch of the scene—the two rebel forts with rifle pits on the right across the river, which the Confederates had dammed to make a large pond. "Should we attempt to cross below the dam," he wrote, "they can let out the water which can rather incommode us. From the right to the left of the scene is about ½ mile. In the afternoon our reg't. crossed, under a heavy fire from the rebels, from the right of the plain, past the ruins of a house[4] to our position on the extreme left. In the woods in front of us were the 6th & 3rd."

Two companies of the Third Regiment crossed the brook and

got into the Confederate rifle pits, from which they drove the enemy and which they held with great heroism, until ordered to retreat when their opponents gathered there in force, "the little band of Vermonters" being "hemmed in by no less than seven regiments," Benedict reported;[5] ". . . by overwhelming odds," Captain Tyler wrote on April 19, 1862, not having had the benefit of reading the official "Confederate Reports."

Meanwhile, "the 4ths, led by Col. Stoughton, charged down from the woods on the left, with a rousing cheer, and laying down flat on the edge of the dam, opened a galling fire on the enemy's works." Immediately the four batteries of Smith's division—Ayres', Mott's, Kennedy's, and Wheeler's (so labeled in John's sketch)—got into position opposite the forts and opened fire with their twenty-four pieces. "This was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed," John declared. "The cheers of the 4th called the attention of the rebels from the 3d, giving the 6th a chance to give them an awful volley, which made them drop like ten pins."

A third picture of the scene is provided by John's enclosure of a sketch drawn by Larkin Mead of Brattleboro, afterwards a well-known sculptor, who at that time was at the front as an artist for *Harper's Weekly*. Drawings "sketched by Mr. Mead of Vermont" are seen in the "reissues" of *Harper's*.

Why the Third Vermont was not reinforced and the entire brigade (and division) thrown across the river in an attempt to pierce the Warwick line at Lee's Mill is one of the moot questions of history. President Lincoln had urged McClellan to "break the enemy's line at once" when the army halted at the river, but McClellan had his heart set on a grand siege operation, similar to ones he had seen as official observer in the Crimean War.

"We don't have any twilight down here," John ended his recital of the action, "and darkness put an end to the fight. Throwing down our arms, we took up axes and shovels and by daylight Mr. MacGruder found some strong earthworks right under his nose . . . Our and the rebel sharpshooters continue to blaze away at each other."

General McClellan was so baffled by "Mr. MacGruder's" fancy maneuvering during this period that he was more firmly con-

vinced than ever that he was far outnumbered by his opponents, and, as pointed out by John (and history), he was "continuously flying about having roads built and earthworks thrown up" and tragically losing valuable time. "Little Mac"—short, square-shouldered, compact—a born organizer, but indecisive and slow of progress, was forever wishing to shelter his beloved army behind earthworks, always believing himself outnumbered and constantly begging for reinforcements; yet he inspired such devotion in his soldiers that they saw no flaw in their idol. Morris Schaff, writing his *Battle of the Wilderness* in 1910, recalled his reactions as a young ordinance officer to the famed general. "So sweet and winsome was he, I was ever after a sympathetic and ardent admirer."[6] In the same manner, the young captain from Vermont found it worthy of note on April 16, 1862, that their beloved leader "sat down beside our regiment and ate his dinner" during the engagement at Lee's Mill.

While McClellan was readying his siege operations, the Confederacy was using the time gained to strengthen the defenses of Richmond and increase its forces on the Peninsula. When ready, General Johnston, in a surprise retreat, deprived McClellan of his cherished siege and suddenly withdrew his men from the Warwick after complimenting the brigade with a farewell cannonade, which called it to arms during the night of May 3.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning, May 4, Smith's division crossed the dam at Lee's Mill and resumed the long interrupted march toward Williamsburg. The Vermonters were leading the column and here gave a foretaste of the marching quality for which they were to be noted. Learning that the head of the column was already three miles beyond the point where he had planned to halt, General Keyes called an orderly and instructed him, "If your horse has bottom enough to catch up with that Vermont Brigade, I want you to overtake them and order a halt. Tell them we are not going to Richmond today."[7]

The indecisive battle fought on the outskirts of the former colonial capitol of Williamsburg on May 5, 1862, was disappointing to the Vermonters. They stood in the rain with Smith's division all day listening to the noise of the battle. General Smith had expected to attack at daylight and had the division in line as

soon as it was light, but was held back by General Sumner. The real lion of the day was Winfield Scott Hancock, whom McClellan termed "superb." When night fell, General Johnston withdrew and continued his retreat toward Richmond. John spoke of their disappointment in a letter written on May 14, 1862, from "Camp near Cumberland Landing on the Pamunkey River."

"We were in the Williamsburg Battle comprising the center," he wrote his father. "All we did was to stand under arms all the day with shells bursting all around us. Fortunately no one was hurt. Once we started to support Genl. Hancock, but Genl. Sumner ordered us back. McClellan told Genl. Brooks that if he ever received such an order again to disobey it and he would take the responsibility."

"I will not attempt to describe the scene on the field the day after the battle," continued John, "and over which our reg't marched. Having encamped near Fort Macgruder we assisted in burying the dead, and nursing the wounded." (Both Union and Confederate)[8]

"We are encamped on the Pamunkey River as above on a farm owned by the rebel Genl. Lee. It is an immense plain and scattered over it, in sight of one another, are the encampments of over 30,000 troops, infantry, cavalry and artillery.

"We are marching along," the letter concluded, "at the rate of 10 or 12 miles per day. It is 25 miles from here to Richmond at which place I hope to date my next letter. With love and in great haste,

Your aff. son"

Captain Tyler was writing from the Custis Plantation which was the property of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the former Mary Custis, a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington. White House, which took its name from the old mansion where General Washington married Mrs. Custis, was the site of a large supply base for the Federal Army. The army was now east of Richmond. They had marched up the Peninsula to the Pamunkey, some miles west of its confluence with the Mattapony, where the two rivers meet to form the York. The Brigade was at White House when the famed Sixth Corps was organized. From that time on the Vermont

Brigade served as the Second Brigade of the Second Division (Smith's for several more months) of the Sixth Corps, "to whose fame," Benedict tells us in a typical Vermont understatement, "the Vermonters have been wont to flatter themselves that they contributed something."

It was during that same month, on May 12, 1862, that Lt. Colonel Stannard left the Second Regiment to become colonel of the Ninth Vermont. His departure was regretted by officers and men. Major Joyce was promoted to Lt. Colonel and Captain Walbridge of Company A became major of the Second Regiment.

On May 19 the Brigade left White House with the Sixth Corps, commanded by General William Buel Franklin, and moved west to the treacherous Chickahominy River. On May 22 they were encamped on a low pine ridge near Gaines' Mill, north of the Chickahominy and eight miles from Richmond.

On May 13 Johnston attacked the Third and Fourth Corps, which had crossed the Chickahominy and were at Fair Oaks, six miles from Richmond. But Heintzelman and Keyes held their ground and the attempt to drive them back across the river failed. Johnston was wounded, his forces retired into the defenses of Richmond, and General Robert E. Lee succeeded to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On June 5 the Sixth Corps crossed the Chickahominy. Smith's division camped on a hill near Golding's House, one-half mile south of the river and one mile north of Fair Oaks. This was a cheerful time. The men's unflagging faith in themselves and McClellan remained undimmed. They expected to march into Richmond within a few days and end the war. McClellan kept telegraphing daily to Washington that he was almost ready to take it. Early in June, in the beautiful luxuriant growth of the Virginia summer, the Second Vermont was selected to represent the brigade in a review by the Spanish General Prim, who was accompanied by the Comte de Paris of General McClellan's staff and by General Smith and General Brooks.

John wrote of the review to "Dear Uncle" on June 8 from "Camp near Richmond." "The health of my company and myself is excellent. We have crossed the Chickahominy, and are now near New Bridge. We anticipate a battle daily being con-

fident of success. Gen'l Prim has just reviewed our reg't—the only one thus honored by him to my knowledge.

"Will you oblige me by depositing the enclosed in your safe. In case of my death, Rufus & Hanson may have the benefit of the contents.

Your aff. nephew
John S. Tyler
Washington
D.C."

But John's next letter reflected McClellan's exaggerated idea of the numbers opposing him, and they had indeed increased while he was dilly-dallying up the Peninsula. John wrote to Grandmother Tyler from "Camp Lincoln, Va.," where General Smith had thrown up a redoubt at the crest of his position. It was dated June 21, 1862, but the memorable events of the final week of June were beginning to take place before he closed his letter.

"Dear Grandmother, Your long expected letter has at length arrived. Don't hesitate to direct your letters to Washington as heretofore, even if we get to Richmond, which I don't see any immediate prospect of. Operations here have assumed the form of a protracted seige, and we may remain here for months. The 'rebs' greatly outnumber us, and to rush headlong upon their formidable works would be perfect madness. Our men and the rebels, whose picket lines (in front of our brigade they are actually no further apart than from your house to Uncle George's) have, independent of the officers, agreed to have no firing at each other. Consequently, both sides stand out in plain sight, no doubt longing for a social chat, but the orders won't allow it. Gen'l Toombs' Georgia Brigade lies in front of us."

Here he drew a pen-and-ink sketch of the Union and Confederate forces in front of Richmond showing Smith's division on the south side of the Chickahominy and General Fitz John Porter's Fifth Corps on the north side at Mechanicsville. "You see our lines form an angle," John explained, "with the apex on the recent battleground. Our divn. is on the right resting on the Chickahominy. The health of my company and self is very good.

"Larkin Mead leaves for home this P.M. but as he stops in N.

York a short time, I forward this by mail. Much love to all.

Your aff. grandson
John S. Tyler"

The same letter enclosed one labeled "For Gertrude." "I have just got Grandmother's letter from the mail in order to answer yours, which has just arrived. I have been wasting a great deal of love sending it to you in Batavia in my letters to Father. However, as there is an abundance on hand, I do not complain. Your letter was exceedingly interesting, and I hope you will waste more ink and paper on your most obedient. I am very glad you are so well satisfied with your sojourn at Batavia.

"Col. Stoughton enquires for you often and desires to be remembered to you. He is a splendid officer and Vermont has reason to be proud of him.

"Genl McClellan is about nearly every day. Cheer upon cheer always announce his approach, let it be ever so often. He looks careworn and weary—almost crushed by the enormous weight of responsibility that rests upon him. His soldiers idolize him and it will go hard with the abolition fanatic at the north who dares abuse him in their presence. The Duc de Chartres and Comte de Paris are always with him.

"With much love to Aunt Laura and Uncle, whose letter I will soon answer,

I remain as ever
Yours
John"

On June 25 McClellan advanced his left wing in his last offensive movement. He had tarried too long. Stonewall Jackson came down from the Shenandoah, J.E.B. Stuart dashed completely around the Union Army with his cavalry to menace supply and communications, and Ambrose Powell Hill marched out of Richmond bound for Mechanicsville and the Fifth Corps. He was attacking Porter's command north of the Chickahominy as John closed his letter to his grandmother and the bloody Seven Days of battle began.

Hill was repulsed by Porter at the Battle of Mechanicsville on

June 26. The latter reestablished his lines at Gaines' Mill near the Sixth Corps encampment of late May. There on June 27 he stood up under an even greater test, which he met well and under which he fought well. *He* actually *was* outnumbered. The test was adminstered personally by Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. and D. H. Hill and Whiting (a Northerner and cousin of Colonel Whiting of the Second Vermont, but married to a Southerner), with Robert E. Lee directing the proceedings. The latter reported "a severe contest of five hours" before Fitz John Porter was "repulsed from the field."

On the afternoon of that same day, Friday, June 27, the Georgia troops in front of Smith's division ended the unofficial truce of the previous three weeks with a furious cannonade. While the bulk of Lee's men were attacking the Fifth Corps in the bloody Battle of Gaines' Mill, Magruder's forces put on their usual show and kept the Union men on the south side of the river occupied in the engagement known as Golding's Farm. Instead of marching boldly for Richmond, which Magruder was defending with about a third of Lee's forces while the others were north of the Chickahominy, McClellan could think only of "saving the army" by retreating southward and changing its base to the James River.

Captain Tyler's version of the Seven Days is told in a long letter to his uncle dated "July 4, 1862, Camp near Charles City, Va." "The papers have told you of Genl. Porter's defeat," he began, "which was progressing as I closed my last letter to Grandmother. This was Friday the 27th ult. Towards the close of the day the rebels opened a tremendous artillery fire on our camp, driving us under cover of the banks of the Chickahominy, a few rods distant. At dusk their artillery ceased and an attack upon our pickets ensued. The 4th Regt was then on the line, and hastening to their support, we found them gallantly holding their ground. After a few minutes fighting the rebels 'fell back'. Thus ended one day's fight.[9] On our return to camp, we found Porter's Corps in full retreat across the river. During the night we slept on our arms."

By daylight of Saturday, the 28th, the perilous retreat was in progress in the direction of White Oak Swamp, the great natural barrier, through which the huge army must pass with its inter-

minable trains of equipment and artillery. The general gloom of this time was relieved by the army's firm belief that only the immense superiority of numbers compelled their retreat and their confidence that the genius of their commander would bring them out safely in the end. The latter was true. He could conduct a good retreat. The successful passage of White Oak Swamp, while holding at bay the pursuing enemy, was one of the most notable achievements of McClellan's career.

"Saturday, 28th," John continued, lapsing into the present tense. "At daybreak baggage and a few tents are hastily loaded on the teams and started towards James River. The men fill their haversacks with 2 days rations and the regt moves ½ mile to the left. The rebels open on us with both infantry and artillery. We remain, lying close to the ground, as a support to the pickets in front. Soon the rebel infantry is repulsed, but their artillery keeps up a galling fire. Then it was that Corpl Paddleford of my company, with whom I was conversing at the time was struck in the left shoulder by a piece of shell. His wound is not dangerous, but being unable to march he had to be left to the tender mercies of the rebels. We hold our ground during the night sleeping on our arms, without any cover but blankets. Another day's fight ended."

The valor of the rearguard, in which Smith's division, and particularly the Vermont Brigade, played key roles, was an important factor in the safe accomplishment of the long retreat. At Savage's Station on Sunday, June 29, they fought furiously against the Confederates, who were hurrying to cut off the Federals before they could reach White Oak Swamp.[10] All that evening the Vermont Brigade stood firmly against their pursuers and did not resume their retreat until the last of the long columns were well within the shelter of the swamp. All night long they marched through the pitch darkness at the rear of the long procession. On Monday, June 30, at the site of White Oak Bridge (destroyed that morning) they withstood the sudden surprise attack of Jackson and thwarted his attempt to stampede the rearguard. His efforts kept up all that day, but the firm stand of Smith's division helped the main body of the Army of the Potomac to reach Malvern Hill without disaster.

The captain of Company C took up the story of that somber

June Sunday. "Sunday, 29th. Slowly falling back, starting at daylight, our brigade covers the retreat of the rest of our corps d'armee (Franklin's) and at sundown reach Savage Station on the Richmond and York river R. Road. Here the rebels in force attack our brigade, and we enter into an almost hand to hand fight. Steadily the Vermonters advance, their ranks thinned by the incessant shower of bullets, grape and canister, until under cover of darkness the rebels beat a hasty retreat. Here I brought off 3 men wounded, leaving a number on the field, whether dead or prisoners, I cannot tell. The darkness was so intense that we could not see our hands before us. But the retreat must be continued, and on we tramp thro' rain, mud and infernal darkness, until White Oak Swamp lies between us and the foe. We crossed the latter about daybreak, having marched all night. Many a poor fellow, exhausted, fell out of the ranks and was picked up next day by the rebel cavalry. A *third* day's fighting ended.

"Monday, 30th. Everything seems to indicate a day of rest. The Swamp covers our rear and the bridge is destroyed. The men rest and sleep as best they may and a supply of provisions is bro't up. When all is quiet, in the twinkling of an eye, the rebels, from 40 pieces of rifled ordnance,[11] planted with consummate skill, pour their leaden hail into our midst. 'Twas the most terrific scene I ever witnessed, and I feel entirely unequal to the task of describing it."

The young captain probably did not know at that time that it was Stonewall Jackson who had so rudely awakened them. The hilly ground had permitted his men to approach without discovery and wheel up field batteries to the brow of the hill above the field where the Vermont Brigade lay sleeping. His chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, reported, "At 15 mins. of 2 P.M. we opened on the enemy who had no previous intimation of our position and intention." Roused suddenly from sleep, many of the men took literally to the tall timber, but when General Brooks rode calmly along the edge of the pine woods on his big gray horse, they rallied with a cheer and presented their usual firm front to the adversary.

"Our division having rallied," John resumed, "from what bid fair to be a panic, we held our ground until midnight and then, covering the retreat, we, by marching the remainder of the night,

reached James River at 7 A.M. next day."

Major Hyde of the Seventh Maine in the Third Brigade of Smith's division wrote about that Monday night march as he "followed the Greek Cross" and referred to his friends in the Second Brigade as "the magnificent Vermont Brigade, most worthy successors of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys."[12]

It was on Tuesday, July 1, that the Sixth Corps reached the James River and rejoiced to find the army, not in retreat but faced about in a strong position on Malvern Hill. The exhausted brigade was not involved in the furious tide of battle which swept the valorous foe back from those storied slopes, although, after being allowed a sleep of three hours, they were called to arms and stood wearily in the lines from ten in the morning until eleven at night, when Lee withdrew his forces and McClellan ordered a further removal to Harrison's Landing.

Several of his generals did not share his yearning for the wider reaches of the James River where the Navy was hovering protectingly. After Malvern Hill they would have liked to follow up their victory and start out for Richmond again, but McClellan would not allow it. In fact at Savage's Station on June 29, General Sumner was reluctant to leave the field and continue the retreat. In a reversal of his Williamsburg role, when he had held back Smith's division, he was persuaded to withdraw only by the insistence of Franklin and Smith that McClellan expected all troops to cross White Oak Swamp that night.

And so the Union troops marched on that night of July 1 to Harrison's Landing seven miles to the southeast. The Smith men plodded on through the mud and torrential rain guarding the rear of the army, the irrepressible Stuart at times at their heels. The James flows southward between Malvern Hill and City Point, where it widens out and makes a great bend to the east. Harrison's Landing nearby was a welcome sight for the Vermonters and their comrades on July 2, 1862, for gunboats of the United States Navy were waiting there with supply transports to greet them at the end of the long retreat.

The Second Division of the Sixth Corps went into camp at Ruffin's Farm two miles north of Harrison's Landing, which must have been the "Camp near Charles City" from which John wrote

his letter of July 4. "I have given you a rough sketch of our doings," it concluded, "which will go by the first mail which has left our reg't since June 27th.

"I send you a list of the casualties which you may hand the Phoenix.

Truely yours,
John"

They remained at Ruffin's Farm for six weeks. On July 21 John wrote to Judge Tyler's wife: "Dear Aunt Laura, I owe you an apology for letting your very kind note, affixed to Uncle's last letter, remain so long unnoticed. But perhaps our late 'skeddadle' will be sufficient excuse.

"We are encamped in a beautiful location, on the high banks of the James, near the mouth of Herring Creek, the latter stream furnishing excellent opportunities for bathing. We are right in the yard of a very neat little Episcopal Church, surrounded by beautiful shade trees. The edifice is evidently a very old one, and here I can imagine the assemblage on Sunday of tremendously aristocratic congregations, from the grand old mansions that are scattered thro' this part of the C. S. A. The building I am happy to say is strictly guarded. How heartily would I welcome the advent of an Episcopal Clergyman, and how gladly would I join in the services of our dear old Church!

"Please give Grandmother, Uncle Charles, and Gertrude my love and also Uncle George and family. My kindest regards to Judge Keyes and Miss Eliza.[13]

Your ever aff. nephew
John S. Tyler"

A few miles away, as the young Vermont Tyler sat writing his letter, the newly widowed Mrs. John Tyler, the beautiful former Julia Gardiner of New York City and former First Lady, watched over her James River plantation, Sherwood Forest, with Southern fervor, while the Sixth Corps encamped on the farm of her close friend and neighbor, Edmund Ruffin, Southern soldier and statesman.

"I hear that Halleck is to be placed over McClellan in the com-

mand of the Army," John Tyler observed in his letter to Brattleboro. "This I consider to be a grievous wrong to one to whom I feel *personally indebted* for my liberty and perhaps my life."

The rumor he regretted was already a fact. On July 11 Lincoln had issued the order assigning Maj. Gen. Henry Wager Halleck ("Old Brains") to the command of the "whole land forces of the United States, as General-in-Chief." He was to come from Corinth, Mississippi, to take up his post in Washington as a one-man Pentagon as soon as possible.

Another event occurred on that day. On July 11, 1862, according to parish records of St. James' Church, Batavia, New York, the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler, D.D., Rector of St. James', was married there to Diana Osborne Brown, widow. The Tyler trio and the Brown boys were now stepbrothers, and letters through the years sent "love to Sister Kitty."

In Vermont, Gertrude approved of the new relationship wholeheartedly. "Oh, the dear Doctor! to do such a thing in such a very demure way," she had written to "My darling auntie, that is to be" in a state of surprised delight from "Riverside, Sunday Eve."[14] "To steal a march on his admiring friends so completely. To even let his attached niece leave him with no suspicion of any such catastrophe and then in four or five weeks to astonish her by such an announcement.

"Do you know how often I almost called you *auntie* when I was there? It will be so easy to do so now—and very pleasant. Uncle never asked my consent but I give it freely. If he had asked me to choose for him, out of all our mutual acquaintances, I should have taken none other than yourself.

"Likewise, I am well pleased with my cousins. I always thought there ought to be some relationship between the families—a threefold one according to Guy's ideas.

"Edith says, 'Tell her, from your description I think I shall love her very much—and the whole tribe.' Respectful, the last phrase! So do they all think they will love you very much—as I suppose my beloved Grandma told you in her note—and if you don't love us all very much, you don't deserve Uncle Pickman—so there!

"I am glad for you, auntie Di—so very glad. This is only a

wee note, just to tell you so—and to say also how glad I shall be to see Kitty, when you send or bring her to me.

Your loving niece (to be),
Gertie."

Had she any suspicion that within a few months she would further cement the relationship by becoming Diana's "loving daughter-to-be"?

NOTES

1. "Presented to Colonel H. Whiting by the Privates of the Second Regiment, Vt. Vols. *'Fiat Justitia,'* " Benedict, Vol. I, page 101.

2. The similar wording in Benedict's account is here noted. "The Vermont Brigade was ordered forward and moved upon and entered the works to find them tenantless. The enemy had been there in force the night previous, and his campfires were still burning. The Brigade camped in and about the earthworks and some extensive barracks near it." Benedict, Vol. I, page 246.

3. In this action, "Vermont's Sleeping Sentinel," Private William Scott, Company K, Third Vermont Regiment, who had been sentenced to death for sleeping on his post at Fort Marcy near Chain Bridge in September 1861, and was afterwards pardoned by President Lincoln, died bravely while storming the Confederate rifle pits. His body was brought back across the river and buried tenderly by his comrades on the Garrow farm at Lee's Mill.

4. "Mrs. Garrow's house"—burned by General Magruder two weeks before, Benedict, Vol. I, page 250.

5. The Confederate regiments surrounding the Third Vermont are listed on page 257, *Ibid.*

6. Morris Schaff, *Battle of the Wilderness* (Cambridge 1910), page 5.

7. Benedict, Vol. I, page 269.

8. One redoubt captured by the Union troops at Williamsburg had been filled with wounded Confederate prisoners. The Vermont surgeons helped with the care of these, performing several amputations, and "the Vermont boys built fires for their foes, dried their clothes and covered them with United States blankets." *Ibid,* page 275.

9. Golding's Farm, Friday, June 27, 1862.

10. "Nearly all had gone but Smith's Division, when a sharp cracking of rifles, where the Vermonters were stretched out in their always peerless skirmish line, announced that the hosts of rebellion

were catching up with us." Brevet Brig. Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, *"Following the Greek Cross or Memories of the Sixth Army Corps"* (Cambridge, 1894), page 72.

11. Colonel Crutchfield said "23 guns" were "ordered up"; Jackson reported 28 guns were "so used"; D. H. Hill said there were "31 guns upon the bluff." Benedict, Vol. I, page 304.

12. Hyde, page 74.

13. Mrs. Tyler's sister, Eliza Green Keyes, kept house for her father on Keyes Lane (1 North Street), Brattleboro.

14. Undated letter in Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.

Chapter 6

West and North of the Sacred Soil

Confederate Midshipman Clarence Whitehead Tyler was having an adventurous voyage on the Yazoo River in Mississippi. "Clare said he would go to sea *before the mast* before he is twenty if by no other way," his grandmother in Vermont had reported in November 1860. Now in the summer of 1862, while his cousin John was marching up and down the York Peninsula in Virginia, Clare was aboard the ironclad Confederate ram, *Arkansas,* at the start of her career.

On July 15, 1862, the *Arkansas,* commanded by Lt. Isaac N. Brown, late of the United States Navy, was descending the Yazoo River hoping to reach Vicksburg undiscovered. At six o'clock in the morning, six miles from the Mississippi River, she encountered two light-draft Federal gunboats, the *Carondelet* and the *Tyler,* as well as the Ellet ram, *Queen of the West,* one of a fleet designed, built, and commanded, with the acquiescence of the Navy, by Colonel Charles Ellet, a civil engineer. She had been sent up the Yazoo with the two gunboats to see if they could discover any clue to the activities of the dreaded Confederate ironclad, which rumor had it was building at Yazoo City. They did not expect to come upon her so soon.

The three smaller vessels retreated down the Yazoo followed by the *Arkansas,* pursuer and pursued exchanging shots. The *Carondelet* suffered the greater damage; the gunboat, *Tyler,* sustaining her "through the fight in a gallant and effective manner."[1] They inflicted considerable damage on the *Arkansas* and her crew before the *Carondelet* drifted ashore, while the others continued toward Vicksburg. The sudden appearance of their formidable adversary in the Mississippi River was a source of surprise and con-

sternation to the Federal fleet in the Mississippi above Vicksburg. It was a mortifying day for David Glasgow Farragut, although on the morrow, July 16, unknown to himself, he was to become the United States' first rear admiral. His vessels were lying with low fires and without enough steam to pursue the *Arkansas,* so that she was able to reach the shelter of the Confederate forts at Vicksburg without great difficulty though in a crippled condition and with twenty-five casualties.

Her presence there was a new peril for the woefully inadequate force of Union soldiers General Butler had sent up from New Orleans to cooperate with the Navy. They were perilously situated on the exposed neck of land formed by the great oxbow in the river in front of Vicksburg. The Seventh Vermont Regiment was among them. Most of the time they were digging a canal, which they termed "Butler's Ditch" or "Folly Creek." They did not share in the anticipation that it would ever enable ships to bypass the Vicksburg batteries. And every day there were fewer to dig, as an ever-increasing number, including many Vermonters, succumbed to fever and other ills; and the Union transports in the river, the Army's only protection, took on more and more the guise of floating hospitals.

At nine o'clock that night, therefore, on the evening of July 15, the Union vessels in the "upper fleet" set off down the Mississippi, passed beneath the batteries at Vicksburg and anchored at midnight near their sister ships in the lower arm of the oxbow. The Confederates took care to light their way by throwing flaming tar barrels into the river ahead and around them and lighting bonfires along the river bank, to say nothing of the shot and shell from ship and shore. Farragut had hoped to grapple with the *Arkansas* with his flagship, the *Hartford,* but was unable to find her as she lay under the bluff in the darkness.

Lying wounded on the *Arkansas* was another boy, whose years in the Green Mountain State, were not long past. Midshipman Tyler had been wounded in the forearm and "slightly stunned" during the fight with the *Carondelet* that morning on the Yazoo. The next day he was sent ashore with the third assistant engineer and the acting assistant master's mate ("under severe shelling from the Federal mortar boats," according to the unflattering re-

port of the acting assistant master's mate, "Jno. A. Wilson").[2]

The three men were taken to the residence of a planter named Cox, two miles from Vicksburg, where their injuries were cared for by Mrs. Cox for the next three days, before being removed to a hospital at Edwards Station. After another week at the city hospital in Vicksburg, where they found others from their vessel—including their wounded skipper, Isaac Brown—Clarence and his friends reported for duty again on the *Arkansas,* which had also been recuperating from injuries as she lay at ease under the Confederate guns.

The Federals had gone down the river. The rapid falling of the Mississippi, which earlier had been swollen by spring freshets, had added to the hazards of the Union position and to Farragut's fear that his ships would not be able to return to deep water. On July 20 the Union forces had retired for the time being from the vicinity of the Confederate Gibralter and returned to Baton Rouge.

On the morning of August 3, the *Arkansas* started down the Mississippi to cooperate with the Confederate Army under General Breckinridge in the Battle of Baton Rouge. Her progress down the river, reported by Acting Master's Mate John Wilson, was marked by engine trouble and stops to repair the damage. At eight o'clock in the morning of August 6 they started off again and came in sight of the *Essex* and other Union vessels five miles above Baton Rouge. Decks were cleared for action, but both the starboard and port engines broke down and the ironclad was soon grounded near the rvier bank with the *Essex* shelling her. "There was no alternative," John Wilson said, but for Lt. Stevens, then in command, to destroy her "to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy."[3] The crew hurriedly fastened the burning ram to the shore and the ship's company was marched off into the interior of the country. The ropes which held her burned and she swung off into the stream before a terrific explosion sent her to the bottom of "Ole Man River."

William D. Porter, Commander of the gunboat *Essex* "off Baton Rouge," reported to Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, a graduate of Norwich University in Northfield, Vermont, that he came in sight of "the rebel ram, *Arkansas*" at 10:00 A.M. August 6 at about the distance of half a mile and immediately opened

fire. "After an action of about twenty minutes, I succeeded in setting her on fire and at meridian she blew up with a tremendous explosion."[4]

Confederate Major General Earl Van Dorn maintained in his report to his Secretary of War that the *Arkansas was* "no trophy of the Essex." He pictured the *Arkansas* when she left her moorings with no one on board "fighting and firing to the last" as she bore down upon the enemy "with every gun shotted and the Confederate flag flying" at the end of her "brief, but glorious career."[5] Whatever caused her demise, it afforded Admiral Farragut "one of the happiest moments of my life" to be able to report to Gideon Welles the end of the last Confederate ironclad in the Mississippi region.[6]

The Union troops were victorious at Baton Rouge, which the *Arkansas* never reached, but they were too riddled by illness to pursue the adversary. General Thomas Williams, in command of the Federal Army during the battle, received a minié ball through his heart and the Seventh Vermont lost their colonel, George T. Roberts of Rutland. He died August 7, 1862, the first field officer of a Vermont regiment to be killed in battle.[7] He was succeeded as colonel by William C. Holbrook of Brattleboro.

Clarence Tyler and his comrades from the *Arkansas* traveled through Louisiana and Mississippi on foot, on horseback, and by wagon, receiving unfailing kindness and assistance from the wives and daughters of the Southland. They reached Jackson, Mississippi, on August 9, 1862.

On August 26 Clarence Tyler was ordered to proceed to Mobile, Alabama, to appear before a board of examiners of midshipmen in session there. After his examination he reported at Jackson, Mississippi, and was permitted one month's leave at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for the restoration of his health upon surgeon's certificate that he was unfit for duty.[8]

John Steele Tyler was at Alexandria, from which the Second Vermont had set out for the first Battle of Bull Run a year before. The Vermont Brigade would soon set out for the same fateful stream. Lincoln had brought Major General John Pope of Island No. 10 fame from the West to head a new Army of Virginia and had ordered McClellan up from the Peninsula to cooperate with

the new commander, who boasted to his troops that he had come to introduce the ways of the West where they cared nothing for lines of retreat or bases of supply.

John Tyler wrote to his Uncle Royall from "Camp near Alexandria" on August 27, 1862: "We are all in good health—*i.e.*, those that are here. Only 45 of the 87 that left Bratto. for Burlington are now for duty. One half gone in one year, in two—*nous verrons*. My best love to all. Aff'ly your Nephew."

But by the end of August Pope's luckless campaign was over by his being soundly whipped at a second disastrous Manassas. It was not the fault of the Sixth Corps that they had no part in the fighting and could do nothing to avert the disaster. They expected to move, but were held within hearing distance of the cannon; they started, but were halted at Centreville. John's despairing note to Grandmother Tyler on September 3, from "Camp near Alexandria" again, refers to moot questions of history which have been debated for the past hundred years. "I hasten to let you know that I have survived another Bull Run disaster. Our great army, in my opinion fully equalling the Rebels in numbers, has been badly whipped, and it is all the result of bad generalship. I think McClellan would have won the battle—or at least have used what men he had—which Pope did not do.

"Well! here we are, where we were a year ago and here we shall probably be for some time longer. I am ashamed of myself & the army & pretty generally disgusted with the way affairs are managed. Yet still & ever for the glorious old Union.

Your aff. Grandson
John"

Who lifted the Army of the Potomac out of the slough of this despond is not a moot question. Only one person could do that and Lincoln recognized the fact. On that same day, September 3, to the great joy and delight of the Army, their beloved "Little Mac" was reinstated as their commander. In three days he pulled the new army together and got it on the march with morale again uplifted. On the very day that Lee's ragged gray hosts crossed the Potomac at Leesburg, Virginia, contemplating a daring thrust into Maryland and Pennsylvania to carry the war into the Northland,

the Vermont Brigade marched with the Sixth Corps across the Long Bridge through Washington and camped that night, September 6, three miles north of Georgetown.

Lee reached Frederick, Maryland, September 7. It was his plan to concentrate his forces west of the mountains near Hagerstown to be in a direct line with his supply base at Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. To clear this line, he divided his army and sent part of it to converge in three different directions on the Federal garrison at Harpers Ferry at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac. The rest marched west over South Mountain. Lee counted on McClellan's well-known caution. He was sure Jackson, McLaws, and Walker could capture Harpers Ferry and reunite with him before the Federals approached.

Lee left Frederick on September 10, but McClellan was moving too fast. His advance units came into Frederick two days later and, by a now famous quirk of fate, found in the former Confederate camp the missing copy of Lee's "Special Order" outlining the plans. Although his approach had been more rapid than the Confederates expected, McClellan, who arrived the next day, September 13, characteristically did not send his columns in pursuit until the next morning, thereby letting pass the first few hours of his golden opportunity. Meanwhile, Jackson and the others were pressing forward through the night toward Harpers Ferry, which was situated indefensibly at the bottom of a deep "well" surrounded by high mountains. The next day, on September 14, it was surrounded also by Confederates.

That was the day McClellan finally sent the Army of the Potomac onward to force passage through the strategic gaps of the South Mountain wall, which lay between them and the Southerners and which Lee now sent his men to defend. On the morning of September 14, they saw the long, ponderous, blue columns streaming across Middletown Valley toward the roads leading up to the mountain gaps. The First and Ninth Corps (Hooker's and Burnside's) were headed for the northern passes, Fox's Gap and Turner's Gap, while General Franklin was ordered to carry Crampton's Gap, five miles to the south.

The Sixth Corps marched at daylight and at noon reached the little village of Burkittsville at the eastern foot of the South Moun-

tain range and at the opening into Crampton's Gap. They stormed and carried the pass that afternoon. It was well defended by Confederate General Howell Cobb with his men and guns placed to advantage on the steep rocky ledges of the wooded gorge. The Vermont Brigade assaulted his position on the extreme left. To reach the crest, "Brooks sent forward the Fourth Vermont, Colonel Stoughton, and the Second Vermont, Major Walbridge, in two lines" up the narrow defile.[9] They pushed on up the rocky sides of the mountain to the summit, where the Fourth went to the left and captured the battery posted there so strategically, while the Second Vermont pressed on down the western side of the mountain followed by the Third, Fifth, and Sixth as Cobb's men fell back through the defile. Similarly, the Southerners retired after stubborn resistance along the whole South Mountain range.

So the mountain passes, which formed the key to Lee's plan, were secured for the Federals. He could no longer hope to make offensive sorties into Pennsylvania, but he was determined to fight McClellan other than in Virginia, for the effect on both the South and the North, as well as on watching European eyes. He took his defensive stand in the quiet little village of Sharpsburg in western Maryland seventeen miles north of Harpers Ferry, between the Potomac River and Antietam Creek, and waited for his army to rejoin him.

Franklin's halt in Pleasant Valley, a mile and a half below the gap he had stormed, and his three-day wait there for McClellan's order to join him at Antietam, was an anticlimax to the affair termed by the Comte de Paris "the brilliant combat of Crampton's Gap"; far worse, it was a tragedy. Harpers Ferry, only six miles away from him, surrendered the next morning, September 15. The Ninth Vermont, with the entrapped garrison there, was the last regiment to surrender. They were trying to cut their way out to the last and it was not until an hour after the white flag went up that Colonel Stannard yielded with anguish. "If only Harpers Ferry had been in *his* hands," John Tyler mourned later, echoing the men and officers of the Ninth. Stannard was promoted later to brigadier general for distinguished service at Harpers Ferry. Colonel D. S. Miles, commanding the garrison, was killed at the end of the action. "Had he been killed

by the first shell instead of the last, there would have been an instant change in the plan of defense and we would have been saved," General E. H. Ripley, then captain of Company B, 9th Vermont, opined in Benedict's *Civil War*.[10]

The Ninth Vermont was among the more than 12,000 Union prisoners taken there. Too many to transport to Richmond, they were paroled and spent the next six tedious months at a parole camp in Chicago until their official exchange the following March. General A. P. Hill remained at Harpers Ferry to attend to the arrangements, while the other Confederate leaders rushed northward to rejoin Lee. Even Hill reached Sharpsburg for the concluding hours of the Battle of Antietam.

Lee's faith in McClellan was well-founded. Now he had let practically all of his great opportunity slip through his fingers. He wanted everything to be exactly right for the great battle and he waited until all of the Army of Northern Virginia had rejoined Lee before he attacked on September 17. That day of furious battling back and forth for Farmer Miller's cornfield, for the Dunkard Church, for the Sunken Road—which later became the Bloody Lane—is known as the bloodiest day of the war.

It was a day of more wasted opportunities, for instead of making a concerted attack with his superior numbers, McClellan launched a series of five separate attacks from right to left. It was a bad place for Lee, because his back was to the Potomac and there was no retreat, but it was a good one for him, because his flanks were protected by the bends of that river and his front by the Antietam. He had the inner side of the curve and could hurl his forces to meet each Union assault in turn.

It was a day that began at 5:30 in the morning on the extreme right with the tremendous thrust of Fighting Joe Hooker's First Corps and ended on the left with A. P. Hill's dramatic afternoon arrival from Harpers Ferry after Burnside's Ninth Corps (or rather the 51st New York and 51st Pennsylvania) had stormed the bridge over the Antietam that bears his name.

It was the day that Vermont lost one of her bravest sons and best soldiers when General Israel B. Richardson, a gallant division commander of Sumner's Second Corps, fell mortally wounded at the Bloody Lane.

As John Tyler had written of Pope at Second Bull Run, McClellan did *not* use all his available men. It has been said that he held the Fifth and Sixth Corps in reserve, but there is ample evidence that Smith's Division at least was in the battle. Franklin, finally ordered to join McClellan, left Pleasant Valley at 5:30 in the morning of September 17. Smith's Division led the column which reached the field about ten o'clock. His three brigades were sent to the assistance of Sumner's hard-pressed Second Corps. The Vermont Brigade "advanced in line of battle over a cornfield strewn with dead."[11] to the right of French's Third Division thereof. Vermont's Richardson, commander of the Second Corps' First Division, was killed. John Sedgwick, who a few months later would become the Sixth Corps' beloved leader, was wounded at Antietam, and his Second Division of the Second Corps was commanded by Maine's O. O. Howard, under whom the Second Vermont Regiment had brigaded at First Bull Run.

The *New York Tribune's* army correspondent, George W. Smalley, wrote from the field that "Smith's Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, swept through the cornfield, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes and held them."[12] General Brooks reported that the Vermont Brigade maintained their position on French's right for the rest of the day and the next, lying literally on their arms for nearly forty-eight hours under the galling fire of artillery and sharpshooters.[13]

Major Hyde of Smith's Third Brigade, lying next to the Vermonters, was ordered to make a sally with his Seventh Maine to clear out some Confederate sharpshooters near the Dunkard Church. "We marched over in front of the Vermonters," he related. "Then, facing to the front, we crossed the sunken road, which was so filled with dead and wounded of the enemy, my horse had to step on them to get over."[14] Mission accomplished, they returned and "our main line rose up and waved their hats and when we came in front of our dear comrades, the Vermonters, their cheers made the welkin ring. General Brooks had told their Colonels when they begged to follow us, 'You will never see that regiment again.' In my judgment we only needed the Vermonters behind us to have cut through to the river and a few more brigades in support would have ended the business as at that moment Lee's much enduring army was fought out."[15]

Sundown brought an end to the battle. Both sides claimed victory and neither had won. All that night the Vermonters lay on their arms in the front line expecting the attack to be renewed in the morning. So did the Confederates. In not doing so, McClellan made his greatest mistake. During the night of September 18, Lee's army withdrew across the Potomac, their northern campaign ended. Gone too were their hopes that the people of Maryland would rally to the Confederate flag. Lee had invited them by proclamation to "throw off the foreign yoke" when he first crossed the Potomac. They had shown no inclination to do so. It was as great a disappointment to the Army of Northern Virginia as it was heartening to the Army of the Potomac to be welcomed with enthusiasm after the long weeks on the Peninsula.

It was an experience unaccountably prolonged. McClellan made his final mistake as commanding general in not pursuing the Confederates, but in marching north to Williamsport, Maryland. He thought his army needed reorganization and new equipment. Lincoln and Halleck thought it needed a new commanding general.

"We have at last settled down in comparative quiet," John Tyler wrote his father September 29, 1862. "Our brigade is located at Hagerstown, Md., of which place Genl. Brooks is military governor. The newspaper accounts of the battle were exceedingly correct. The *Tribune's* correspondent was evidently there. The secret of our success—'McClellan led us.'

"My love to Mother & all.

Direct to Hagerstown.
Your aff. son
John S. Tyler"

This letter contains the first mention of Diana as "Mother."

While at Hagerstown, the Vermont Brigade lost their brave and trusted commander, whose precepts and example had meant so much to the men of the brigade during the first year of its existence. General Brooks was promoted to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Corps. He left them with appropriate ceremonies and expressions of mutual regret. Colonel Whiting of the Second Vermont Regiment succeeded to the command of the brigade.

"My dear Uncle," John wrote from Hagerstown on October

7, "Your letter of the 4th inst. came duly to hand—and many thanks for it . . . I was not aware of Col. Stannard's kindness to me. I never asked any such thing, tho' a great friendship existed between us. I wish that Harpers Ferry had been in *his* hands.

"I hear Stoughton has been made a Brigadier. Is it so? At any rate he writes to his brother Charles, who commands the Fourth Regt. in his absence, that he means to appoint me his Ass't Adj't General. But I might have the same difficulty in getting transferred. . . .

"Give my best love to all," he concluded, "and be sure, dear Uncle, that the kindness you have shown is not nor will not be forgotten by

Your aff. nephew
John S. Tyler"

The import of Colonel Stannard's "kindness" can only be surmised. Possibly, if allowed to transfer, John might have been at Harpers Ferry on September 15 instead of Pleasant Valley; en route to Chicago instead of at Hagerstown on October 7.

Another echo of official records is caught in John's letter of October 18, when he reported to his father that his regiment and the Fifth Vermont had made a visit to Chambersburg to cut off Stuart's retreat. "The boys enjoyed themselves hugely among the hospitable Dutchmen," he related, "but the rebs did not come back that way." Instead, the dashing Jeb and his men rode completely around the Army of the Potomac as they had done in Virginia. They too enjoyed themselves. They were not abashed by the *in*hospitality of the Pennsylvanians, but helped themselves to ample provisions from the rich farms, as they tried to find out what was keeping McClellan in Maryland. Lee was as puzzled as Lincoln.

In Brattleboro, Gertrude Tyler took up her journal again on September 17, the day bloody Antietam was being fought. She had just received a letter from her cousin, Rufus, "a kind, affectionate epistle that did my heart good." "He left for the scene of action yesterday," she reported, "and today, while I sit quietly here in my peaceful room, he may be and probably is marching over that sunny Virginia road to take his place in those fearful

battlefields. God watch over him and help him—my brother Rufus!"

Benedict reports the addition of 250 recruits from Vermont to the Second Regiment, while they were in camp at Hagerstown, and Captain Tyler reported with regret the arrival of his fifteen-year-old brother, Rufus, among a group of them. He immediately set about having the young man sent home. "I much regret his enlisting," he told his father in the October 18 letter. "I'll smuggle him home in spite of red tape. He is far too young. He has been quite sick with the headache for 2 or 3 days, but today is quite well. I think I shall succeed in getting him discharged. The doctor has already put him on the list of unqualified recruits at my special instance and request."

To his uncle, John was even more emphatic in a letter written the same day. "I am confident of succeeding in obtaining Rufus' discharge," he said, "which accomplished I would beseech you all to use your utmost endeavors to keep him clear of the Army. I think what little he has seen of the Service will in a measure satisfy him."

John ended both his letters written that day on a happier note. In each of them he wrote, "I was rejoiced to receive a letter from Allan last evening informing me of his engagement to Gertrude."

Midshipman Brown's betrothed confided to her journal on October 1: "I look forward to the long years that probably lie before me and there is a glow of bright hope and joy over the atmosphere. Last Friday Allan came. Yesterday morning he went away and in the interval I have promised him—myself."

"There is a bright ring shining on my finger as I write," October 9, Thursday. "The days are long & bright—or else quietly drips the rain—the flowers fade in the garden beds and in the woodland aisles and the leaves change gorgeously to crimson and gold. Summer has fled and autumn treads closely on her footsteps. Yesterday morning I went to ride with Madgie Folsom up to their farm; this afternoon to walk with her up West River—gathered red leaves and wild grape tendrils and pine cones.

"My greatest pleasures are Allan's letters. It gives me joy that one so good and true loves me so well—that my life will be so tenderly cared for. That may not be for eight or nine long months

yet, and then we will have to part again, in all probability.

"Monday I went to a dance given by the officers of the 12th, Papa as escort and enjoyed it well. I danced all the while. Tuesday the regt. went off after marching around the Common."

Edwin Stoughton was in Brattleboro, taken from the Fourth Vermont to ready the men and plans for the Second Vermont Brigade to be formed from five new regiments. Bearing out Gertrude's journal entry, the Twelfth Vermont Regiment left Brattleboro October 7, 1862, for Washington destined for this purpose.

It might have been better for Rufus Tyler's fate if he had remained in the Army as his stepbrother, Guy Brown, did. Fifteen-year-old Guy had "mustered in as Corporal" of Company M (enlisted mainly from Batavia) of the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery.[16] They left the State September 12, 1862, and served in the defenses of Washington until the spring of 1864.

Also responding to the President's call for still more volunteers, Bessie Tyler's husband, Cornelius Canfield Billings, "mustered in as Second Lieutenant" of Company I of the 151st Regiment, New York Volunteers, on October 22, 1862.[17] They left the state on October 23 and served in the "Middle Department" (VIII Corps) near Baltimore until the following summer.

William Clark Tyler of New Haven, the oldest surviving male of the Tyler grandchildren, named for his Uncle William in Boston, had enrolled in Company A of the 27th Connecticut Volunteers on August 20, 1862. The company was recruited mostly from the city of New Haven. Will was almost twenty-four, having been born in Middletown, December 17, 1838. He was five-foot-ten and a half, single, with a light complexion, light brown hair, and blue eyes. His brothers, Ned and George, had the same physical characteristics. Will had taught school in Kent, Connecticut. He lived at 93 York Street in New Haven. He mustered in as corporal of Company A on October 3, 1862.[18] The 27th Connecticut reached Washington on October 25 and camped on Arlington Heights "in a peach orchard owned by General Lee." On October 27 they moved up the Potomac River and served for the next month in the defenses of Washington.

It was at the end of October also that the Army of the Potomac finally left Maryland. "We have advanced into this desolate

country," John wrote to Judge Tyler on November 7 from "Camp near White Plains, Va." near the base of the Blue Ridge, "and today find ourselves huddled around the fire enjoying(?) our first snow storm."

After the two-day snowstorm at White Plains, the Sixth Corps moved on the 9th to New Baltimore on the Warrenton Pike. It was at that time and place that General McClellan, still the idol of most of his army, parted from them in a farewell review. He was relieved of command and succeeded by the bewhiskered Burnside. It was not a fortunate choice. Burnside himself had misgivings as did several of his officers. Other changes occurred. The Army was divided into three Grand Divisions and given to Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. Vermont's William Farrar Smith succeeded the latter as commander of the Sixth Corps, while Brig. Gen. A. P. Howe, a West Pointer from Maine, was given Smith's Second Division.

The Vermonters were not happy about the changes, least of all the loss of their beloved commanding general. They knew nothing of his neglect and disregard of the long-suffering President's orders. As for General Howe, he was new to them and could not take Baldy Smith's place in their affections as division commander; neither could Colonel Whiting measure up in their eyes to General Brooks as leader of the Vermont Brigade.

John's West Point friend, Edwin Stoughton of Bellows Falls, was made brigadier general of Volunteers on November 5 and given command of the newly organized Second Vermont Brigade consisting of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Regiments.[19] "He tried to get me with him as Acting A. A. G.," John told his uncle on November 7, "but Genl. Smith, with many complimentary remarks, refused to allow me to leave his divn."

NOTES

1. *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. I, Vol. 19, page 41 (Report of the *Carondelet's* commander).
2. *Ibid.,* page 134.
3. *Ibid.,* page 135.

4. *Reissue of Harper's Weekly,* August 30, 1862, page 547.

5. *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,* Ser. I, Vol. XV, page 14.

6. Admiral David D. Porter, *The Naval History of the Civil War* (New York 1886), page 263.

7. Benedict, Vol. II, page 27.

8. Information furnished by the Department of the Navy, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations.

9. Benedict, Vol. I, page 321.

10. "Few disasters of the war exceed that of Harpers Ferry in the folly that caused it . . . The Court of Inquiry censured McClellan for his want of energy in relieving us; censured Gen. Wool for his folly in selecting so incapable an officer as Miles for so important a duty; and should have censured Franklin for not pushing up his success . . . He could have reached us Sunday night had he been a Sheridan." (Ripley account) Benedict, Vol. II, pages 199-200.

11. Benedict, Vol. I, page 328.

12. The Smalley article is also quoted in *Harper's Weekly* of October 4, 1862.

13. *Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies,* Ser. 27, Vol. XIX, page 408.

14. Hyde, *Following the Greek Cross,* page 100.

15. *Ibid.*

16. Phisterer, page 1427.

17. *Ibid.,* page 3760.

18. *Record of Service of Connecticut Men in the Army and Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion,* compiled by Authority of the General Assembly (Hartford 1889), page 830; also information in pension records on file in the National Archives, Washington.

19. Benedict, Vol. I, page 164.

Chapter 7

By Rappahannock's Storied Stream

By the middle of November Burnside's ill-fated march for the Rappahannock and "First Fredericksburg" was under way. The army spent Thanksgiving at Falmouth across the river from Fredericksburg, fifty miles north of Richmond. They waited there in severe cold, rain, and snow for eight days. This time the fatal delay was caused by the failure to send pontoons in time to bridge the river before the Confederates arrived. (History wonders why Burnside did not wade across at Thanksgiving time, but the plan called for pontoons.) By the time the bridges were laid on Thursday, December 11, and the crossing effected on the twelfth, Lee's entire army had come to Fredericksburg and were in strong positions on the heights above the historic town, waiting grimly for Burnside to dash his army against its fortified terraces. He did not disappoint them.

Franklin's Left Grand Division was on the old Richmond Stage Road south of the town opposite the heights held by Stonewall Jackson. Franklin did not try to scale them. None of the heights were scaled and none should have been attempted. They were practically impregnable.

The Vermont Brigade crossed the Rappahannock at daylight on Friday, December 12, and the Second Vermont was immediately sent forward to a skirmish line, which they were ordered to hold at all costs. When Pender's Confederate brigade tried to drive back Howe's "angry skirmish line" on Saturday morning, "they came into collision with those hardy veterans of the Vermont Brigade under Lieut. Colonel Joyce of the Second Vermont and were themselves driven back."[1] It was reported that Major Walbridge, commanding the Second Regiment, and "Acting Major Tyler"

deserved special praise for gallant conduct.[2] For three days and nights the Vermont regiments were employed on the skirmish line, where the fighting was continuous, or sleeping in snatches on their arms.

The carnage in other parts of the battlefield was frightful. Sumner's Right Grand Division was directly in front of Marye's Heights held by Longstreet. The 27th Connecticut was there in the Second Corps. They had crossed the Chain Bridge at Washington on November 30, headed for Acquia Creek, and reached Falmouth on December 8. Had the Tyler cousins met on the banks of the Rappahannock while they waited for the pontoons? The 27th was assigned to the Third Brigade of Richardson's old First Division, now commanded by the handsome and "superb" Hancock of Couch's Second Corps. Just before the regiment crossed the river to enter the town, General Hancock told them, "You are the only Connecticut regiment in my Division. Bring no dishonor upon the State you represent."[3]

They entered Fredericksburg at eight o'clock Thursday morning, December 11, and moved into battle at noon on Saturday. There was another "sunken road" at Fredericksburg at the foot of Marye's Heights, but this time there was an old stone wall to protect the defenders as they shot over the wall, while a deadly rain of shells fell from the ridge above. The smooth field rising gently behind the town became blue with Union dead as division after division, six in all, led by Hancock's, assaulted the heights fourteen times on that tragic Saturday, December 13. The task was hopeless. They could get no farther than the stone wall. "The 27th Connecticut, having never been under fire, and being wretchedly armed, deserved much credit."[4] That night one third of the regiment lay dead or wounded.

The next morning Burnside, in despair, was ready to head his old Ninth Corps in another hopeless attempt to storm the heights, but was dissuaded by his Corps commanders. On the storm-tossed night of Monday, December 15, the Army of the Potomac marched back across the pontoon bridges. The Sixth Corps went into camp for the winter near White Oak Church between the Rappahannock and Potomac Creek.

Following the gloom of "First Fredericksburg," Gertrude Tyler

added a more cheerful note via a letter early in January to Bessie Billings in Baltimore. John was on leave for a short while in December and was with them in Boston to attend a cousin's wedding. Mary Eliza Cutter, granddaughter of General John Steele Tyler, married Charles Lowell Pierson on December 18, 1862. "They were married at 12 o'clock by gaslight," Gertrude described the festivities. "The dinner was superb. Mary looked very pretty—wore a white moiré, antique, with high neck & long sleeves, & plain white veil. Lucinda cried at the proper places & behaved like herself. Mary had beautiful presents; the table looked like a shelf from a silversmith's. There was a beautiful family Bible, very large, purple velvet, clasped with gold, which bore the inscription, 'Mary E. Pierson—from her great-grandmother Tyler' and the date.

"I had John for a cavalier—& excited in being escorted by so goodlooking a uniform. I think Fannie was rather jealous that John paid most of his attention to me, but perhaps he thinks it best to do the agreeable to his brother's (?) future wife (has not that a funny sound?).

"The day after the wedding we all went over to Salem to see Aunt Pickman.[5] We had only an hour to stay before catching the train. The next Monday she died and we were all very glad we had gone to see her.

"Elinor Mead was married at Paris Dec. 24 by the Rev. Dr. McClintock to Mr. Howells, the U. S. Consul at Vienna, so says the Springfield Republican.[6]

"We had a very pleasant Christmas all assembled here for our Tree as usual. Uncle William and Willy Royall were here and Carrie Keyes came down from Putney.

"Give my love to Lieut. Billings—my cousin Cornele. It must be a great pleasure to be so near him—how often do you have a chance to see him? I am tired for I have written long letters—to John, Will and Allan. Oh, Bessie darling, do write to me I love you so much.

Your affectionate
Gertrude"

But John was not on Tyler Street with them for the Christ-

mas festivities, for his first letter to "Uncle" in 1863 inquired, "Did you get home safe from Boston?" And went on to urge, "Will Gertrude tell the gallant midshipman he owes me a long letter, and won't she write and tell her lonely cousin all about Christmas and how you all spent it? And Fannie must be reminded that I am greatly in need of the socks she is knitting." "I didn't see the bridal party in N. York," he added. "They were not in when I called, so I left my card and went on my way."

The Second Vermont Regiment was on detached duty at Belle Plain Landing on Potomac Creek the first three weeks of January 1863. The landing, which served as the Army's supply base that winter, was four miles north of the Rappahannock and four miles from White Oak Church where the Sixth Corps was encamped. "Here all the forage, hay & grain, and some Commissary Stores are landed for the use of the Army," John Tyler wrote in his first letter of the new year, "and the romantic employment of getting it off the boats and onto the teams devolves upon us. Any regiment would jump at our chance, as we get rid of picket duty, occasional skirmishes, and such little amusements, but as for myself I *fail to* perceive it. We are having an awful gale and I live in the pleasant anticipation of my tent coming down on my head with every gust of wind."

The Second Regiment did not rejoin the Vermont Brigade until January 22, so they were not in the dismal "Mud March" of January 20, 1863, which ended Burnside's career as Army Commander. He had hoped to retrieve his reputation by a sudden successful move on the enemy, but even the elements conspired against him and the army floundered back to camp—men, horses, and guns caked with Virginia mud. "Old Burn" was succeeded by handsome "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who made a fine appearance on his splendid white horse, and, like McClellan, was a good organizer, planner, and morale builder. He accomplished a great deal with confidence and ability until the opening guns of Chancellorsville.

Meanwhile, on January 2, 1863, Confederate Midshipman Clarance W. Tyler, addressed at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, was ordered to proceed to Wilmington and report to Flag Officer William F. Lynch, commanding officer. On January 12 he re-

ported for duty on board the Confederate States Receiving Ship *Arctic* and served on board the *C.S.S. North Carolina.*

His cousin, Will Tyler, had been at Falmouth, Virginia, since the Fredericksburg battle. In later years he received a pension for disabilities claimed to have been incurred during the dismal weeks there. On March 17, 1863, he was discharged from the 27th Connecticut Regiment to enlist in the United States Army as hospital steward.[7] He had worked in an Army hospital before the official date of discharge, for he was doing so when John saw him in February. "I went to see Will the other day," Captain Tyler wrote from "Camp 2nd Vermont" on February 7, 1863. "He is acting as nurse in the General Hospital at Windmill Point, and well.

"I am now in command of the 2nd Vermont and shall be so for some three weeks. Col. Whiting commands the brigade. The Lt. Col. (Walbridge) is at home and the Major (Newton Stone) on the Division Staff. By the way, Col. Whiting has tendered his resignation. Should it be accepted, I will get a jump. This is all of *interest.* The mud is very *uninteresting.* With love to all,

Yr. aff. nephew
John S. Tyler

P.S. I regret to learn that Genl. Smith is about to leave this Army. He receives the officers of his old divn. tomorrow."

In Hooker's reorganization, which dispensed with the unwieldy Grand Divisions, the Ninth Corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to North Carolina with General William Farrar Smith in command. The Sixth Corps soon became devoted to its new commander, John Sedgwick, under whom it became known as the best Corps in the army, a belief its men thoroughly shared. General Sedgwick was short and stocky, with curling chestnut hair, a brown beard and broad brow, and a gentle manner, a brave and capable soldier. His soldiers loved him and called him "Uncle John."[8]

Colonel Whiting's resignation was accepted, and Lewis A. Grant of Rockingham, Colonel of the Fifth Regiment, became commander of the Vermont Brigade. John Steele Tyler's commission as "Major of the 2nd Regt of Infantry of the Vol. Militia

of Vermont" was signed by Frederick Holbrook, Governor and Commander in Chief, on February 9, 1863, although he did not have it in hand when he wrote on February 17 from "Camp 2nd Vermont," for he said to "Dear Uncle," "If the Governor makes Walbridge Colonel, he will recommend me for a Majority. I have some money left by one of my men, late deceased. As I am rather short, I keep it and would like you to send the amount of the enclosed order ($28.00) to Mrs. Harriet Kellogg, Hydeville, Vermont. The Paymaster doesn't get around and we have four months due. With love to all. (The Mail Bag is waiting.)

John S. Tyler
Capt. Comdg Regt."

A note dated February 24, 1863, says, "Dear Uncle: Lieut. Wales will hand you this. He is one of our bravest and most efficient officers, and whatever attention you can show him will be highly esteemed by me. If I am to get a Majority, which I suppose the Govr can tell you about, I want a suit of clothes (Field Officers). Pratt & Wright can make them and Lt. Wales will bring them on. Also I should like some linen bosom shirts —say four—I think of nothing else except a bridle for my horse, which Prouty might make under Wales' direction. Many thanks to Aunt Laura for the book. I will answer Aunt Amelia's and Fannie's letters soon." The Lt. Wales mentioned in John's note was the Elijah B. Wales who marched down Main Street in Brattleboro as sergeant orderly of Company C on June 6, 1861.

Perhaps John was allowed to go home to attend to his clothes, his bridle, his commission—and his horse. His commission (No. 1151) was "Entered on Record & Issued" February 23, 1863, by "Peter T. Washburn, Adj. & Insp. Gen." A brief entry in Gertrude's journal of March 8 tells us that "John came Friday morning. He has fairly gained his promotion and we hailed him as Major with hearty pleasure."

At Fairfax Station, Virginia, the dramatic capture of the commander of the Second Vermont Brigade by the colorful Mosby and his "Conglomerates" on March 9 created quite a stir. Led by a deserter from a New York regiment, they maneuvered themselves into General Stoughton's comfortable red

brick headquarters, which, inadvisedly, was three miles from his regiments, and carried off the General in the middle of the night, together with sundry staff officers, men, and fifty-five horses. The incident gave rise to Lincoln's famous comment that he did not so much mind the loss of a brigadier general, for he could make another in five minutes, "but those horses cost $125 apiece!"

It must have been a special disappointment to John Tyler to have his friend's success ended so abruptly (although he must have considered himself fortunate that he too was not on his way to Richmond with Stoughton as his "AAG"). Not yet twenty-five years old, the brilliant young officer's military career was over when he was exchanged and released from Libbey Prison. His rank as brigadier general had not yet been confirmed by the Senate and the nomination was withdrawn.[9] The post was given to another friend. George J. Stannard, Colonel of the Ninth Vermont, was promoted to brigadier general of Volunteers on March 11, 1863, for "bravery and distinguished valor at Harpers Ferry"[10] and assigned to command of the Second Vermont Brigade.

Nearer the Rappahannock, amidst preparations for the spring campaign, Major Tyler wrote on March 28, 1863 from White Oak Church to tell of Old Duke's safe arrival from Vermont "in a state of intense disgust at the way they have neglected his rations, which fact he evinced by immediately commencing to eat up the brush fence around my tent. Please excuse brevity," he ended his letter to "Dear Uncle," "and all accept much love. We expect to move soon and no one is more anxious for the day to arrive than

Your ever affectionate
Major"

When they moved it was to Fredericksburg again. General Hooker sent Sedgwick there with the Sixth and First Corps to engage Lee's attention in the east while the bulk of the army set out on a wide flanking movement to march on Chancellorsville, twelve miles west of Fredericksburg on the edge of the Wilderness. Major Tyler spent his twentieth birthday, April 29, 1863, with the Ver-

mont troops in the rain and mud on the north bank of the Rappahannock opposite the Confederate campfires gleaming on the heights above Fredericksburg. The Sixth Corps waited there for Hooker's word to start their assault.

But "Fighting Joe" failed to live up to his name and the awful responsibility of supreme command. All went as expected with the well planned preliminaries. He reached Chancellorsville by Thursday night, April 30, and arranged his forces in a giant horseshoe extending from the south bank of the Rappahannock. His fighting spirit dissolved completely, however, in the three-day battle and in the face of the last great concerted Lee-Jackson maneuver. Instead of waiting to be crushed between the two wings of the Union Army as Hooker expected him to do, Lee turned to attack his front, while Jackson marched audaciously around the Union right flank and attacked its weak right rear. The Jackson bugles ringing through the Wilderness in that unexpected quarter at nightfall on May 2 completed Hooker's demoralization. He had already sent word to General Sedgwick to send him the First Corps post haste, although he did not use them after they reached him. Now he ordered the protesting Union generals to withdraw to a smaller horseshoe nearer the river. The finishing touch was a Confederate shot which struck a pillar of the Chancellor house he was using for his headquarters. A piece of it hit the handsome general on the head and left him literally in a daze during the remainder of the short campaign.

The Confederate victory was dearly bought, for on the night of May 2 they lost one of their greatest leaders when Stonewall Jackson, reconnoitering his lines in the darkness, was accidentally shot and mortally wounded by his own men.

The Army of the Potomac, against the will of most of its generals, was back across the Rappahannock by May 5; but nothing could quench the exultation of the Sixth Corps, the Vermont Brigade, the Second Vermont Regiment, or its Major for the valorous part they had played in the Chancellorsville affair. On Sunday morning, May 3 1863, having received word from General Hooker the previous midnight, they stormed Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg and captured them from Jubal Early and his men.

The Second Vermont led the charge and covered itself with glory. It was the first regiment in the principal works on the highest range of hills. "Colonel Walbridge and Major Tyler were deserving of special praise for the great coolness and gallantry displayed on that occasion," Colonel Grant reported.[11] "Major Tyler, in the highest excitement, was leading the regiment pell mell up the hill clearing rifle pits from which the rebels were tumbling," Captain Wales of Company C recalled later to friends in Brattleboro.[12]

The Second Vermont was moving up the steep slope "in a long beautiful line" a little ahead of the 26th New Jersey. One of their officers told how "a terrible volley thinned the ranks of the Vermonters, but they pressed on and the enemy gave way. The terrible Fredericksburg Heights were taken."[13]

An officer of the Second Vermont commemorated the occasion in verses entitled, "Charge of the Vermont Brigade." John sent them to Aunt Amelia the following August. He did not give the officer's name.

Charge of the Vermont Brigade

The Sabbath morn dawned bright and clear, upon the third of May
As underneath St. Mary's Heights the Corps of Sedgwick lay.
A silence ominous and deep was on the hillside then,
Though on the top, and at the foot, were hosts of hostile men.

The thunder of the rebel guns the solemn stillness broke,
And echo answered echo back, as one by one awoke—
But soon our rifled Parrotts spoke, in tones we knew so well,
And poured upon the rebel hordes a refluent storm of shell!

. . . . . .
Green Mountain Boys! Ye heroes of a dozen bloody fights!
The call is now for men who dare to scale the dizzy heights—
And see! advancing on the plain, their serried lines appear,
Unbroken by the storm of grape—unparalyzed by fear!

The Twenty-sixth New Jersey, then attached to our Brigade,
Supported by the Second's Boys, a master stroke essayed—
But struggling through a miry bog that stretched across their way
They broke in wild confusion, and went hopelessly astray.

Then came the long-tried Second up, and passed them on the run,
(Vermont might well be proud that day of every martial son.)
With volley answered volley as they climbed the shelving track,
And shouting forth their battle cry, they drove the rebels back.

. . . . . .

All honor to the brave who fell, nor shed their blood in vain,
Who rested with us, but alas! no more to rise again—
By Rappahannock's storied stream, their verdant graves were made,
Who, dying, shed new lustre on the "Old Vermont Brigade"!

On Sunday afternoon the Sixth Corps marched on according to orders toward Chancellorsville to menace Lee's right. At Salem Church they ran into McLaw's division, sent back by Lee when he heard the startling news that the Heights had been taken. They were also encircled by Anderson and Early, and Lee came in person to supervise the destruction of the Sixth Corps and drive it into the river. There was sharp fighting throughout Monday. The corps escaped that night across the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford, the Vermont Brigade forming the rear guard to cover their crossing. Lee then turned his attention to Hooker, but he too was across the river.

John's letter, written in pencil to Brattleboro on "Thursday, May 7th/63," speaks exultantly of the part played by the brigade and the corps. "You have probably watched with interest the operations of the 6th Corps," he began, "how flushed with victory by taking the almost impregnable heights of Fredericksburg, we were forced back by overwhelming Forces . . . We have seen no papers and have only vague accounts of the doings of Hooker's Army on our right tho' we know they have been unsuccessful. I know not who is to blame for this thing. Yet it seems to me that the great mistake was in not sending two Corps across the River at Fredbg. instead of one, which Hooker seemed to rely upon to crush Lee in his rear while he (Hooker) remained inactive. But I may be wrong.

"This much I am certain of. I am proud of being a Vemonter. When on Monday night, brigades in front of us were rushing back disorganized and panic sticken, it was the happiest moment of my life to see the Vermont line firm and unbroken, pouring volley up-

on volley into the advancing enemy, causing them to fall back in disorder. Gen Howe comd'g our Divn then says, 'Col. Walbridge, I don't know what to say to you Vermonters. You have done elegantly and saved the Corps.' But the enemy were too numerous—and we had to leave. Then, too, their guns commanded the pontoon bridge, threatening to entirely cut off our communication. So on that lovely moonlight night, the enemy's skirmishers pushing us hard, the Vermont Brigade covered the retreat, the last men crossing in a boat.

"I hear Col. Grant, who is among the bravest of the brave, will make a report to Gen. Washburn from which you will learn full particulars. Capt. Brown on Grant's staff was always on the front. Capt. Wales did splendidly . . . In fact *all* did well. The Brigade was never in better spirits.The men have confidence in their officers and in each other and *are invincible.* We are encamped opposite Banks' Ford.

With love
John S. Tyler"

The commander of the Vermont Brigade did report to the Adjutant General of the State "the most brilliant conduct of Vermont troops at the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg."[14] Colonel Grant himself was awarded the Medal of Honor by Congress for "conspicuous and gallant service under fire at the Battle of Salem Heights, Va., May 3, 1863."[15]

The Sixth Corps returned to its former camp at White Oak Church, four miles north of the Rappahannock. There we leave them by that "storied stream." All honor to the brave who fell there!

NOTES

1. Benedict, Vol. I, page 343 (General Howe's report).
2. *Ibid.,* Vol. I, page 104.
3. *Record of Service of Connecticut Men.* pages 825-26.
4. *Official Records, Union and Confederate Armies,* Vol. XXI, Ser. #70, page 254. (Report of Col. Zook, Comdr., Third Brigade, First Division, Second Corps.)

5. Mrs. Thomas Pickman (Sophia Palmer), younger sister of Mary Palmer Tyler.

6. Elinor Mead of Brattleboro, sister of Larkin Mead, the sculptor, married William Dean Howells, the novelist.

7. The writer has in her possession the large framed "Testimonial of Honor" issued to William C. Tyler by the State of Connecticut on July 4, 1867, "in grateful remembrance of the courage and patriotism by him displayed in the late war for the Suppression of Rebellion and the preservation of Constitutional Liberty."

8. "His whole manner breathed gentleness and sweetness and in his broad breast was a boy's heart." Schaff, *Battle of the Wilderness,* page 43.

9. Edwin H. Stoughton died at the age of thirty in Boston after a brief law practice in New York City. (Sergeant Dalzell's "Civil War Album," *Valley News,* Valley Publishing Corporation, White River Junction, Vermont, March 9, 1963.)

10. From tablet in Vermont State House, Montpelier.

11. Major Otis F. Waite, *Vermont in the Great Rebellion* (Claremont 1869), page 150.

12. Burnham, page 155.

13. Benedict, Vol. I, page 365.

14. Waite, *Vermont in the Great Rebellion*, page 150.

15. Tablet in Vermont State House, Montpelier, in honor of Lewis A. Grant, Brigadier General, United States Volunteers.

Chapter 8

Of Ships and Shoes

Old Newport, I now leave you,
To breast the wave of life,
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife.[1]

Allan Danvers Brown was graduated from the Naval Academy and commissioned Ensign May 28, 1863.[2] His midshipman days at Newport over, he hastened to Brattleboro, not yet to "sport a pretty wife," but "for two happy weeks, days which had no shade of sorrow to mar their glowing light of happiness," his young lady confided to her journal. "We learned to know each other as never before and love each other as never before. I cannot write of those days. But they have left a store of bright memories to gladden the winter days that are coming. When he went to join his ship, the *Iroquois,* I accompanied him as far as New Haven, where I spent seven gay weeks. Kit joined me there and we had a gay merry time."

Allan was ordered to blockade duty with the North Atlantic Squadron. He went through Washington on his way to Hampton Roads, as he wanted to see his brother Guy, who was stationed at Fort Simmons, about three miles northwest of the Chain Bridge in the string of fortifications encircling the capital city. And here we talk of sealing wax also as young Ensign Brown began his first recorded letter to his sweetheart by the light of a solitary candle, using his atlas for a lapboard while the U. S. Transport *John Rice* lay at anchor near Fortress Monroe.

"I found Will first as a means of finding Guy," he related to Gertrude on June 21, "and ascertained that his fort was so far out that I could not get out to it. While we were in the hotel talk-

ing, who should come in but Guy himself looking quite refreshed by his five mile walk. Perhaps I wasn't glad to see the boy! He was looking hale and hearty. It seems that they get the papers very early out at the Fort and he had seen my name in the Hotel list, so went to the Colonel and without any difficulty secured a pass." He rode down to the depot with his brother, and the nineteen-year-old Ensign and sixteen-year-old corporal had a half-hour visit together.

Ensign Brown finally got aboard the *Iroquois* "Off Western Bar N. C." and reported to Captain A. Ludlow Case. He was one of three Ensigns, one being a classmate, "Niles," and the other, "Cotton," of the class ahead of him. There were also three "Acting Ensigns, Volunteers." His address was "U. S. Sloop of War, *Iroquois,* Beaufort, N. C.," Beaufort being "the rendezvous of the squadron," although the vessels were off Fort Fisher and the Cape Fear River near Wilmington. The *Iroquois* had been with Farragut's fleet the summer before when the *Arkansas* made her dramatic appearance in the Mississippi, but in the summer of 1863 she was attached to the North Atlantic fleet, which was maintaining a blockade of the coast and North Carolina sounds and keeping a watchful eye on military doings of both armies up the shoal rivers.

"The Government expects a rebel raid into Maryland and the Defenses of Washington where I am situated," Guy had written to his friend, Ned Tyler, earlier in the month in the one lone letter from Fort Simmons. "If it is so, I may see some fighting. I hope so as I am tired of this inactivity. The company is called out very often in the night when the Long Roll beats and I wish we would have a fight, but it generally turns out to be an alarm to see how soon we can turn out.

"How I wish I could be with you and help you drink up your hogshead of punch &c. Excuse this miserable writing, but remember I am nothing but

Corp. Guy A Brown
Co. M 9th N.Y.A.
Washington, D.C.
a poor miserable soldier, who is
fighting to put down this cussed rebellion."

The young soldier saw plenty of fighting before it was over, but he would stay where he was for another year.

The "rebel raid into Maryland" was moving inexorably toward the peaceful little town in Pennsylvania and the ground so soon to be hallowed by those who would fight there. The Army of the Potomac was moving northward too by long, exhausting, dusty marches. On June 16 the Vermont Brigade marched past Union Mills, Virginia, where they halted and fraternized with the Second Vermont Brigade, which was starting out to join Reynolds' First Corps at Gettysburg. On July 1 the "Old Brigade" lay with the Sixth Corps at Manchester, Maryland, unaware that the greatest battle since Waterloo was in progress. They only knew that at midnight they started on their longest and hardest march and that General Sedgwick had issued the order: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column well closed up." At eleven that morning the Sixth Corps crossed the state line into Pennsylvania.

It was an anxious moment late that afternoon at General Meade's headquarters when a cloud of dust was seen on the Baltimore Pike. Major General George Gordon Meade, the tall, quiet, scholarly, greybearded, efficient commander of the Fifth Corps, had been head of the Army of the Potomac since June 28. Had Stuart gained their rear? (Lee didn't know where Jeb was either.) No. It was not cavalry, but infantry. The Stars and Stripes were soon visible. The Sixth Corps was a welcome sight.

It was six o'clock on July 2, the second evening of the great battle. The First Vermont Brigade was immediately placed on picket duty near Little Round Top throughout the night. On the third day they held the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac between Taneytown Road and Round Top, while the Second Vermont Brigade was undergoing its baptism of fire on Cemetery Ridge and winning laurels under General Stannard, most notably in their immortal countercharge, which interrupted the better known "Pickett's Charge."[3] There is no letter of record from Major Tyler about Gettysburg.

The *Iroquois* celebrated the "Glorious Fourth" by "hoisting an ensign at each masthead." They were all much gratified that the Confederate fort on shore saluted the day. The "mess" celebrated

in the Ward Room by cutting a large cake, which "one of the fellows had saved for the occasion," and by drinking sherry cobblers and claret punches which the paymaster and Mr. Brown, the new Ensign, made for the entire company. They did not know at that point what good reason they had for celebrating. "Vicksburg and Gettysburg!" Allan exulted on July 16. "Almost too good to be true! What a grand celebration Grant gave! Have you heard from John yet?"

Allan came in for his first share of prize money when the *Iroquois* overhauled the *Merrimack,* "a splendid new sidewheel vessel, built of iron," plying between Wilmington and Nassau. She slipped out of Wilmington about midnight with a cargo of cotton, tobacco and turpentine, and gave up at nine o'clock the next morning (July 24) after an exciting chase. Allan had seen a steamer about half past twelve while he was standing the middle watch the night before. The *Iroquois* flashed her "challenge lights," which were unanswered, so they "put after her and called 'All hands to quarters'." Captain Case, feeling sure he recognized her, turned on a large signal light which she at once answered, in time for the Captain to sing out, "For God's sake, don't fire, Mr. Brown, that is the Mt. Vernon." After all "piped down," except those with duty on deck, another steamer was sighted about half past one and was followed, but was soon swallowed up in the thick haze. "About daylight we could just see the fellow and started after him as tight as we could go," our young man continued, switching pronouns in the mysterious way of the sea. "They were throwing bales of cotton overboard at a great rate. She was about four miles ahead of us when the smokestacks of a transport bound south appeared on the horizon and headed Mr. Steamer off so she stopped and lay to waiting for us to come up." The *Merrimack* (a merchantman, not the famous ironclad) was sent north under guard. Allan's share of the prize was $1,800 which he received the next April.

"We have another prize," Allan wrote from Beaufort on August 3. "Not much of a one to be sure, but still a prize!" Admiral Porter, however, gave several pages to the action in his *Naval History* and Ensign Brown, of course, gave his fiancée several pages to tell how the *Iroquois* was involved with the *Mt. Vernon* and the *James Adger* in the "cutting out" of the Con-

federate *Kate* from under the guns of Fort Fisher. She had been driven on to Smith's Island Beach the day before by the gunboat, *Penobscot,* while attempting to slip into Wilmington, but the Confederates succeeded in floating her off during the night of July 31.

The *Mt. Vernon* came steaming down as soon as it was daylight while Mr. Brown was standing the morning watch (4:00 to 8:00 A.M.) and "hailed to say that the rebels had got the Kate off and were towing her in under the guns of the fort. I sent down word to the Capt and he returned for an answer, 'Go in and attack her.' We slipped our cable, spread fins and started in the direction of the Kate followed by the Mt. Vernon and James Adger. As we got within range came the order, 'Mr. Brown, load the rifle with percussion shell and fire on the steamer as soon as you are ready.' Then 'All hands to quarters' and in a moment the battery was ready for action. I loaded and fired as rapidly as possible and in a moment more the whiz-z-z of the shot from the battery on the beach. We kept on banging away at the Kate. The rebs had anchored her by this time and had wisely deserted her in rowboats."

Captain Case, the senior officer of the squadron, gave the order to "drag the Kate out," which was gallantly done under a vigorous fire from the Confederate batteries.[4] "It was a beautiful sight to see the Adger come up," Allan said. "She followed us and we sailed round in a circle firing our guns as we could bring them to bear." The *Mt. Vernon* (Acting Volunteer Lieutenant James Trethren commanding) "stood directly in shore for the Kate, got alongside, lowered a boat and put a crew on board, got a towline to her, and towed her out. Of course all these things were done under the orders of our Captain, who is the Senior Officer, but I didn't know anything about the signals, as I was too busy looking after my end of the ship. We were struck only once, just cutting a piece of riggng three or four feet from my head. The rebs have taken everything out of the Kate, leaving us only an empty shell." The *Iroquois* took her in tow and brought her to Beaufort. Allan's share of the prize money was one hundred dollars.

John Tyler sailed for New York with the Vermont Brigade that same month of August 1863. General Sedgwick had been asked for his best brigade to serve as an example of American

manhood and patriotism.[5] They embarked at Alexandria on the transports, *Illinois* and *Ericsson,* and reached New York City on August 20, sent there to enforce order during the draft riots. That done, they went on up the Hudson. It is unlikely that any rioters obstructed the progress of the Vermont Brigade. On September 7 John wrote to his uncle, who had visited him in New York, "Here we are in Poughkeepsie to enforce the draft which is now taking place all quietly. Arrived here Sun. A.M. at 2 oClk —are quartered in barracks & enjoying ourselves 'muchly.' Love to all.

Your aff nephew John"

On the other side of the Green Mountains, Gertrude settled down on a foggy September Sunday to picture the quiet life on her river bank for the benefit of her cousin, Ned, who was just entering his senior year at Yale. She was still keeping a sympathetic eye on "Kit and Judge," for Florence Brown had returned to Brattleboro with her after the New Haven visit, and a journal note of September 20 commented: "Rufus has been here two weeks and doing his best to amuse us and succeeding tolerably well."

"My dear Eddy," his cousin wrote, "I look down the river over the tops of the trees but the mist shuts down and hides all things. Kitty and I manage to pass the time very agreeably. Kit's drawing lesson occupies her after breakfast until about ten. Then Rufus comes over and reads to us the rest of the morning. After dinner comes the siesta and there is only time before tea to attend to the mail. The evenings are passed either here or at Grandma's and diversified with music and conversation. We have varied the morning's occupation by taking some delightful walks. The leaves are begnning to turn a little and the effect is very beautful. Grandma walks over here nearly every day and sits on the bench in the garden.

"Rufus leaves in another week. He has been to Halifax, N. S., and came here on his return. He seems to like the sea very much.

"My love to all the people and write again soon. I enjoy your letters. Kit sends love.

Aff'ly your cousin
Gerty"

She was unaware that another cousin, Clarence Tyler, was attached to the *C.S.S. North Carolina* not far from the vicinity of her betrothed. Clarence was "warranted Midshipman" on June 30, about the time Allan Brown got aboard the *Iroquois*. On September 23 he was detached from the "Wilmington Station" and ordered to proceed to Richmond and report to Lt. John Henry Parker, CSN, for duty on board the school ship *Patrick Henry*. Captain Wlliam Harwar Parker, who was instructor in seamanship and naval tactics at the Naval Academy at the parting of the ways in April 1861, had been ordered to establish the Confederacy's floating naval school in the summer of 1863. It was to remain at anchor off Drury's Bluff, six miles below Richmond on the right bank of the James. It opened that fall with fifty midshipmen. But what became of "Clarance"? Navy records contain the bare statement that he resigned fom the Confederate Navy January 9, 1864.

Allan too left the region on September 23, the same date Clarence was "detached." The *Iroquois* was ordered north for repairs. She was relieved by the *Dacotah* on September 21 and set sail for Baltimore September 23, reaching there October 6, 1863. Navy records list her as "at northern ports repairing" until the next spring.

"When I got to Baltimore," Allan wrote down for his children later, "I went to Brattleboro and got your Mamma to say she would marry me at Christmas." He copied in a large naval blank book at Gertrude's request parts of his seagoing letters for the benefit of their children, and this labor of love is prized by his descendants. "Of course you will understand," he explained to "My Dear Children" in his foreword, "that there are a good many things Papa would write to Mamma which you would not care to know," thereby leaving the more personal parts of his missives to his readers' imaginations! He also placed in an enormous blank book—still extant—a copy of every order and official communication he received from September 29, 1860, through June 24, 1891, almost thirty-one years.

The Vermont Brigade returned South in mid-September. They crossed the Rappahannock on September 22, the day before the *Iroquois* set her course northward, and marched to Culpepper Courthouse where the Army of the Potomac was then lying. A note

from the Major on September 26 announced his safe arrival at that place. He did not, however, tell, as Benedict did, of the ovation accorded the Vermonters upon their return. They received hearty cheers as they marched past several corps; a cavalcade of staff officers met them as they approached the "Fighting Sixth"; and their comrades of the Third Brigade were drawn up to to receive them with music and military salutes as the Second Brigade (Vermont) reached their own Second Division of the Corps.[6]

There was autumnal racing and chasing back and forth across the Rapidan and Rappahannock and their tributary runs. General Sedgwick clashed with the Confederates on November 7 at the Rappahannock railroad crossing and drove them across the river "capturing 1800 of the rebels, four battle flags and a number of guns." *Harper's Weekly* for November 28, 1863, has a full-page sketch of the "Capture by Sedgwick's Corps of the Rebel Works on the Rappahannock near the Railroad Bridge—Sketched by A. R. Waud." The affair was "neat and brilliant," and Lincoln wired a "Well Done" to General Meade.

The same Reissue of *Harper's* carried the "Proclamation by Horatio Seymour, Governor of the State of New York," designating "Thursday, the 26th instant, to be a day of Thanksgiving and prayer." The name of "Daniel F. Tyler, Private Secretary," appears beneath the Governor's signature.

NOTES

1. From "The Navy," in George W. Tyler's handwritten blank book of naval verse.
2. Phisterer, page 4461.
3. General Doubleday of the First Corps is said to have waved his hat and shouted, "Glory to God! See the Vermonters go it!" Benedict, Vol. II, page 478.
4. Porter, page 426.
5. Benedict, of course, Vol. I, page 397.
6. Benedict, Vol. I, page 399.

Chapter 9

Winter Lull

In Virginia both armies settled down for the winter. General Lee retired south of the Rapidan and had his headquarters at the foot of Clark's Mountain near Orange Court House just west of the Wilderness. The Army of the Potomac lay between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock near Culpepper forty miles west of Fredericksburg. The Sixth Corps' winter quarters were at Brandy Station five miles northeast of Culpepper. General Meade's headquarters were on a pinecovered knoll a short distance away. Benedict tells us that it was the most cheerful winter passed by the Vermont Brigade. Quarters were comfortable, wives visited and there was much social activity.

Christmas of 1863 was a happy one for John and his circle. He wrote on December 14, from "Camp 2d Vt Vols": "Dear Uncle, I am off tomorrow or next day to pay you a visit and attend the *momentous event* . . . But I am in doubt about the day of it. If I cannot find out from Will in Washington, I shall telegaph. I only hope I am not too late. If there is time, I shall make a call on Uncle John first.

With love,
Yours affectonately
John S. Tyler"

And what was Will Tyler doing in Washington in December 1863? He had been honorably discharged as hospital steward in the Unted States Army on October 26, 1863, to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department. He spent the remainder of his life in that agency.

Gertrude Tyler's journal recorded "the last entry under my

maiden name" on Sunday, December 20. "I do not look for Allan until Christmas Eve," the Ensign's bride wrote. "It is a fair bright life that I see before me. Trials must come to us as to everyone—but we will try to bear them bravely, helping each other. The great trial of separation we can see already. But the sunshine of mutual, undoubting love will be over all, and God will give us strength to bear whatever He sends us. If I could but hear from Rufus, I should be quite happy. But it is more than two months since he sailed for Rio and we have had no word. May he be kept safely and brought again to his home—dear Rufus!"

John was not too late. The day was December 29, 1863. Fate has not been kind enough to preserve a letter from some one of the clan about that last leave of John's and the family gathering for the "momentous event." A terse newspaper item preserved in a family scrapbook records the occasion: "In St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro, on Tuesday evening, December 29th by the Rev. A. P. Morris, Ensign Allan D. Brown, USN, and Gertrude Tyler, daughter of Hon. R. Tyler." Allan's stepfather thus became his uncle by marriage; his stepbrothers were his wife's dearly loved cousins; and Gertrude's mother-in-law was also her aunt by marriage, her "Uncle Pickman's" wife.

One member of the clan was missing. A brief, rather pathetic letter, dated December 20, 1863, from Rio de Janeiro to "My dear Father," written the same day Gertrude made her journal entry, sheds light on the whereabouts of the wandering Rufus. "As this is the last chance I shall have to write for three months at least, I seize on the opportunity though it is but a few lines. I wish you would send my address to Guy, Uncle John, & John.

Your aff son
Rufus

Much love to all"

Care

Messrs Lewis Baily & Co.
Ship National Eagle
Capt. Mathews
Calcutta
India

Young Mrs. Brown sketched only a brief outline of the "memorable evening which witnessed our marriage." She saw "little need to write down the events of the last week" for each day was too clearly impressed on her memory to be forgotten. "They were all up from Boston—that is, all but Lucinda's children," she recorded at Newport on January 5, 1864, after a week of "intense unalloyed happiness." "Bessie and Minna were there—and Major John—and Guy. Kit and Edith were bridesmaids and very pretty they looked in their white dresses and bright faces." The young couple left on the 3:30 morning express, "bade John goodbye at Springfield and took the cars for Providence," where they spent the night of December 30.

At Newport the diminutive bride and her tall handsome bridegroom took long walks on the beach—"oh, the delicious bright wind! And the dash of the water on the rocks!"—enjoyed the Midshipmen's Ball, went to church and, received and returned several calls from friends at the "Naval School." The week there would always be "a fund of bright memories" for her. "I hope Allan's friends are pleased with Allan's wife for Allan's sake," she concluded before moving on to New York City for a few days. "Capt. Rodgers and his wife are very pleasant people and very kind to me." Captain C. R. P. Rodgers was to be in command of the *Iroquois* when she next went to sea.

Back at Brandy Station Major Tyler referred to the wedding in a typically thoughtful letter to "Dearest Aunt Laura." "Like you," he wrote on January 23, 1864, "I often think of the wedding, and can hardly realize that *Miss* Gertrude is among the 'things' that were. *I'm* mighty well satisfied with the match. Allan is a real good fellow, and as far as I know, high minded and honorable. At school (you know we were together at Everest's) he always set a good example to us poor unfortunates who were continually blundering into scrapes of some sort. You must miss them very much, tho' I suppose Madame B. will soon rejoin you.

"Capt. and Mrs. Farr favored me with a call this P.M. They were out on horseback. Mrs. F. is an elegant rider and elicits much praise by her horsemanship. They are a handsome couple.[1]

"How I wish you might listen a while to that delightful band playing at General Meade's Headquarters! It's but a short distance

off, & the music this quiet Evening sounds beautifully. Our Surgeon and his wife have just received an invitation to a grand ball over in the 3d Corps.

"How I should enjoy one of the old games of whist! You and I could beat Uncle & Judge Keyes—couldn't we?

"Accept much love, dear Aunt, and pass some along to all including *Miss Tyler.*

Ever your aff. nephew
John"

Thus he took pleasant notice of the fact that, with the older sister's marrage, 12-year-old Edith had now attained the dignity of "Miss Tyler."

The Governor's secretary in Albany also treasured a letter received from Major Tyler during the winter lull. John's letter of January 17 showed, as Dan wrote afterwards to Uncle Pickman, "how full the noble fellow's heart was with the memory of his mother; how he worried, when way off on the distant battlefield, for the health of his father; how lonesome he was at times, poor fellow, while separated from those he loved, & what a comfort every letter he received was to him."

"Now, Dan, 'twon't do," John had written. "You must trouble yourself to write a little more. I am not well posted in your affairs —and I shall always be much interested in them. The past has, perhaps, bound us closer together than mere relationship and we must not lose sight of each other in this world. I regret that I have not seen more of you since you were with Mother. We both loved her, didn't we, Dan! Poor Father! He is a great sufferer too. And those at the South! The thought that they may be in distress comes to me often.

"I get dreadful tired of this war sometimes, but shall see it through. There are few who could be spared better than I. So here I had better be.

"Well, old fellow! On reading that last page I find it dismal enough—and I will apologize—but down went what was in my thoughts. Somehow I am mighty lonesome tonight—almost homesick. Foolish I know, but all my friends are away on leave. This must be my excuse.

"Don't plead business now, but spend half an hour on our account. None would receive a letter with more pleasure than.

Your cousin
John S. Tyler"

Dan's fear, expressed to Uncle Pickman the following June, that John had never received his reply seems unsubstantiated. The reply written from the "Executive Chambers" in Albany January 21, 1864, and reminiscing about Dan's boyhood stay at the rectory in Batavia, is still extant—creased, stained, and soiled—showing more wear than any of the other letters of the sixties.

"My dear Major," Dan wrote, "It made me glad to get your note of the 17th instant. I like such spontaneous outpourings of the heart. They are natural and unrestrained.

"Days and months and years go by, my dear boy, and carry us onward. The whirl, roar and clash of battle; the rush and bustle and contentions of life fill up the measures of our time, and, except in the silent watches of the night, do we hardly ever get a moment for sober thought. This is why many generous emotions of the human heart lie dormant there, forever unuttered, unheeded and unknown. And your letter, containing as it did a mention of your beloved Mother's name, has caused me to pause for a while in sad contemplation of other days and other scenes. The name of Aunt Mary Ann, who for two whole years of my young life, fulfilled toward me a Mother's sacred duties, ought not the mention of her name to be solemn and impressive to me? How could I ever forget her? And your little baby sister, Mary, who was taken away to Heaven—how many times have I tossed her to and fro and up and down in the air that I might hear her delighted laugh and witness her pretty demonstrations of joy!

"You wanted a half hour of my time, my dear Major, and here you have it. I give it to you freely and most willingly. God bless and prosper you wherever you may go, and believe me that your Mother's memory will give you a place in my affections that even old Time itself may not efface.

Sincerely & truly yours,
Daniel F. Tyler

Major John S. Tyler
&c &c &c "

"Dear Uncle & Aunt Laura," wrote John a few days later on February 6, "Capt. Wales brought your good letters this afternoon, for which I am thankful as always. As I write, musketry and artillery at intervals can be heard in the direction of the Rapidan. At times it is quite heavy, indicating that somebody has been exasperating the Confederacy. Why they persist in this continuous firing I can't imagine, as it is 'pitch dark' and raining. They must want to *frighten,* for I am sure they can't *hit* one another. I never let my men waste ammunition so foolishly.

"We haven't exactly gone west as yet, tho' rumor says we are soon to be ordered there. I should like to see the country, but otherwise am not desirous to leave the old A.P. I wish they would make my 'beau ideal' of a soldier, Gen. Smith, a Major General & give him this army.

"But tattoo has beaten, and there is considerable noise about camp, with which the contents of several express boxes, arrived this P.M., may not be remotely connected. Consequently I've got to go out and have a quarrel—So I'll close while in a good humor.

With much love,
Your ever grateful nephew
John S. Tyler"

John did not go to the "Grand Ball," which is mentioned in several history books as well as in his letter of January 25, but he did go over to the Third Corps to call on friends. The 151st New York and the Tenth Vermont had been in the Third Corps since the previous July. Both regiments were in William H. Morris' brigade. They were assigned to the Third Division of General French's Third Corps on July 8, 1863, just after Gettysburg. Cornele Billings had been Captain of Company H of the 151st since January 27, 1864.[2] John wrote to "Mrs. Capt. Billings" in Brattleboro on February 15 that he called on Cornele and "spent an hour or two with him very pleasantly. Capt MacMannis, Dr.

Cotes and all hands are well.[3] Love to all. I return Rufus' letter to Kittie.

Your affectionate Coz
John S. Tyler"

John was in the only movement of the Sixth Corps that winter. He wrote on March 4, 1864, of the five-day expedition to Madison Courthouse, twenty-three miles to the southwest, its object to draw troops away from Richmond while General Kilpatrick made a raid against the Confederate capital.

"Dear Uncle," the letter began. "Who will be inaugurated President a year from today? I am for our present honest incumbent, unless they find a better man, which I think is doubtful.

"You may have noticed in the papers, that our Corps has been out on a tramp. We left our snug quarters last Saturday A.M. and proceeded through Culpepper to Madison Court House, meeting no enemy on the route. Our doubts as to the utility of running off in an almost opposite direction from the Rebels were soon dispelled by Gen. Custer (who reminds me of Stoughton) passing us at the head of a Cavalry Brigade. He was going to entice the enemy's Cavalry out of Kilpatrick's way and we were to prevent his being cut off. He means to get into Richmond if he can. We had quite a hard time as we left all our tents in camp and the weather took occasion to rain or snow most of the time.

Love to all,
Your aff. nephew
John S. Tyler

P.S. I omitted to mention an important event of our late expedition. I captured a small contraband. Have him to black boots. Says his name is 'Andy'—never had any other—I have affixed 'Johnson of Tennessee.' "

John was liking his new horse better every day. He had traded Old Duke with a cavalry man for the fastest horse in the division, he thought. "He is a perfect beauty and very gentle." he wrote on March 6, "tho of a sportive disposition—and has conscientious objections to any horse going by him. He is a grand jumper, and

when he goes a good ways without meeting any *real* ditches to leap, he gets up imaginary ones for his own amusement, keepng me on the sharp lookout. I shall not ride him in action, for besides being too good a horse to be shot, the pleasing idea of making a *charge* might occur to him and I be carried over into the Confederacy *nolens volens*.

"My love to Aunt Laura & Edith. I think I might send Andy up to you, but he hasn't developed any very fine qualities yet."

But Andy J. Reed went to Brattleboro the following summer. He spent the rest of his life there and was a useful and respected citizen. He kept the "J" for "Johnson," which the Major had bestowed upon him, and "Reed" was his "Ole Massa's" name, he said. He was brought to Brattleboro by Dr. G. F. Gale, who was among the dozen or so Vermont physicians and surgeons sent by Governor Smith to help care for the state's wounded in the Fredericksburg and Washington hospitals after the Wilderness campaign. The doctor found the young colored boy at Acquia Creek. Andy had followed Colonel Tyler as closely as he could and had anecdotes to tell of his first Yankee friend. He was always the recipient of warm interest from the Tyler-Browns. He married a colored girl from Virginia in 1874. She had been employed by "Mrs. Commander Brown" (Gertrude), who gave them their wedding at Judge Tyler's.[4]

Allan and Gertrude were enjoying their winter lull at Baltimore. They were at "the Misses Peters," corner Lexington and St. Paul's. There were "several agreeable people in the house—several of Allan's acquaintances." Allan went off every day after breakfast and Gertrude was studying Spanish. "Allan is a capital teacher," the bride wrote. "He has his own method, equally agreeable to professor and pupil. I often look at him and try to realize the measure of my joy. I am happy beyond all that my dreams ever fancied.

"I had a long interesting letter from Rufus dated Rio December 3 and addressed to 'Miss Gertrude Tyler'—how funny it looked! I wish the boy had not such a faculty for making himself miserable. Poor child! He hugs his misery instead of manfully struggling against the melancholy bent of his disposition."

"Allan is to sail soon," she wrote on "Easter Sunday, March 27." "I shall miss him so much. But we ought not to complain. We

have spent two happy months, more than we at first thought possible. Only I cannot help dreading it. There are the usual dangers by sea and land that may overtake either of us. And besides, I look forward in a few months to the 'glad year's golden prime'." The *Iroquois* sailed for Hampton Roads on April First and the Ensign's bride went home to Vermont to await expected events.

NOTES

1. Captain Dennie W. Farr of the Fourth Vermont Regiment was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

2. Phisterer, page 3760.

3. James H. *McManis* was Captain of Company C, 151st New York Vols., and John R. Cotes was Surgeon of the Regiment (*Ibid.*, page 3761).

4. This information is from the *Vermont Phoenix,* Brattleboro, March 15, 1889—clipping in a family scrapbook telling of Andy J. Reed's death from pneumonia. He was a communicant of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, where his funeral was held.

Chapter 10

Dulce et Decorum

Ulysses S. Grant arrived at Brandy Station on March 10, 1864. The Senate had confirmed his rank as lieutenant general on March 2. The new Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States would travel with the Army of the Potomac. The Army knew what it meant—and so did the nation—the beginning of the final great struggle to destroy the Army of Northern Virginia.

John Tyler spoke of some of the changes in a letter to his uncle on March 22. "General Howe is now Inspector General of the Artillery of the U.S.A. Our Division is now commanded by Gen. Getty, formerly stationed at Norfolk. Haven't seen him yet to form an opinion of him. *Walbridge has sent in his resignation,* and your most ob't stands a fair chance for the Lt. Col'cy of the venerable Second. Love to Aunt Laura and all."

General George W. Getty, the Vermonters' new division commander, came to them from the Ninth Corps. where, with headquarters on the Nansemond River during the siege of Suffolk the year before, he had been among those relying on and appreciating the aid of the North Atlantc Blockading Squadron. "A determined, sparefaced man with a brown moustache and hazel eye . . ." of indomitable courage and coolness,"[1] General Getty won the Sixth Corps' respect within the first two days of the opening campaign and the complete trust and confidence of his Second Division.

Among the spring changes was the move of Morris' brigade, which included the 151st New York and Tenth Vermont, from the Third to the Sixth Corps, where it became the First Brigade of the Third Division commanded by General Ricketts. He was the same James B. Ricketts who had lain desperately wounded under

his guns on Henry Hill when the Second Vermont Regiment marched onto their first field of battle. From there Captain Ricketts had been carried to Richmond, and his long journey from Bull Run in 1861 had brought him to the command of the Third Division of the Sixth Corps. General Horatio G. Wright commanded the First Division of the corps. The Sixth Corps was reviewed by Grant and Meade on April 18, and the latter wrote that Grant expressed himself as "highly pleased."

Lieutenant Colonel Newton Stone, age 26, a young lawyer of Bennington, became colonel of the Second Vermont Regiment on April 2, 1864. John Steele Tyler was appointed lieutenant colonel of the regiment by Governor J. Gregory Smith on that date. The commission did not reach him for several weeks. His last word to his father was a note dated

April 24th, 1864

Rev. Dr. Tyler,
Compliments of his affectionate Son,

John S. Tyler

Lieut. Colonel, 2d Vt. Vols.

Brief letters to Judge Tyler at the county court in Newfane, written a few days before the commission arrived, tell of a fleeting but vain hope. John would remain with the "venerable Second" until the rendezvous in the Wilderness. "The sole object of this brief note." John wrote on April 19, "is to warn you not to be overcome if I drop in upon you some fine day this month. Such a catastrophe is not to be counted upon as a sure thing. But there is a rumor that I am to be ordered to accompany a squad of reenlisted Veterans to Vermont and inasmuch as my fare is paid both ways and I am obliged to remain there 35 days, don't fear that I shall be arrested for disobeying the order, should it arrive. This need not be mentioned until you hear from me again."

The *next day* he wrote, "We are 'victims' of misplaced confidence. We don't propose to visit the north this season. Gen. Sedgwick has intimated that *we* couldn't be spared at this time, so we don't go.

"The Commissions are unaccountably delayed. Don't see why.

We are at Brandy Station—5 miles northeast of Culpepper. I gathered some water lilies today in full bloom.

Yours affly
John S. Tyler

"My regards to all old friends at the bar."

A few days later, dated only "Monday"—

"Health good as is generally the case. Culpepper is being strongly fortified, & Rumor says is to be stored with 60 days rations & used as a base of operations.

"We look for marching orders shortly.

Affly your nephew
John S. Tyler

R. R. Bridges are down—no mails for 4 days—High water cause —Be up again soon."

The anxiety of those at home in the spring of 1864 is mirrored in Judge Tyler's letter of May first to his nephew.

"Brattleboro, May 1, 1864

Dear Col.

When you left us, now nearly three years ago, I didn't expect to be addressing you so at this time. I believed you would do well, but did not look for your attaining this position so soon. I am glad now that you owe nothing to favor. You owe nothing to anyone. You have fought your way up. You have fairly earned by hard work and steady service the place you occupy. I wish very much you could have had that chance to see us. There will be terrible fighting sometime, & I suppose in the course of May, or June. In all the battles you have been in you have escaped wounds wonderfully. I hardly know why it is, but I feel more oppressed with apprehension for your Safety in the approaching Campaign than ever before. . . . However, we will not dwell on this view of the Subject. We shall try to be as hopeful for you, & for us all as possible. Present my regards & congratulations to Col. Stone. The slight acquaintance I formed with him in New York gave me

a very favorable impression of him. He seemed to me to be very much of a gentleman and an intelligent & agreeable man. Congratulate Grant for me also as I was pleased to see his confirmation in the paper a few days since.[2]

Affly. yr. Uncle
R. Tyler"

"Dear John," the Judge's wife wrote on the same letter, "I have often intended writing to you of late, but always find so much that I must do. I will not let this chance which may be the last go by without sending you a word of remembrance and love. I dread every day to hear that the 'battle is begun, the conflict is raging.' It must, & ought to be, but the misery, sorrow, & suffering! It makes me sick to think of it. We are all so glad of your promotion. I do not know how we could feel a greater interest in a son of our own. Your Uncle Charles feels as proud & gratified at your success, & as much concerned, if things do not go right, as any Father could & it would be a great grief to him & myself, if anything should happen to you. I could not help having a good cry, when you wrote that you were not coming to see us.

"Carrie Keyes is staying with us a few days. She sends her love to you, & wishes me to tell you how gratified she is at your promotion, that she has a right as one of the connections to love you *some* & think a *great deal* of you.

"I cannot write very cheerfully, which perhaps I ought, but I hope it will be a comfort & satisfaction to you to know that we think of you & pray for your safety in the great battle coming.

"Gertrude & Edith send love. I hope we shall hear from you again. If it is permitted, & possible for you to do, won't you write just as near the last thing, before starting as possible, if only a word?

Your most affectionate aunt,
L. B. Tyler"

Did these words from home reach John before midnight on the third of May? It does not seem likely. Perhaps the letter reached him later at Fredericksburg. It is yellow, creased, and

soiled. It and the one from Dan, both in the same time-worn condition, are the only ones written *to* John during the war which are in existence.

John's last letter, on the handsome, gold-embossed stationery of the Sixth Corps, was written on his twenty-first birthday.

HEADQUARTERS
SECOND REGIMENT VERMONT INFANTRY
SIXTH CORPS

April 29th 1864

Dear Uncle:

Being as how this is the glorious anniversary of our Entry into this mundane sphere, and it furthermore being unlikely that we shall have an opportunity to indict you another epistle Ere the dogs of War are permitted to Kick up miscellaneous antics in this part of creation, we take occasion to inform you of the momentous fact that we are well and shall not write you any more until we chronicle a large fight. Capt. Wales, who sits by, suggests that he hopes we may give a *good* account of one.

With much love
Yours aff'ly
John

P.S. 2 mos pay due—in case of accidents.

The Army of the Potomac started to move at midnight, May 3. The cavalry moved to Germanna and Ely Fords to guard them while the engineers laid five bridges across the Rapidan. Grant had to bridge and ford the river and take his great army southward through the Wilderness region covered with dense woods, thick underbrush, and tangled vines, and criss-crossed by rocky "runs" and narrow, twisting roads well-known to the enemy.

The Sixth Corps moved from Brandy Station at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, May 4, following Warren's Fifth Corps toward the brooding, silent Wilderness. Twenty miles to the west the Blue Ridge rose majestically, guarding the rich Valley of the Shenandoah for the Confederacy. The long lines of Union troops formed a waving sea of blue in the spring landscape on that beautiful May morning. Violets, azalea, huckleberry, and dogwood were in full bloom as the Corps marched along the quiet country roads and were all about them in sweet profusion during the battle in

the dark and somber woods. Sedgwick's corps crossed the Rapidan in midafternoon at Germanna Ford in the northwestern edge of the Wilderness, which stretches for twenty-five or thirty miles from near Fredericksburg on the east to Orange Court House on the west. It is bounded on the north by the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, which meet in its northern edge. Ricketts' division formed the rear guard and camped near the ford to hold the crossing until Burnside (again heading the Ninth Corps) should come up. The rest bivouacked that night near the Germanna Plank Road, which runs southeastward through the Wilderness.

From his signal station on Clark's Mountain to the southwest, Lee learned that the Army of the Potomac was on the move, and he started moving his men eastward along the old Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike and the Orange Plank Road. These two parallel and storied roads would cross Grant's line of march in the heart of the Wilderness. Lee's problem was to strike the Union army on the march, entangle it in the Wilderness, destroy what he could and drive the rest back across the rivers. The advance guards of the two armies camped that night about five miles apart.

The terrible Battle of the Wilderness was fought on Wednesday and Thursday, May 5 and 6, in the mist and smoke of the tangled forest. In the early morning of the 5th, the Union columns were moving south. When Grant and Meade received dispatches that "Lee intends to fight us here," they ordered that Getty's division should be detached from the Sixth Corps and sent to the junction of the Orange Plank Road with the southbound Brock Road. The orders were "to hold that point at all hazards until relieved," for that position, and the junction of the Germanna Road with the Old Turnpike, were the key posts to be held. The "great Second Corps," which had crossed the Rapidan on Tuesday at Ely's Ford and had bivouacked that night on their camping ground of the previous May near Chancellorsville, was ordered to move up the Brock Road and join Getty at the junction.

The former Smith men, henceforth to serve as Getty men, reached that key point shortly before noon. The "ever gallant Vermont Brigade under Lewis A. Grant" was posted on the left of the Orange Plank Road in front of the crossroads in two lines, with the Second Regiment in the second line. (And here we recall

that the Vermont Brigade served as the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the "Fighting Sixth.") As at Antietam, the "Second Division" fought with the Second Corps, but in the Wilderness battle, the men from the Sixth Corps were already on the ground when the fighting began at that corner. They held it against tremendous pressure, "and no crossing of country roads on this continent ever heard such volleys."[3]

It was three o'clock when the brave and handsome Hancock came up the Brock Road from the southeast with his Second Corps. When Getty moved forward to attack in force, the Vermonters were the first of his troops to engage the enemy. The second line closed up on the first with the Second Regiment creeping through the bushes to the side of the Fourth. Heth's Confederate division was in front of them, and A. P. Hill and Lee were with him. There the "valiant Vermonters . . . met the enemy face-to-face and I have no doubt that . . . the peaks of the Green Mountains called to each other that night in tearful pride of the boys from Vermont, who were lying under the sullen oaks of the Wilderness for never, never had they shown more bravery or met with bloodier losses."[4]

The sun was dropping toward the treetops and twilight was gathering owing to the density of the woods. It was difficult to tell friend from foe even at midday. But the battle raged on.

About five o'clock the "gallant young commander" of the Second Vermont, Colonel Newton Stone, was wounded in the leg. He retired to have his wound dressed, after which he mounted his horse and returned to the regiment, greeted by the cheers of his men. He rode along the line offering encouragement to each company and, as he was addressing Company B, a musket ball entered his head and he fell from his horse a corpse.

The command of the Second Vermont was then in the hands of Lt. Colonel Tyler, "a boy in years, but a brave and capable officer."[5] *"Just before dark,"* on May 5, as he was directing the regiment to the new position on the Brock Road which it held at nightfall, a ball passed through his thigh perforating the femoral artery. His boot filled with blood and, although he knew he was dangerously wounded, he ordered the men who ran to help him back to their posts in the line. He was later assisted to the rear.

"I was within 2 rods of him when he was shot," the then Captain Ward of Company B told John's brother twenty years later. The place was the Navy Yard, Boston; the time February 23, 1884; the speaker, Dr. Rollin C. Ward, who had come on board the U.S.S. *Wabash* on a visit of inspection with his daughter. "Pluck!" said he, shaking hands again with Lt. Tyler when he discovered him to be the brother of his young Colonel. "Why, John Tyler did not know what fear was, and there was not an officer or man in the regiment but worshipped him almost." "He had a number of interesting anecdotes about John," Hanson told his father, "and as I was in temporary command of the ship, it was a cold day when he did not receive all the honors to be had here."

John Tyler being *hors de combat* on the evening of May 5, the Second Vermont was left without a field officer; the Major, Amasa S. Tracy, had been disabled by a fall on May 3. John's friend, Elijah Wales of Brattleboro, Captain of his old Company C, was among the many officers wounded on that bloody afternoon and was afterwards brevetted Major for gallantry in the action.

The fierce fighting ceased about eight o'clock that night and was renewed with equal vigor at five o'clock on the morning of the sixth. On the Brock Road "those ever steady sons of the Green Mountain State."[6] with three-quarters of their leaders and one thousand of their Vermont comrades fallen the previous afternoon, held their advanced position and repelled the desperate attacks of Hill and Longstreet, who had come up from Gordonsville to the southwest. That was the day on which the Confederacy suffered another grievous catastrophe under similar circumstances to those of the previous May. Longstreet was seriously wounded during the Battle of the Wilderness, at almost the same spot where Stonewall Jackson had met his end during the Battle of Chancellorsville. Longstreet did not lose his life, but it was six months before he could return to duty.

While Getty's division was fighting at the Brock corner with the Second Corps, the Fifth and Sixth Corps were curved across the Orange Turnpike west of its junction with the Germanna Plank. Burnside had finally come down it and was in line between Hancock and Warren. Sedgwick lay to the right of Warren between Wilderness Run and Caton's Run. Ricketts' Third Division

was posted just north of the turnpike. Morris' brigade was held in reserve most of May 6. It was ordered forward just before sunset, when the Confederates were pushing through a gap to the rear of the Sixth Corps. The brigade helped stop Gordon's Georgia Brigade and enabled General Wright of the First Division to restore his lines.

Nightfall of the sixth ended the mighty clashing of the armies in the heart of the Wilderness. It fell on many anxious hearts and homes across the land. Among those who would wake to tragedy was Bessie Tyler. Cornelius Billings of the 151st New York would never see his son, as yet unborn, for he lay in his soldier's grave on the battlefield of the Wilderness, killed in action on May 6, 1864.

In Brattleboro, an undated telegram "To Royall Tyler" was received from the Secretary of War as follows:

> The Department has no information except the names given by newspaper reporters but the person alluded to is supposed to be Lt. Col. J. S. Tyler, 2nd Vermont in Getty's Division. Nothing is known in Washington nor can be until to-morrow as to the nature or extent of his wounds. The wounded were to have been sent to Washington but a dispatch just recd states that the Hospital is to be established at Fredericksburg.
>
> Sig Edwin M. Stanton

On May 7 the Army of the Potomac moved on to the south, not northward across the rivers as Lee had hoped. But many would move painfully eastward, including the gallant young Tyler who had commanded the Second Vermont Regiment during those terrible twilight hours on May 5. It was late at night before the long trains of ambulances and army wagons, thickly spread with evergreens, tents, and blankets, bearing seven thousand wounded and escorted by thirteen hundred cavalry, began the long agonizing journey over rough roads toward Fredericksburg.

The Vermont Brigade had rejoined the Sixth Corps during the day. Exhausted as they were and saddened by their losses, they were heartened by the welcome they received from their own corps comrades. As the brigade of Green Mountain boys, reduced to half their former size, reached Sedgwick's lines and moved into

position at the extreme left, the men of the Sixth Corps, standing to arms and waiting to move southward, broke into spontaneous cheers for the Vermonters and the valorous account they had given of themselves at the corner of the Brock and Orange Plank roads. At sunset they left the murmuring runs and the now quiet crossroads and marched on through the dark forest. Spotsylvania, in the extreme southern edge of the Wilderness, was waiting—and Lee was waiting. There, on May 9, the noble, manly heart of John Sedgwick was instantly stilled.

There was one more word from John Tyler. As he had done after his first battle, so also after the final one he telegraphed to "R. Tyler." It was dated May 11, 1864.

> By Telegraph from Washington
> To Hon. R. Tyler
> Capt. Wales and myself severely wounded Doing Well, be in Washington Soon Ball in leg.
>
> Sig J. S. Tyler
> Lt. Col. &c

Fredericksburg was abandoned to guerillas soon after, and Grant's base of supply at Belle Plain Landing moved south as he did. All who could endure the journey were taken by transport to Washington, where weeping crowds gathered at the Sixth Street Wharf to meet the boat loads of wounded. John Sedgwick lay in an embalming establishment on Pennsylvania Avenue for a day to receive the homage of many on his journey to his home in Connecticut. Colonel Thomas Hyde of Bath, Maine, who "Followed the Greek Cross" of the "Fighting Sixth" with the Vermonters, was among those of Sedgwick's staff to accompany the remains of their beloved chief to his quiet grave in Cornwall Hollow among the Litchfield Hills.

It is not known when John Tyler reached Washington, but it would have had to be between May 11 and 22. The details of this sad time are lost in the mists of a century ago. There are no family letters about it. Judge Tyler set out for Washington immediately to be with John,[7] and Will Tyler no doubt was at the Sixth Street Wharf to watch for his cousin.

It is not possible to know at this date why the return journey

to Brattleboro was undertaken. Vermont had established "Soldiers' Hospitals" at Burlington, Montpelier, and Brattleboro and brought many of her wounded home to be cared for. Benedict reports that Colonel Tyler was removed to Vermont at his own request. He did not reach it alive, but "was brought back tenderly in dreamless sleep no reveille shall disturb."[8]

Gertrude had just returned from Philadelphia, when word of John's death was received. "With the news of those fearful battles of the 'Wilderness' where Cornele was killed and John received his death wound, came a telegram from Allan summoning me to meet him in Philadelphia [escorted there by "Papa" on his way to Washington]—Oh, the joy of that meeting," she wrote in her journal. She stayed with her husband one week and returned Saturday night, May 21. (The Log of the U.S.S. *Massachusetts* for May 20, 1864, stated that the ship "passed U.S.S. *Iroquois* at anchor off Fort Mifflin 11:30 P.M.—came to off Philadelphia Navy Yard."[9]

John Steele Tyler died at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York City following an operation by Dr. Willard Parker of New York, the *Vermont Phoenix* for June 1864 reported, his death occuring "Sunday night, May 22." His father and his uncle were with him. A clipping from a New York paper says he died "Monday, the 23rd ultimo." The date shown on his tombstone is May 23, 1864. Perhaps he died just after midnight.

The *Phoenix,* quoted also on page 780 of *Annals of Brattleboro,* did tell of John's homecoming. He lay in state in the old Town Hall on Main Street "during Wednesday" with the funeral service at St. Michael's at the end of the day. "The shadows of the evening hours fell from the darkening sky" as the young soldier was carried up the long path to the little brick church next door, reposing peacefully on the river bank against the familiar green backdrop of Wantastiquet.[10]

John's body was escorted to the cemetery by the military band from Camp Holbrook, "Mr. Miles' company of cadets," and sorrowing family and friends. His final resting place is in the Tyler lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery in the shadow of Wantastiquet on the high bluff above the Connecticut. His tombstone bears the words:

JOHN S. TYLER
Col. 2d Regt. Vt. Vols
Died May 23, 1864
from wounds received in the Battle of the
Wilderness, Va.
AE. 21 yrs.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

(Marker—"Union Defender" 1861-1865)

His name is enrolled among the colonels of the Second Regiment for the Governor of Vermont issued a commission appointing him as colonel effective May 6, 1864, the day after Colonel Stone's death. Governor Smith sent the commission to Judge Tyler in the following letter:

STATE OF VERMONT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

St. Albans June 9th 1864

Hon. Royall Tyler

My dear Sir

As a Slight testimonial of my high appreciation of the services rendered by your nephew, the late John S. Tyler Lieut. Col of the Second Regiment Vt. Vols, I have directed a Commission to be issued to him dating the same at a period prior to his death and promoting him to the Colonelcy of his regiment, a position which by his valor he had so gallantly won and to which he was justly entitled. The Commission is herewith enclosed.

Death, in a sudden and mysterious manner, has removed him, and we are left to mourn the loss of a brave and worthy Officer. The tribute to his memory thus confirmed, while it cannot reach him, nor indeed add to his laurels, may be a source of gratification to his numerous friends, as it is of eminent pleasure to me & is but a fitting recognition of the noble sacrifice which he made to his country.

Accept, dear Sir, my hearty sympathy for the bereavement under which you are suffering.

And believe me, to be
Most cordially
& Truly Your friend
J. Gregory Smith
Gov. of Vermont[11]

There were other tributes to John. The commander of the Vermont Brigade, General Lewis A. Grant, said that he was an "officer of great promise—always cool, especially in battle.[12] And his fellow townsman, the Hon. Frederick Holbrook, fom whom he received his commission as captain, said that "elements were so mixed in him as to make him one of the best of our pioneer officers."[13]

"Col. Tyler's military record in the field is identical with that of the Second Vermont Regiment," Major Waite pointed out in his *Vermont in the Great Rebellion,* and went on to say, "Col. Tyler distinguished himself in his regiment for gentlemanly and soldierlike bearing and in many battles for his gallantry, receiving the commendation of his superior officers. He left behind him many friends who feel that his was a noble sacrifice laid upon the altar of their country.[14]

His cousin, Gertrude Tyler Brown, added her tribute. Her scribbled, penciled verses were found by the compiler of this tale in a box of old photographs wrapped around a small picture of John.

LT. COL. J.S.T.
He fell for his country's good,
Write 'neath his glorious name
And paint in letters of blood
The scroll of his wondrous fame.

Only one of the thousands gone
That died for the country's sake—
Fairhaired & oh! so young!
Yet no tears—tho' hearts should break.

No tears, tho' we loved him well:
But with faltering speech we tell
Of the noble heart now stilled—
How it beat for honor alone
As when urging his brave boys on,
He uttered his parting word.

He fell in the front of the fight,
He has won a glorious name.
In giving his life for the Right,
He has given himself to fame.

G. T. Brown
June 27th 1864

Gertrude's verses were written in Brooklyn. She was boarding at 49 Concord Street. In the midst of death, we are also in life. The day after John's funeral, she received a telegram from her husband summoning her to another meeting. The *Iroquois* was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for "five happy weeks," but on July 2 she was ordered to proceed to the coast of France "for the protection of the interest of citizens and commerce of the United States."[15] Captain Rodgers was to govern his actions "as the interest of the country and movements of any rebel privateers" should direct. The Union knew well that ships destined for the Confederacy were being built or bartered for in English and French ports while Their Majesties' governments looked the other way.

'On the Fourth of July I saw him for the last time for many a weary day," the young wife wrote from Brattleboro in August. "I sit in my room and fashion tiny garments for the little one that I hope for and dream of the glad day when, if it please God, I shall present my child to its father."

"Are you afraid of our encountering the Alabama now?" Allan asked as the *Iroquois* headed out past Sandy Hook on July 9 and sent back the last word by pilot boat. "The Kearsarge has done our work for us. But there is still the Florida, and the new steamer, which Semmes will undoubtedly get, for us to look after." But the new steamer they would try to "look after" on the long voyage would be the C.S.S. *Shenandoah.*

NOTES

1. Schaff, *Battle of the Wilderness,* pages 245 and 255.
2. Lewis A. Grant, commander of the Vermont Brigade, was promoted to brigadier general April 27, 1864. Waite, page 169.
3. Schaff, page 171.
4. *Ibid.,* page 185. Morris Schaff was on Meade's staff and rode here and there with dispatches during the battle.
5. Benedict, Vol. I, page 112.
6. Schaff, page 257.
7. This fact was told the present writer many times by her elders.
8. Burnham, page 154.
9. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies.*

10. For its first hundred years, St. Michael's Episcopal Church stood on the river side of Main Street in the rear of the lot now occupied by the F. W. Woolworth Company. The Town Hall and Auditorium was next door opposite the High Street corner. In 1952 the church was transported bodily up Main Street to its present location at the corner of Putney Road and Bradley Avenue.

11. The original of the Governor's letter, as well as the commission, is in the possession of the present writer. It is quoted by Benedict on page 114, Vol. I, *Vermont in the Civil War.*

12. Benedict, Vol. I, page 114.

13. Cabot, page 155.

14. Waite, page 264.

15. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. I, Vol. 3, page 90.

Chapter 11

Shenandoah by Land and by Water

Sergeant Major Guy Ashton Brown took up the saga of the Sixth Corps in August 1864. They were in the Shenandoah Valley with Phil Sheridan. Guy was in Ricketts' Third Division, which often marched side by side with the Vermonters in Getty's Second Division. The marching was easier than in eastern Virginia. There were thick forests, soft turf and no dust, and they were lost in admiration of their diminutive General, who rode his big black horse like a centaur and was brilliant and intrepid in action.

Guy wrote to Edward Royall Tyler from "Head Qrs. 9th N. Y. Artillery Near Harpers Ferry Va." dated "Aug. 8 /64."

"My dear Ned, Since you and Bessie have heard from me I have been 'exploring' Virginia & Maryland, having walked on foot 315 miles during the past month. You have probably heard of me now and then through Florence or Mother. I am very selfish and sometimes wish you were away from home and down here with me, but I am glad you are there, when I think of the suffering they have all experienced. They have suffered enough by John's death and Cornele's, and I am glad they are spared the suffering they would experience were you in the Army, and exposed to what they were, to what I have been, and to what I am still to be. We were here a week ago, went back to Frederick, are here now and call ourselves 'Harpers Weekly.' *Such is life.* It is rumored that we are bound for a trip down the Valley, but that will depend on the movements of the Rebels. But I must close. Write soon.

Your old boy
Guy
Sgt. Major Atty"

Guy had been in the Sixth Corps since the end of May. The

Ninth New York Heavy Artillery had left the defenses of Washington after the Battle of the Wilderness. They joined the Sixth Corps on May 26 on the North Anna River and were in time to cross the Pamunkey with them on May 28 and march to Cold Harbor in Grant's downward thrust through Virginia. The corps, commanded since Spotsylvania by the dignified, painstaking, and energetic Horatio G. Wright, reached there on May 31. At Cold Harbor, where five roads met leading to the Chickahominy, to Richmond, and to White House, the old and now the new supply base, the Ninth New York experienced their first taste of battle. Written across an upper corner of one of Guy's letters from the Valley are the words, "I enclose an order given to our Division for gallant conduct at the Battle of Cold Harbor June 1st." But, unfortunately, the enclosure is among the missing!

But ten days of constant hostilities failed to dislodge the Confederates from the crossings of the Chickahominy, and Grant moved on June 12 to the vicinity of Petersburg. While he was fighting it out on that line that summer, Jubal Early swooped down from the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland to threaten Washington, and Lincoln asked Grant for the Sixth Corps.

So, after a month of constant warfare, Guy Brown took transport with the Ninth New York Heavy to Baltimore on July 6, for Ricketts' division of the corps went first. They moved out in cattle cars from Baltimore for Frederick to join General Lew Wallace, the future author of "Ben Hur." With him they met Early in midmorning of July 9 as Guy's brother headed out to sea on the *Iroquois*. They were five miles south of Frederick, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Monocacy River between the Washington and Baltimore Pikes. The Tenth Vermont in the First Brigade was on the extreme left of Ricketts' line in the meadows by the river, and the Ninth New York Heavy in the Second Brigade was on the rising ground at the right. Though outnumbered and forced to retire down the Baltimore Pike about sunset, Wallace's stand at the Battle of the Monocacy delayed Early's advance on Washington for two days and permitted the rest of the Sixth Corps to reach the capital as soon as he did.

Lincoln and Stanton were at the wharf to greet them as they landed on the morning of July 12. The city had been in a near

panic, its ring of fortifications then sparsely defended with hurriedly assembled troops augmented by invalids and government clerks. (Was Will Tyler among the latter?) The bronzed and battleworn Sixth Corps marched through the city and out Seventh Street to the sound of Early's cannon and the welcoming cheers of the crowds which lined the sidewalks and shouted, "It is the old Sixth Corps! Hurrah for the men who stormed Marye's Heights!" Again they were going to meet the man from whom they had wrested those terrible works. He had halted near Fort Stevens on the Seventh Street Pike, built largely by the Eleventh Vermont while stationed in the defenses of Washington before they were sent to the Vermont Brigade after the grievous losses in the Wilderness. The President stood beside General Wright on the parapet during most of the action, while in the opposite camp with Early was General John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, former Vice-President of the United States.

That night the Confederates fell back through Rockville and marched all night toward the Potomac fords to the northwest. The Sixth Corps started out in pursuit the next noon. Ricketts' division of the corps took its turn at a tempestuous welcome when it arrived from Baltimore by train on the 14th. They marched up Pennsylvania Avenue amidst continuous ovation, according to Captain Lemuel Abiah Abbott of the Tenth Vermont Regiment. "Great respect was shown our Division," he noted in his diary, "as it was known that it was its stubborn fight at Monocacy that had saved Washington, and the sidewalks, windows, balconies, housetops were thronged with enthusiastic people."[1]

Two years later Guy Brown wrote to Ned in Washington, "Remember me to Will. I shall not soon forget his kindness to me when I passed through Washington after the Battle of the Monocacy."

The Third Division broke camp the next morning (July 15) and marched on after their comrades. They joined the rest of the Corps on the evening of the 17th near Leesburg, where they reentered Virginia and pressed on to the Blue Ridge for their first view of the Shenandoah Valley, which was to become so familiar to them. "As the Sixth Corps is the best marching, fighting and reliable one in the Army," Capt. Abbott modestly observed in his

diary, "I reckon Grant and Meade knew what they were about when they concluded to send it after Early. Now if they will only send us Sheridan, we will lick the whole rebel army."

Grant and Lincoln had the same idea. For three years, the rich valley guarded by high mountains had been an ideal avenue of invasion for the Confederacy, southward or northward as occasion demanded, and its bountiful harvests had supplied her armies. Grant sent General Philip H. Sheridan, the brilliant thirty-four-year-old cavalry leader, to mold a new Army of the Shenandoah with orders to put it "south of the enemy and follow him to the death."

The Army of the Shenandoah had pushed south to Charlestown, Virginia, when Guy wrote again to Ned "Care of Deacon G. W. Whittlesey, New Milford, Conn."[2]

Head Qu 9th NY Artillery
Near Charlestown Va Aug. 20, 1864

My dear old boy:

Yours from New Milford just received this A.M. How much I thank you for it. It would look extremely ludicrous to you, had you seen me when I received it this morning. One of the boys had just brought in a pig, and I was buried in the mysteries of disection, and broiling 'pork stake' and 'Tender Loins' when 'Mail!' was shouted. *'A letter for the Sert. Major,'* another said, and in a minute I had your letter in my greasy fingers, perusing it with avidity, and so much so that my 'stake' was in danger of being burnt. However it did not. I eat my breakfast, 'Coffee,' 'Stake' & 'Hard Tack' and after *washing,* set down *alone by myself* to reperuse your letter.

I am sincerely happy to hear that you are enjoying yourself, and sometimes am selfish enough to wish I were with you, but it is not to be. My duty to my country requires my services, and if I live, so long as she is trodden down by the cursed traitor, so long will I remain here by her side. I would not like to see you in the Army. You are too noble and generous to be lost in this struggle. However, I do not wish myself out of it, for my length of service has endured me, to its *hardships, long marches, fights, etc.* and I am content, where I now am.

Yesterday morning heavy firing was heard, some miles away, but towards noon came closer, and by two P.M. we were ordered into line, passing on a march 'by column' a large number of cavalry, who said they had been driven by the Rebs, con-

sequently we expected a *severe* engagement. After marching by 'column' a mile, we formed in two lines of battle and executed a 4-mile charge, driving the Rebels four miles *on the double quick.* What do you think of that?—'*A Four Mile Charge*!' It must have been a great effort for the Rebels to *retreat* for they did it so fast, they did not fire *very severe.*

Well I must close. I have not heard from Rufus and am, as you are, *surprised.* Write soon.

Truly Yours as ever, affectionate as a brother
Guy
Sgt Major 9th NYA

When he wrote from "In the field Va., September 12, 1864," the Sixth Corps was at Clifton facing Early on the high ground west of the Opequon. Guy told Ned about a "ludicrous account" of an adventure Florence had related in a letter from Brattleboro. She and Edith "ran away from George coming home from church Sunday night," whereupon the young man told his mother, which "created a great row in the family." "All because he was such a baby and had to tell everything!" Kit observed tartly, adding, "So you see we are having a gay and festive time up here." No doubt they are," Guy continued. "I wish I were there and you too. But I must give her a blowing up for this same letter for she does not speak of your mother or George with the respect she should." He added the sage comment, "Not having seen as much of the world as you or I, George took the thing to heart when the girls ran away from him, while we would have 'cut' them, or have done something more disagreeable by being silent." But George grew up and so did the saucy Kit and it was not many years before young Hanson spoke of them as "two folks who can't tear themselves apart a few minutes—they've been cooing at each other most every day for six months."

"Do you not think we have been successful at Atlanta?" Guy went on. "It helps Uncle Abe a good deal, does it not? Do you not hope he will be re-elected? I do, for if he is, and the north springs speedily to arms, his Generals, Grant, Meade, Sherman &c. will crush out the rebellion in the way it should be (by force of arms) and the Union be restored to its former condition, but on the peace platform, this can never be done, for they (the south) will want their Confederacy, and *on that* platform they will get it.

"Is Bessie still with you? Give my best love to her. Have you yet made up your mind what you are going to do for a livelihood? (Excuse the question, my dear boy, but you know I am always interested in your welfare.)

"I think I have written enough nonsense, politics, &c., to keep you busy for a while and set you to work answering it. Write soon.

Yours affectionately,
Guy
Sgt Maj &c &c

P.S. When is Rufus expected home?"

It was at midnight of the next day that the lonely soldier poured out his heart to his beloved friend by campfire and moonlight in a letter dated "In Camp September 13, 1864 In the field Va. Midnight." "It is a beautiful evening," Guy wrote. "The Queen of Night rides undisturbed in her career through the heavens and her satellites shine forth beautiful and brilliant. The campfires are kept alight by solitary individuals, who undoubtedly, like me, are thinking of absent friends, as I am thinking of you.

"I am thinking of the happy hours we have spent in each other's society; of the agony I suffered, when we were in the water together at Fisher's Pond; when I thought of your dying, I nearby and not able to save you; when I thought it would be my lot to break the sad news to relatives and friends; when I should see you lowered into the grave free from all worldly cares; when I thought of life before me without you in existence. Should I fall in this struggle, my last prayer would be that I might breathe my last with you nearby to soothe and comfort me.

"It is growing late. I have arisen several times to replenish my fire and to pace in conformity with the movements of the sentinel in front of our tent. He also is undoubtedly thinking of home and absent friends. My comrades, whom I designate as my 'Staff,' have gone to rest. They are fine young men. They have passed through with me the ordeal of fire from the enemy. One of them had his blanket shot through six times and in the same skirmish I received a ball through my hat.

"Yesterday's mail brought me a letter from Gerty giving extracts from Allan's recent letter which I find very interesting.

"It is growing late and I must close. Excuse the writing as I can hardly see my lines or the end of my pen. Love to Bessie.

Your affectionate brother
Guy"

Captain Rodgers had reported to Secretary Gideon Welles the arrival of the *Iroquois* at "Harbor of Brest" on July 29 after nineteen days from New York, and Ensign Brown had reported the same to Mrs. Brown. At half past five in the morning during Allan's watch, they made the offshore Island of Ushant, fired a gun, hoisted their colors, and "sent McCormick off in a boat to see if he could pick up a pilot. He came off at half past nine and we stood directly for this place," the land high and rocky at the shore line, crowned by the most perfect cultivation with hedges in all directions.

Allan went ashore on August 2, passing through the gates of the old walled city. "A laughable incident occurred," he related afterwards. "The Captain had been ashore buying wine and, after directing the merchant to deliver it to 'Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers,' the box came on board addressed by the ingenious Frenchman to 'Sir Harpy Rodgers.' " But Captain Rodgers reported from Havre on August 20 that Brest was not adapted to their needs and that their presence was disagreeable to the authorities; at Cherbourg, where they went on August 9, it was "manifestly disagreeable." The French authorities remembered the *Kearsarge*. It was requested that all mail be sent to them at Dover, England.

Allan was for the first time in sight of the White Cliffs when he turned out on the morning of August 11. "As we stood along up the English coast, we passed a good many vessels standing in all directions, but we saw not the object of our search, the now and ever famous *Kearsarge*. We learned that she was at 'The Downs.' You know the song, 'All in the Downs the fleet lay round When Black Eyed Susan came aboard' and probably have wondered what 'The Downs' meant. It is simply a sort of bight, a place where the water is shallower than usual and the anchorage very good. Vessels of all kinds anchor here waiting for fair winds." There they saw the *Kearsarge* and anchored near her. Her captain, John A. Winslow, was invited aboard the *Iroquois* for dinner

with her executive officer and doctor (Lt. Commander James S. Thornton and John M. Browne, Surgeon—both of New Hampshire, as was the ship and the mountain for which it was named). The conqueror of the *Alabama,* which had gone down in the English Channel off Cherbourg under pounding from the *Kearsarge* guns, was received with all the honors: "Marine Guard in full dress and the officers in their good clothes." Dinner over, the two vessels got under way and went down to Dover *à deux,* firing a salute of twenty-one guns to the English flag as they anchored.

"We have arrived at Dover once more," H. S. Hobson, one of the original crew, wrote in after years. "For us joyful news has come. The U.S. Iroquois has arrived here, with orders for us to proceed home."

Farewell, sister ship Iroquois,
Farewell, chalky cliffs of Dover,
We are cruising down the channel.
Our cruise in these waters is over.[3]

Walking on the Esplanade the next day at Dover (August 12), Ensign Brown of the *Iroquois* saw "style and fashion in great plenty," as well as a group of country people, one of whom was overheard to say as they stared at the ship, "Let's go down 'ere and get a boat, you know, for I want to go on board that ship and see the *Indians* you know: they are well worth seeing."

"Why, how do you do my dear fellows—I am glad to see you" was the startling greeting on the French side of the Channel the *next day,* August 13, as Allan and his shipmates ("Wheeler, Taylor, Bates, and Greene") were walking leisurely along the streets of Boulogne. The speaker was a pleasant gentleman in a small carriage who explained that he was the only American in Boulogne and invited them to call upon him and his daughter at the Imperial Hotel. After availing themselves of this opportunity for a visit with fellow Americans, the group continued on their way to the Cafe Veyez to meet a dozen French officers, with whom they had been invited to attend the Grand Ball at the Casino.

At St. Nazaire, France, on August 27, they could see the masts of "two large vessels intended for the rebels. Their guns are

at Nantes and are to come here as innocent merchandise to be put on board the vessels and will then be transformed into vessels of the CSN. I suppose that we will watch them and try to prevent their getting out," Ensign Brown told Mrs. B. He was on sick leave when Captain Rodgers visited the vessels in citizen's dress and was impressed by their formidable aspect. He was not permitted to go below, he told Gideon Welles, though he had no reason to believe he was suspected of being a United States Naval Officer.

"Bad news! Bad news!" Allan mourned on September 10. "We have received our orders for *China.* I thought this was far enough away. But *China* is *awful!*" It was not a nice birthday present for the expectant young father. He was twenty-one on September 2. The orders were not exactly for China. Headquarters were to be at Batavia (now Djakarta), in Indonesia, on the northwest coast of Java. The *Iroquois'* order, dated August 9, was to proceed to the Far East by way of the Madeira Islands, Brazil, and the Cape of Good Hope: object, the "protection of our commerce against the depradations of rebel privateers—if any rebel craft appears, your duty is to follow her."[4]

They were at "Downs, England," on September 14, Rodgers wrote to Welles, "seeking shelter from bad weather," and would go to Dover for provisions. Allan too spoke of bad weather as he wrote on the same date from "Deal in the Downs," "The Sacramento is near us, but it is blowing so hard we cannot communicate with her except by signal. We lay in stores at Dover for our trip to Madeira." They sailed from Portsmouth September 16.

They were exactly twenty-two days ahead of the Confederate ship which was to be their prospective quarry when they left the beautiful harbor of Funchal, the main port of the Madeira Islands off northwest Africa, on September 27. The *Iroquois* left Teneriffe in the Canaries south of Madeira on September 29. She left St. Vincent in the Portuguese Cape Verde Islands on October 9. They chased a steamer the next night. Allan was awakened by the gong beating to quarters and the messenger saying, "A steamer in sight, Sir." "The frantic manner in which I put on my clothes and started up the hatch was a caution," he wrote. "I was the first officer on deck and had my gun ready in short order. The Captain thought

at one time that the steamer was the 'Florida' and by the way in which she ran off, the opinion seemed not unreasonable. We chased her for two hours and stayed at Quarters all the time." Later, as they looked back to the date of October 9 during their long search for the *Shenandoah,* they were all sure that their "chased steamer" had been the famed Dixie raider. They did not know, as historians have since informed us, that the merchantman, *Sea King,* in which guise the *Shenandoah* began her adventures, did not clear the Thames Estuary until the early morning of Saturday, October 8, only one day before the *Iroquois* left St. Vincent off the coast of West Africa.

A new Tyler-Brown arrived in mid-October. Helen Tyler Brown was born October 14, 1864, in Brattleboro. She was named, of course, for Gertrude's little sister, Helen Tyler, who died at the age of four. A twelvemonth would pass before Ensign Brown could make his daughter's acquaintance. On the day of her birth the *Iroquois* was five hundred miles north of the equator. She crossed it at 5:30 P.M. October 16, and on October 18, anchored off the island of Fernando do Norhonha, a Brazilian convict station, three hundred miles northeast of Natal, Brazil.

So with the Atlantic Ocean and the equator between the *Iroquois* and the object of her future search, on that same night of October 18, an innocent looking merchantman, the *Sea King,* bound from London allegedly to Bombay with a load of coal, steamed back and forth across the mouth of Funchal Harbor in Madeira. The night was beautiful with warmth and moonlight as she signaled to the watching *Laurel,* another merchantman, which had left Liverpool on Sunday morning, October 9, for the African meeting place. Both ships had been sold to the Confederacy. When morning came and the *Laurel* could clear the port, she stood out for the *Sea King* and followed her to the rendezvous, a sheltered cove in the lonely uninhabited Las Desertas Islands south of Madeira. It took a day and a night, working under tremendous pressure, to transfer the *Laurel's* heavy cargo of "machinery" to the *Sea King.* No one on either vessel, English or otherwise, wished to be discovered there by any Union cruiser which might be lurking in the vicinity; least of all the group of eager purposeful young men which the *Laurel* had brought along as "passengers" before

they appeared in uniforms of the Confederate Navy. Two days at the barren island transformed the *Sea King* into the *Shenandoah,* the Dixie raider which would carry the Southern flag into the far corners of the globe for months after the surrender at Appomattox.

The night of October 18 was *not* bright and warm in the valley for which the Confederate ship was named. It was dark and stormy as the Confederates crossed the Shenandoah River, circled through the woods, and poised for a surprise attack on the Union Army on Cedar Creek. Four days before, on the day that little Helen was born, her young uncle was marching back through the mountains to rejoin Sheridan's army, the Sixth Corps having set out to return to Grant. Orders countermanding the march to Alexandria reached them on October 13 at Ashby's Gap as they were literally about to ford the Shenandoah River. Wright and Getty were already in the water. The corps faced about, bivouacked that night by the river and started back at daylight from Ashby's Gap on October 14.

Since the Union victories at Winchester (or the Opequon) on September 19, and at Fisher's Hill on September 22, the Shenandoah Valley had a new military master, one worthy of its days under "Stonewall." "Little Phil," thinking Early east of the Blue Ridge, had permitted the Sixth Corps' return to the Army of the Potomac, but "Old Jube," learning of their detachment, slipped back to the valley.

Wright's corps reached Cedar Creek, where the Army of the Shenandoah was encamped, on the afternoon of October 14. Sheridan's army lay on the left bank of Cedar Creek just above its junction with the Shenandoah between Massanutten and Little North Mountains. They were along the Valley Pike two miles above the village of Middletown. Guy wrote of the march in a matter-of-fact manner the next day, little knowing that the quiet "Camp near Middletown Va." from which he wrote on "October 15, 1864," would four days later become the historic Battlefield of Cedar Creek.

"I would have answered your last letter immediately," he wrote, "but we were ordered into line, and next day at 5 A.M. we set out on a march to Alexandria, by way of Ashby's Gap, but had only reached the Gap when the order was countermanded

and yesterday we arrived here at 2 P.M. There was a fight here day before yesterday between the 8th Corps and the Rebels and Sheridan concluded to recall us.

"It is about time for this campaign to close. It is growing decidedly cool, and at night the water in our canteens will freeze. I think *that* cold enough for winter quarters. I am in fear though that Grant will enact a winter campaign.

"I expect a commission in this Regt as a 2d Lieut. and that too before this year expires. Our Major has seen fit to recommend me to that position, but they are so slow in their work at *Albany* that it will be some time before I will receive the important document. Supposing you write a note to *Dan* who is in the office at Albany requesting him to be on the lookout for my letter of recommend from the Commanding Officer of this Regt. and *help it along.*

"I hope to hear from you again very soon and also of your safe arrival at Washington with Bill, and when we get into winter quarters, get a leave and come to see you.

"Love to Bessie and all the rest.

My Brother: Your Brother!
Guy"

General Sheridan was called to Washington the next day for a conference with Stanton, leaving the Sixth Corps' General Wright in charge of the army. The Confederate signal station on Fisher's Hill, where the wily Early was completing his plans, looked down on the Union camps, which curved for four miles in an irregular bow along the bend of Cedar Creek. In the dense fog of the early morning hours of October 19, Jubal Early fell upon the sleeping Eighth Corps encamped on either side of the turnpike at the Union left. The surprise attack drove them in confusion to the rear, leaving the adjoining Nineteenth Corps to rally as best they could.

The Sixth Corps lay at the extreme right of the army along Meadow Brook paralleling the turnpike. They had been aroused by the firing at five o'clock and soon received word from General Wright at Sheridan's headquarters to move to a position at the rear on which the other corps could rally. Owing to their gen-

eral's enlarged duties at Cedar Creek, several of our friends in the Sixth Corps moved up a rung in the ladder of command for that action. Moving across the plain behind their camp, the First and Third Divisions formed their lines of battle parallel with the pike, and there they were attacked with great fury while Getty's division on the far right was moving up. Ricketts' Third Division, with the General temporarily in command of the corps, was the first to form and "checked the victorious advance of the enemy for thirty or forty minutes."[5] General Ricketts was gravely wounded during that time. General Getty, who came up with his men at seven o'clock, then took over the command of the Sixth Corps. He turned over the command of his Second Division to General Lewis A. Grant, leader of the Vermont Brigade, and Amasa S. Tracy, who succeeded John Steele Tyler as colonel of the Second Vermont Regiment, assumed command of the brigade. John's friend, Elijah Wales of Brattleboro, commanded the "Venerable Second" during the Battle of Cedar Creek.[6]

A yellow envelope containing Sgt. Major Brown's letter about the battle no doubt owes its preservation to the identification emblazoned in Guy's handwriting across the front for all the world to read: "Soldier's Letter from the 9th N Y Heavy, in Sheridan's Army up the Valley. *'Bully for the 6th Corps who saved the Army' Hurrah for Lincoln—death to Traitors.'* "

And the "Song of the Sixth Corps" boasted:

> "At Cedar Run's fierce battlefield
> The Eighth Corps ran away.
> The Nineteenth broke and left the Sixth
> To bear the brunt that day."[7]

That they bore it well from dawn to dusk is amply recorded in all official reports.

Midmorning brought a lull in the fierce fighting, while both sides were reorganizing their lines. General Wright had not lost hope or given up the day, when noontime brought the unexpected and dramatic return of Sheridan, galloping "from Winchester twenty miles away," heralded by tumultuous cheers as he approached.

Vermont's Colonel Tracy was the first man in the Sixth Corps to address him, greeting him with, "General, we're glad to see you," as the doughty warrior rode up on his fiery Mohawk steed.[8] "I'm glad to be here," was the answer. "What troops are these?" at which "Sixth Corps! Vermont Brigade!" was shouted from the ranks. "We're all right. We'll have our camps by night." And the General galloped on to ride through all his command conferring with his generals and inspiring his men. "We'll fight along Getty's line" was the verdict, and at four o'clock "the long thin line of the Sixth Corps" was hurled against the enemy.

"Come up with me, you Nineteenth, Eighth," they boasted—not quite fairly perhaps. "Come up with me, I say.

"Why do you lag so far behind?
We have not lost the day.

"Come up upon this crest of hill.
'Twill be a glorious sight.
You won't get hurt. You needn't fire.
But see that Sixth Corps fight!"

Night fell on a victorious Army of the Shenandoah with camps, cannon, and men recaptured, many Confederate guns and prisoners taken, and the Southerners pushed back across Cedar Creek with Custer's cavalry in hot pursuit through the hills.

The David-Jonathan letter in the yellow envelope addressed to Edward R. Tyler at New Haven was dated October 23, 1864. "Dear old boy," Guy wrote. "Again we have fought a most terrific and bloody battle. Again have I escaped from danger of the bullet or the shrieking shell. You have read the dispatches from Sheridan and the details of the bloody conflict. The *thinned* ranks of my own regiment (the 9th Heavy as we are called) shows that the blue cross was nobly followed by us. The *6th Corps* saved this Army from defeat, for the others had *run* before we even formed line of battle. As it was, Our Division, the noble old blue cross, formed first and *alone* held the Rebels in check, until the 1st and 2d Divisions formed on its right and left. Many were the deeds executed by gallant men that day. General Ricketts was wounded early in the engagement.

"You have learnt that we were driven by the rebels early in

the morning, but rallied and at 4 P.M., charged, drove them back, capturing 46 guns and 1500 prisoners and, as Phil Sheridan promised us, each Corps, each Regiment and each Division encamped on the same ground where we slept in the morning. On my return I found a dead rebel in front of where I slept the night before. I was hungry and his haversack furnished me with some good eatables. I also obtained $1.50 in Confederate currency off his body. I sent the 50 cent shin plaster as a present to my niece (Gertrude's little girl) and I will send you the balance of $1.00. It will be a curiosity for you to preserve.

"You know I am an Uncle now and I feel quite proud over the title. I received a letter from Florence and nothing was there in it except full details about the baby. I expect that all future letters from there will be all about the little girl's health, prospects, &c, &c. Consequently, you must write more frequently to enliven this poor fellow's life. Write soon. Love to Bessie.

Truly your Brother
Guy

Ned"

It seems rather remarkable that news of the baby's birth had reached the valley by that date, especially in view of the intervening confusion at Cedar Creek. Official word of her arrival did not reach the father until January 7, 1865.

At Pernambuco, Brazil, on October 20, those on the *Iroquois* learned of the capture of the *Florida* by the *Wachusett* in Bahia Harbor. The Brazilian authorities were not pleased. Just as the *Iroquois* entered the harbor at "Rio" on October 30, "a boat came off from the fort which lies at the entrance to the harbor to inquire if we were the Wachusett and we could see the garrison at the guns ready to keep us out if we were." (Mr. Brown to Mrs. Brown) Police authorities were friendly to *him,* however, when Captain Rodgers sent him ashore on November 10 to look for two of their "liberty men" who had failed to return to the ship by sunset as ordered. He went into "all the places of amusement and rum shops" with an interpreter before going to the police station. The *delegado* was at the opera so there the young man went. "I was invited to sit in his box and made to sit down and 'listen to this song—it is very fine' and then he sent for a captain of police

and ordered him to go with me to all the low holes in the city. We took a carriage and drove off, getting along very finely, considering that neither of us could understand the other's language. We traveled around for some time before returning to the police station, where we found one of the objects of our search snugly housed for the night. I returned to the ship at half past 12 and turned out at four for the morning watch."

The *Iroquois* was seven miles up the Santos River on November 20 with the mountains, which fringe the coast, rising abruptly three miles beyond the city of Santos. There they found the *Onward,* a converted American merchantman commanded by an acting master, and received an invitation to a party ashore immediately upon anchoring. The captain had recently married "a very pretty Brazilian lady *said* to be worth considerable money and a coffee plantation." Repairing to the consul's on the way to the dance, they met his family and "Mrs. Onward, but as she *no intende'd* English, the conversation was not very animated."

Arriving at the ballroom, "our conductor (a gentleman of Irish extraction) took us to find partners, the process being as follows:

> Lady, sitting: Irishman, with American Officer on his arm:
> I. (in Portuguese) Are you engaged for this dance, Miss?
> L. No, sir.
> I. Will you do this gentleman the favor to dance with him?
> L. Yes, sir.
> A.O. (Seeing that the reply is favorable, sticking out his arm for the lady to take) Do you speak English?
> L. No intende.
> A.O. Parlez-vous Français?
> L. No intende.

"By this time the music having begun, the conversation ceases. The dance over, the American Officer seats the lady, saying, '*Monto obligado, Senorita,*' and thus the farce ends, only to be repeated over and over again; for we took the shine off the Brazilians and did the larger share of the dancing. About 11:30 tea was handed round to the ladies in the ballroom; to the gentlemen in the card room, where could be found ale and wine, cards, and cigars! There was no laughing and chatting, no mingling of the sexes!"

The Sixth Corps was leaving the Shenandoah Valley. Early's

defeat at Cedar Creek marked the virtual end of the campaign. Guy wrote on the first of December, the eve of their departure, from "Camp Russell Va," where the Sixth Corps lay at Kernstown. His letter was addressed to "Edward R. Tyler, Second Auditor's Office, Treasury Department, Washington, D.C." for Ned, who had graduated from Yale the previous June, had followed his brother, Will, into Federal employment.

"Ere this reaches you," his friend wrote, "our Corps will have changed its base. Either to 'Tennessee' under Thomas, 'South Carolina or Georgia' under Sherman or 'Petersburg' under Grant. The 1st Division marched today, the 2d will leave tomorrow, and 'we' on the 3d inst. will follow. The papers will let you know where we are going as soon as we arrive and before I know *where* we are. Write often and soon.

"I have not received the 'posich' for which I am an aspirant. But, my dear boy, I have a little better position than a 2d Lieut, for I was *recommended* as a *1st Lieutenant* and my papers (letter of recommend) were in the office at Albany on the 2d of November. The Col was anxious to recommend me, but hardly dared to do it above so many *old officers* (2d Lieuts). However, Pringle (whom you remember in Batavia) was a 1st Lieut in Co 'M' (my old company) and he resigned. Here was the chance, and the Lt. Col. (Snyder) immediately recommended me in his place. Pringle took the letter *himself* and on the way home left it at Albany for me. So you see, I have done things up *'brown,'* and am anxiously expecting the 'commish.' I have written a letter to Dan today in regard to it.

"I must close. Love to Bill.

Yours till *death,*
Guy

[Blue flannel insignia of "Blue Cross" pinned to letter under signature] "Direct as Usual
2d Brig. 3d (Ricketts 'Blue Cross') 6th Corps
In the field"

Ned too became an uncle the day after this letter was written. Cornelius Canfield Billings, son of Elizabeth Tyler and the late Captain Billings, was born December 2, 1864 in New Haven, Connecticut.

A penciled letter written "On Board Steamer Herman Livingston" in a very shaky hand and dated December 5, 1864, shows that the two friends were vouchsafed a brief reunion in Washington and that Guy had received his commission via the faithful Ned. (One wonders at the informal manner in which friends and relatives carried official documents around!) As John Tyler had done in April 1862 at the beginning of the First Peninsula Campaign, anoher eighteen-year-old officer wrote of entering the James River under the guns of Fortress Monroe. But Lieut. Brown was "En Route for City Point," Grant's headquarters and major supply base, ten miles northeast of Petersburg at the confluence of the Appomattox and the James Rivers.

"My dear boy," the letter began, "I am writing under difficulties. This confounded steamer jars one so that I can hardly write. We are going to City Point for we are now steaming up the James River, passing Fortress Monroe at daylight this morning. As soon as you left me yesterday, I went below and selected a State Room in company with two of our Lieutenants and at two P.M. took dinner with all the rest of the officers. It came in quite handy for had I not had my commission in my pocket, I could not have partaken of the 'grub' which by the way was very nice, roast beef, lamb, &c, &c.

"I shall muster as soon as we are in camp near Petersburg, or wherever we may be going. You will write to Dan and tell him of the receipt of my commission; to Bessie and the rest. I shall do so as soon as I have a better chance than I have here now. We will probably arrive at City Point by 12 M. and I shall mail this at the first opportunity.

"I have been reading over your letter which you wrote when you sent my commission. You did not imagine how soon you were to see me when you wrote 'I hope to see you soon.' I thank God we did meet for had we not done so yesterday in Washington, it may never have been my lot to see you again during life.

"Love to Will.

Affectionately,
Yours
Guy
Lieut 9th N.Y.A.

Ned"

Far to the south of Virginia, Guy's brother was at Montevideo, Uruguay, eating strawberries and new potatoes—"But here, where everything is turned around," the sailor explained to his wife, "where you find the sun and moon north of you instead of south; where the North Star has long ceased to be visible and the far famed Southern Cross has taken its place; here, where are all these things so strange to our northern eyes; strawberries in December do not seem out of their element."

They had been to Buenos Aires and back, to coal ship and repair boilers, and were chafing at the delay, the Captain most of all. But he was pleased with his interviews with the Presidents of Argentina and Uruguay and impressed with their "cordial good will and manifest recognition of the United States as the great bulwark of all American nationalities."[9]

On December 12 the mail brought news "of Sheridan's and Early's fight in the Shenandoah Valley." It also brought a Brazilian newspaper with word that the C.S.S. *Shenandoah* was in those waters and had burned an American ship on the equator. She had burned the *Lizzie M. Stacey* one degree north of the equator on Sunday, November 13. The *Iroquois* left South America "with all dispatch," Rodgers reported,[10] and sailed toward the coast of South Africa in search of the Dixie raider. Actually, the latter had already had a field day preying on American commerce in the trans-world traffic between the two continents. She had made short work of the *Alina* of Searsport, Maine, the *Charter Oak* and the *De Godfrey* of Boston, and the *Susan* of New York, and had sent prisoners back to Brazil by the Danish *Anna Jans*. The bark *Adelaide* out of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, carried a British cargo and was permitted to go on her way unmolested.

She spied her first whaler, the *Edward* of New Bedford, on December 4 near the whaling grounds around Tristan da Cunha, a group of islands formed by the tops of dead volcanoes in the South Atlantic between the tips of South America and South Africa. The men on the *Edward* were at work on *their* prize and were busily engaged in dismembering their 40-ton monster when the *Shenandoah* came up with them. The destruction of the Amer-

ican whaling fleet was the prime object of the voyage. The raider lay deside the *Edward* for two days, helping themselves to her supplies, including her five whaleboats. They set her afire at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, December 6. There were too many prisoners for the raider to manage. They were put ashore at Tristan da Cunha. Three of the whaleboats were loaded with twenty-eight men and provisions and left to the hospitality of the islanders. Be it said that the *Shenandoah* never took a life.

The swift *Shenandoah* sailed on bound for Melbourne, Australia. It was three weeks before the *Iroquois,* described by the author of *Dixie Raider* as a "beat up old tub with scant canvas and leaky boilers,"[11] reached Tristan da Cunha.

"A fair wind at last," Allan Brown wrote on December 20, 1864, "and we have triced up our propellers and are now under sail . . . We have got every sail set (December 22) that the old tub can possibly carry and are going through the water at seven knots and a half, getting along faster than if we were steaming and are saving our coal for emergencies. The fires are banked (just as they used to be on the blockade) and steam would be ready by the time that we could get the propeller in place again."

NOTES

1. Abbott, Major Lemuel Abiah, U.S.A. Late captain 10th Regiment Vermont Volunteer Infantry, *Personal Recollections & Civil War Diary,* page 121, Free Press Printing Company, Burlington, 1908.

2. Ned's younger brother, George Whittlesey Tyler, was presumably named for this Connecticut relative, his mother's brother-in-law.

3. H. S. Hobson, "One of her original Crew," "Famous Cruise of the Kearsage" (All in verse), Bonds Village, Massachusetts, 1894. Written for reunion of Kearsage veterans held at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 19, 1893, on occasion of the twenty-ninth anniversary of the capture of the *Alabama.*

4. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. I, Vol. 3, page 133.

5. Benedict, Vol. I, page 548.

6. *Ibid.*, page 120.

7. "Song of the Sixth Corps," sung to the tune of "Louisiana

Lowlands," is quoted on pages 562 and 563 of Volume I, *Vermont in the Civil War*. Capt. Brown also quoted it in a letter from Batavia written in 1867.

8. Benedict, I, page 557. Colonel Tracy, in command of the Brigade, was wounded shortly after this incident, which was related by Colonel A. F. Walker of the Eleventh Vermont Regiment.

9. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. I, Vol. 3, page 385.

10. *Ibid.*, page 403.

11. Murray Morgan, *Dixie Raider, The Saga of the CSS Shenandoah* (New York 1948), page 95.

Chapter 12

From Sea to Shining Sea

The Brown's stepbrother, Rufus Clark Tyler, had finished his long voyage to India on an American merchantman. "Brooklyn" appears at the top of a letter written that fall, but he was referring to the U.S.S. *Brooklyn.* She was at Hampton Roads with a large fleet poised for an attack on the Confederacy's one remaining seaport of Wilmington. Rufus was appointed acting master's mate in the Volunteer Navy as of October 8, 1864, and ordered to report to Rear Admiral Hiram Paulding for instruction in gunnery. Navy records contain the mystifying fact that he was "born in and a citizen of New York" but "appointed from Massachusetts." Do we see "Uncle John's" fine hand in this? Rufus' letter of acknowledgment and acceptance was dated October 17, 1864.[1] He was so uneasy about his trunk that he forgot to date his letter from Hampton Roads.

"Dear Father," the anxious youth wrote to the Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler, "I went to New York and was ordered here immediately. I am laboring under a great deal of uneasiness about my trunk. When I came off, Joe was going to send it after me by Express to Fortress Munroe, since which I have neither heard from him nor of my trunk. It is possible that I have addressed my letters to Joe incorrectly. I sent them to 53 Park Place, care of the firm (Carpenter, Vail and Fuller). I believe that is right. Anyway I wish you would write to him and tell him if he has sent my trunk to forward the receipt to me immediately. Please do not say anything about it to the loving friends &c in Bratt. It was foolish for me to come without it—but my orders were imperative—*to start by the next train.*

"A general order was read the other day strictly forbidding

all officers of the Navy from having any correspondence with the Press with regard to affairs here, on pain of dismissal. There are any quantity of Transports here probably to take troops to Wilmington. I am happy to say that all the officers that I heard of have voted for Lincoln.

"With the exception of my trunk I have been very lucky—ordered immediately into active service—put aboard a famous ship (for the Brooklyn in reputation stands second to no ship in the Navy), with good superior officers and a decent crew—consisting I believe of about four hundred & fifty men.

"As to Hanson—I wish you would put your foot down (as Aunt Minna used to say to me) that he should not go into the Navy as an apprentice. I should be very much disappointed should he do so. I think he would regret it very much after it was too late.

"I don't feel like writing—my trunk puts everything out of my head. Please write to Joe immediately. I am afraid we will move before it comes.

Write soon to
Your aff son

R. C. Tyler
A.M.M. U.S.N.
U.S.S. Brooklyn
Hampton Roads Va.

"Love to all—Fannie, mother, grandmother &c., also to my young nephew or niece whichever the gender may be."

There does not appear to be any evidence to substantiate the statement on page 279 of *Annals of Brattleboro* that *Clarence and Joseph Tyler were in the Confederate Army.* The statement seems strange, since information about the J.D.T. line was presumably furnished Miss Cabot by her close friend, Helen Tyler Brown. Family letters and Navy records have established that Clarence was in the Confederate *Navy.* There is nothing to pinpoint the whereabouts of "Joe" since Mrs. Tyler's letter to Gertrude placed him in Brattleboro in February 1862, and the above letter from Rufus locates him in New York. It is not likely that he would have

been there in the family firm at Carpenter, Vail and Fuller's if he had been in the Confederate Army meanwhile; nor is it likely that the youth would have made his way South *after* the fall of 1864.

As to Hanson, as Rufus said, *Guy* would scribble at the end of his penciled letter of December 5 to Ned, "I pity Hanson and with you am afraid he will go to the devil." The younger lad did not fulfill the dire prediction, which was Guy's reaction to the fact that his youngest stepbrother had been (in Stem's own words) "foolish enough to run away from home to try and see the world." "I was but a trifle over 13," Hanson recalled later, "when I sailed for Australia and survived a year's kicking and cuffing aboard a packet ship—but I wish I could have had a hand in the war!"

His brother's ship, the *Brooklyn,* had seen action since the beginning of the war. She had been characterized dramatically as the "Nation's front line of defense" by *Harper's Weekly* of January 19, 1861, which carried a full-page cover picture of the "2000-ton screw sloop." She too had recently been laid up for extensive repairs after the Battle of Mobile Bay in August 1864 and was attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron on November first.

The fleet under Admiral David D. Porter was waiting for General Butler, in charge of Union troops in North Carolina, to join them in the move against the Confederate stronghold of Fort Fisher at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The politically powerful Ben Butler of Massachusetts, the *bête noir* of New Orleans, who had quarreled with the Seventh Vermont at Ship Island and maligned them at the Battle of Baton Rouge, had now roused the ire of the Navy by his procrastination and delays in sending troops for the combined operation as expected. Secretary Welles himself appealed to the President on behalf of the large number of vessels which were lying idle awaiting the land forces, and which could ill be spared from blockade and cruising duty.

The fleet, consisting of seventy vessels of war, finally proceeded to the rendezvous late in December and anchored off Fort Fisher twenty-five miles from shore. Fort Fisher consisted of an immense series of works more than a mile in length at right angles to each other, terminating in a huge erection eighty feet in height

known as the Mound Battery. The channel of the Cape Fear River was tortuous, and the bar was usually covered with heavy breakers. On the morning of December 19 a heavy gale came on with tremendous force which threatened to drive the vessels in to the shore. General Butler and his transports sought refuge in the harbor at Beaufort while the fleet rode out the midwinter gale anchored in twenty fathoms of water in one continuous gallant line along the treacherous North Carolina coast.

On December 23 Admiral Porter sent word to the elusive General that the "Powder Boat," a pet Butler scheme, had been readied for him and would be anchored that night as near Fort Fisher as the Navy could get her. The scheme exploded with the powder boat at 1:30 on the morning of the 24th, but the fort, instead of falling as the general had hoped, was scarcely aware of the incident.

The fleet got under way in line of battle at daylight on Christmas Eve and at 11:30 in the morning obeyed the signal to engage the forts.[2] Rufus started a letter on "Sunday and Christmas Day. Dec. 25-1864." "My Dear Father," he wrote. "Night before last the powder boat exploded & about one o'clock yesterday we opened the ball & kept it up hot & heavy until nightfall stopped us. Just before we went into action all hands were called aft & the capt. read that beautiful prayer asking God to decide between us & our enemies & to let the right triumph. Though shot & shell fell all round us & hummed over our heads none were hurt. For five hours the air around & above the rebel forts was one blaze of bursting shells. We are now heaving up anchor to go at it again."

On Christmas Day the transports and troops appeared on the scene. The *Brooklyn* was assigned the task of going in as close to the forts as possible to cover the landing of the troops from their smaller vessels while the fleet bombarded the works. They fired slowly for seven hours, until sunset.

The soldiers commenced landing at two o'clock. Their Christmas excursion "in thick and rainy weather" ended unexpectedly at five o'clock when, to the surprise of everyone including themselves, they were ordered to reembark with several prisoners they had captured. The Admiral received the astonishing message that it was not practicable to assault. This was followed by a letter from

General Butler declaring that nothing but the operations of a regular siege could reduce the fort and that, as he saw nothing further to be done by the land forces, he would return to Hampton Roads.

Acting Master's Mate Tyler expressed his opinion of the affair. He continued his letter on "Tuesday, Dec. 27th." "Christmas morning we got into the line of battle, but as soon as we entered the engagement we rec'd orders to cover the landing of the troops which we did, dislodging the rebels from their batteries & from the woods. Part of the troops landed & captured some of the fortifications & entered Fort Fisher, when to the dismay of all—Army & Navy—they were ordered to *'retreat & re-embark.'* We were ordered to cover the re-embarkation. All Christmas day a heavy bombardment was kept up on the forts.

"Yesterday we were ordered to reconnoitre Fort Fisher & the mound, which we did, going as near as we could without getting aground. They opened fire on us. We gave them both broadsides twice & returned. In Saturday's action, we fired nearly one thousand nine-inch shells.

"We [the fleet] have pretty much silenced the forts. The soldiers had all but captured them & Gen. Butler orders them to retreat—& retreat they did—& have re-embarked and most of the transports have left the place altogether. Now I have no right to criticise those high in the confidence of government, but still I will say that it has an infernally cowardly look. The soldiers themselves were very much exasperated. The fleet is here, some of the ships very much battered & all nearly or quite out of ammunition. We have been very fortunate and have lost no men.

In haste

Rufus C. Tyler

"P.S. By 'we' I mean the *Brooklyn* with one exception."

Those "high in the confidence of government" were less restrained than the young sailor. Admiral Porter sent an immediate message by "swift steamer" to General Grant requesting that the troops be sent back *under another general.* He wrote to Gideon Welles, "If General Hancock, with ten thousand men, was sent down here, we could walk into the fort."[3] To which Mr. Welles responded, "Sir—Lieutenant General Grant will send immediately a competent force, properly commanded, to cooperate in the cap-

ture of the defenses on Federal Point."[4] Ben Butler was sent home to Lowell.

While the *Brooklyn* proceeded with the fleet to Beaufort to fill up with coal and ammunition and await the promised reinforcements, Allan Brown's ship, the *Iroquois,* approached tiny Tristan da Cunha, far off in the South Atlantic. "We sighted Tristan da Cunha, forty miles distant during our morning drill," he wrote on December 28, "and ran abreast the settlement about one o'clock. The island is about 8000 feet high, of volcanic formation, rising almost perpendicularly from the water. Some 500 acres are cultivated."

They were hailed with delight by the inhabitants of the world's loneliest island and by their reluctant guests landed there by the *Shenandoah.* "We found there the crews of two American vessels which had been burned by the rebel privateer Shenandoah, Captain James J. Waddell," Ensign Brown continued. 'She was here three weeks ago and so we are too late—again. The Florida was captured just as we got on the Brazil coast and now this fellow just gets out of our way: still it is a consolation to know we are on his track and stand some chance of falling in with him. I most sincerely trust that we will catch him.

"There are seven families on the island, 43 people in all. The patriarch (Peter Green) is about sixty years old, has been here 28 years, was cast away in a whaler and has been here ever since, has a wife and four or five children and seems to be in all respects the happiest man I ever saw, perfectly contented with his lot and perfectly satisfied with his condition. There is no government at all: *nominally,* they are under the Cape Governor but there is no authority exercised.

"We left the Island at five o'clock after a stay of four hours only, bringing away the *Shenandoah's* victims. The two captains[5] mess with us and seem to be quite pleasant people."

He wrote on New Year's Day 1865 that he had discovered that one of his classmates "from Virginia" was on board the *Shenandoah*—"and two of McCormick's classmates are Lieutenants on her, so it will be rather a curious meeting if we do run foul of her."

It seems likely that Allan's classmate was "Orris A. Browne of Virginia," twenty-year-old "passed Midshipman." There were no

ensigns on the *Shenandoah*. William Whittle of Virginia, the Executive Officer, graduated from Annapolis in 1858. There were four younger Lieutenants. John Grimball from South Carolina, who had been on the *Arkansas,* was an Annapolis graduate. Dabney M. Scales and Francis T. Chew had both attended the Naval Academy and were the most likely to have been the two in "McCormick's" class. The fourth Lieutenant, Sidney Smith Lee of Virginia, Robert E.'s nephew, had not been a United States midshipman.[6]

The *Iroqouis* dropped anchor in Table Bay, Cape Town, on January 9. McCormick went ashore and brought off the consul and the mail. Allan had four letters—one from his father-in-law, Judge Tyler, written on October 14 with news of the baby's birth; two from his wife, forwarded from Dover; and one from her written October 31, "so his long anxiety was over and he knew certainly of his daughter's advent," Gertrude wrote to her cousin, Bessie Billings. His reply, written from Cape Town, did not reach Brattleboro until the second of March.

And at Cape Town, Captain Rodgers found a letter from Secretary Welles dated September 29, 1864, telling him to return to New York if the *Iroquois'* condition did not warrant the trip to the East Indies. It didn't, Rodgers replied on January 9, but since the Secretary of the Navy had had no knowledge of the *Shenandoah* when he wrote in September, the *Iroquois* would keep on after her. They would sail the next day for Mauritius, a British-held island in the Indian Ocean.

Back in the North Atlantic, "Off Beaufort N C," the fleet was in readiness and was going back to Wilmington to "wipe off the disgrace which the cowardice of Butler has enveloped us in." "In the next battle," Rufus Tyler advised his father on January 5, 1865, "the Brooklyn is to lead—that means that all who can or dare follow us will be just as near as a ship can float to the forts. In addition, Capt. Alden (the name is synonymous with fearlessness) wishes to be made a Commodore. So taking it all in all we expect a very lively time—But the mail is going.

In haste
Rufus Tyler

Off Wilmington"

The fleet sailed from Beaufort on January 12 accompanied by

the army transports "properly commanded" by the brave young General Alfred H. Terry of Hartford, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale Law School, who soon won the Admiral's respect and confidence. At eight o'clock on January 13 the troops began landing, protected by a line of seventeen gunboats within one hundred yards of the beach, "the *Brooklyn* with her heavy battery at the inside of the line."[7] By two in the afternoon eight thousand troops had been landed and posted behind hastily thrown up intrenchments.

At 7:30 the next morning, January 14, the fleet stood in in three columns, with the *Brooklyn* leading the first line as they moved into position to bombard the forts. A rapid and severe battering of the forts began about midday and lasted until after dark, when General Terry came on board the Admiral's flagship, the *Malvern,* to arrange details of the next day's battle.

At nine o'clock on January 15, the fleet again stood in in three battle lines. They reached their stations at eleven o'clock and began firing when anchored. At three o'clock, the hour of assault, they changed the direction of their fire to the upper batteries of the fort, the steam whistles blew, the troops rushed ahead from the land side, and sixteen hundred sailors attacked from the beach. The desperate fighting continued into the night as soldiers and seamen pursued the gallant Confederate defenders from traverse to traverse, on to the imposing Mound, and finally to the beach. At ten o'clock hearty cheers on shore, taken up by the crews on shipboard, announced the capture of Fort Fisher. Its capture meant the fall of all the surrounding works near the port of Wilmington, which would allow no more the entry of army supplies or civilian necessities. General Grant arrived by transport and the Army and Navy moved up the Cape Fear River in concert.

"We have had a glorious victory," our young Tyler on the *Brooklyn* wrote from Hampton Roads on January 20, "& dearly bought. Our troops and sailors suffered severely.

"Myself together with everybody else were astounded at the strength of the works—you can have no idea of them—instead of being several forts as we supposed, it is one unbroken line of casemates & traverses, &c—from the Mound to the extreme right.

"Your kind note of the 10th inst. was rec'd. today on my arrival here from Fort Fisher. You represent yourself as sceptical as

to the interest of your letters from the fact that startling events are not of daily ocurrence in Bratt. But you mistake entirely what *does* interest me. 1st the ideas & thoughts on passing events of a man who has seen so much of—& weathered so many adverse circumstances in life as you have. 2nd the occasional glimpses you vouchsafe to give me of your early life. Also, since my return from India it seems as if I had met a new and *very entertaining* acquaintance. I am just beginning to perceive what my father is. All this, to say nothing of the hearty laugh that one of your letters always affords me.

"The recent events at Federal Point have pretty much finished Butler I suppose.

Your aff. Son
R. C. Tyler
U.S.N.

"P.S. We are now waiting orders and are in a state of 'breathless expectation' to find out whether it is home or Charleston or elsewhere. If the former, I shall probably be able to obtain a short leave. Hoping this will find you well—with much love to all I remain

As above.

Hampton Roads, Va."

The *Brooklyn* went home. Captain Alden was ordered to take her to Hampton Roads to stand examination, as she had been fitted only temporarily for the expedition against Fort Fisher. Admiral Porter, who had reported in his recommendation for Alden's promotion that his vessel had been "always at the right place at the right time," closed his order of January 17, "Wishing you a pleasant voyage home, and best wishes to you and your gallant officers and crew who have given me so much aid and no trouble at all."[8]

Navy records show that Rufus Clark Tyler was addressed U.S.S. *Brooklyn,* Navy Yard, New York, January 30, detaching him from the ship and directing that he regard himself as awaiting orders. The *Brooklyn* was placed out of commission January 31, 1865.

"My dream of love is over," Rufus had confided to Guy before the victory at Fort Fisher. "A cool How dy'e do, after a year's absence, showed that she cared for me no more."

Guy relayed the comment to *his* confidante. "You may or may not be familiar with the love between Rufus and Florence," he wrote to Ned. "That she loved him at one time I have no doubt, but believe she dropped that love and considered it among her girlish follies. Although cherishing the old love, she may have resolved to stifle it." (She knew it was frowned upon by her elders, especially Mother Diana.)

"From the tone of Rufus' letter," Guy continued, "I should judge that but little more time spent in this world would make him, as you remark, 'misanthropic.' I am, as I ever was and *shall be, his friend.* I desire Rufus' friendship, as he is and was my brother, my old playmate, ever ready for any 'deviltry' we chose to execute, but the time for such schemes as we once used to organize and execute with fiendish malignity are passed away, never I hope to return in 'manhood.' "

Ned's younger brother, George Whittlesey Tyler, had already started out on his long life of the sea in a more orthodox manner than his two cousins. He was in his first year at the naval school at Newport, having entered there October 3, 1864.[9]

'Twas in the early morning I left my native state,
And hurried to the Depot, for fear that I'd be late.
I was going off to Newport, a Middie gay to be,
And the thought of the jolly times I'd have quite filled
my breast with glee . . .[10]

Our one letter from the young midshipman gives a glimpse of life on the *U.S.S. Santee,* the old training ship, from which he wrote to Mrs. Edward R. Tyler in New Haven on January 30, 1865:

"Dear Mother, I write only to tell you how much I love you & to thank you and Bessie for your loved letters, for I have no more to tell. Everything here goes on in the same monotonous way. Once in a while something will happen to cause a little excitement such as the knocking over & breaking of a lamp & thence a fire on the Gun Deck. Once in a while we have fire drill

when the weather is too cold or stormy for Drill on the Island.

"It is certain that we are to go to Annapolis next year—i.e., next September . . . On some accounts I like the idea and on others not. If we are at Annapolis, I shall be near Washington and shall be able to see Will & Ed often perhaps, but I shall be still farther from home and the cost of traveling is no little item.

"Last Friday night I struck my knee against the bulwarks trying to get in to the hammock nettings and hurt it pretty badly, so that I could hardly walk the next morning. We make up our hammocks on the deck. I am 6 in Greek, 6 in History, & 68 in Math. As for my standing in Math, there's no use trying to get up while Old Hale has our section. I make the best recitations that are made in our section so all the other fellows say, but I can't get up so I give up all hope for this week. However Old Hale is ordered off to the Mediterranean on the Colorado, the flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron, with the first class that has just graduated.

"Love and kisses to the baby, Bessie, and yourself particularly, dear Mother,

From your loving son
G—"

Brattleboro enjoyed a visit from Lt. Brown that winter for Gertrude's letter to Bessie, begun on February 19 and extolling Baby Helen's charms, observed: "It was pretty to see Guy make acquaintance with her and pet her—and she would crow at him and laugh outright." The young mother's fond description of her little daughter at the age of four months deserves space in this chronicle as an introductory bow to Helen Tyler Brown, future family scribe and historian.

"She is a tiny thing," Gertrude continued to her cousin, "smaller than Cornele—has a small face—the sweetest little mouth with Allan's smile and winning expression. She has a dimple like Edith's & small pretty ears like Kit's. I wish you could bring Cornele up here. I want to see the two little things together.

"Tuesday, Feb. 28. See how long ago this was begun," she apologized. "You know how a baby takes up one's time. We

have a houseful. My cousin Charlie (Uncle George Keyes' son) is here from California.

"*Thursday, March 2.* This will be finished some time, I hope. I had a long letter from Allan today written from Cape Town where he found four letters . . . He seemed in a state of ecstatic delight over having a daughter. If he could only see her now! The Iroquois touched at the island of Tristan d'Acunha, and took off the crews and captains of two of our merchantmen, destroyed by the rebel 'Shenandoah.' How I wish he could come home! There was a letter enclosed to Mother (Diana), for which I was glad. Mother and Kit spent the morning here today.

"Yesterday (March 1) was Grandma's ninetieth birthday. I had too bad a cold to go out, so I did not see her. But she was very well and had Miss Barber[11] there to tea. Papa and Mamma went over in the evening. Lucinda sent a box with brandy and oranges from Boston. Is it not funny Emily Cutter should be engaged! I must write no more.

Affectionately Gertie"

Emily Cutter, Lucinda's daughter, was only sixteen. She married Isaac Lowell Pratt on her seventeenth birthday, February 27, 1866.

While Gertrude was reading Allan's letter on March 2, the *Iroquois* was still "limping across the Indian Ocean under short canvas."[12] She had arrived at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on February 17, and learned from an Australian newspaper brought by an English mail steamer that the *Shenandoah* was enjoying the hospitality of the city of Melbourne, which she had reached on January 25. Knowing that he could not reach Melbourne in time to waylay her, Rodgers wrote to Welles from Ceylon that he would hasten through the Straits of Malacca via Singapore to Batavia, his original destination on the island of Java. As they were passing through the straits on March 7, "the gong sounded to General Quarters, a steamer being in sight." "Having ascertained her to be an English gunboat," Mr. B. wrote to Mrs. B., "we retired again. About sunset the next night we went through the same performance for the 'Peninsular & Oriental' Mail Steamer. You will observe that the Captain is very cautious and

does not intend to allow the Shenandoah to slip us."

Across the seas and earlier in the winter A.M.M. Rufus Tyler of the Volunteer Navy had been addressed by the department at Brattleboro, Vermont, and directed to proceed without delay and report for duty on board the U.S.S. *Grand Gulf* attached to the West Gulf Squadron. He wrote to his father from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on February 17, "I am hardly contented with the ship, but still she will pass. She is a handsome & fast vessel. She will probably go in Commission as soon as next Thursday or Friday. I am now boarding in Brooklyn, at 131 Sand Street. Any letters addressed to the 'Grand Gulf' will reach me. Please write soon. In haste

Your aff. Son
Rufus C. Tyler—USN

"Tell Guy that when he comes down he will find me either at 131 Sand St or on board the Grand Gulf . . .

R. C. Tyler"

"She is a propeller of 1200 tons burden & carries eleven guns," he told his father on March 4, "three Parrott's Rifles on her Spar Deck & eight sixty-four pounder broadside guns on her Gun Deck. She was, I believe, originally built for a fruiter but was purchased by Government. She is fast & has captured several prizes. The officers are all volunteers with the exception of the Captain & 1st Lieut. The probability or rather certainty is that we are destined for the blockade off Galveston & as we are to take a propeller (fan wheel) to the 'Glaucus,' there is a chance that we will touch at Havanna.

"We are expecting to sail daily. If you will write soon, the letter might reach me. Love to all—in haste

Your aff. Son
Rufus C. Tyler
U.S.N."

They sailed from New York on March 8 "towing the ironclad torpedo boat, 'Casco,' " which they left at Hampton Roads; then on to Norfolk and Key West.

NOTES

1. Information furnished by Department of the Navy, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Washington, D.C.

2. "The taking of a new position while under fire by the *Brooklyn* and *Colorado* was well done, and when they got into place both ships delivered a fire that nothing could withstand. The *Brooklyn* well sustained her good name under her commanding officer, Captain James Alden." Admiral David D. Porter, *The Naval History of the Civil War,* page 697.

3. Porter, p. 702.

4. *Ibid.,* 705.

5. The "two captains" were Edward Worth of the *Edward* and William Archer of the *Lizzie M. Stacey* (Morgan's *Dixie Raider*).

6. Stanley F. Horn, *The Fabulous Cruise of the C.S.S. Shenandoah* (New Brunswick 1947), pages 55-57.

7. Porter, page 712.

8. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. I, Vol. 11, #4160, page 607.

9. Record of Officers, National Archives.

10. "The Fourth Class Year" in George W. Tyler's blank book of naval verse.

11. Miss Louisa A. Barber, a great friend of "Grandmother Tyler," conducted a school for young ladies, "Laneside," on Keyes Lane, 1860-1870. Cabot, page 667.

12. Morgan's *Dixie Raider.*

Chapter 13

The Battle Done

Guy Brown spent the winter with Grant's troops in front of Petersburg. The Sixth Corps occupied two miles of trenches at the center of the Union line facing the city. The Federal fortifications extended along a 50-mile front. The picket lines of the opposing armies were within a few miles of each other. The winter was one of great severity and the trench life of the corps, as they waited for the closing spring offensive, was very different from the far-flung vistas and pitched battles of the Shenandoah Valley campaign. Occasionally a night alarm called all hands to arms.

There was such a one on New Year's Eve, or rather in the early dawn of December 31, 1864. "Yesterday was cold, snowy, rainy and muddy," the young adjutant wrote on New Year's Day from the headquarters of the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery in the corps' Third Division, commanded since December 28 by General Truman Seymour, a Vermonter. "To add to my disgust," Guy continued, "yesterday morning our picket line was attacked and we lost 2 men killed and 20 captured. It was 5 A.M. dark as pitch, and the way we fellows waddled around in the mud was a caution. Capt. Tracy (of Division staff) mustered our regiment and inspected it yesterday, and as we had some 200 men on the picket line, I accompanied him there in the midst of an awful snow storm. However, we got through with it though the mud was up to our horses' knees, *near about.*

"It is miserably cold, and though we have a fire place and a good house we *warm* one side and freeze the other. I have a large amount of work to do, and the Colonel says 'Brown, I can't do without you,' having, since the fall of 1863 (a Sergt. I then was)

done duty in the office as clerk, and in April 1864 appointed Sergt. Major, being with the Regiment all summer (and a good share of the time I did his duties). I am obliged to do a large share of the work in my own office, and as I have 3 clerks besides the Sergt. Major, you may judge my duties in that way are not light. In addition, I attend all drills, inspections, and parades, make the details for fatigue, picket guard, &c, &c, and have been very often sitting up late at night to arrange business for the following day, arising at 6:30 A.M. to attend to all details required from superior Head Qrs. In spite of all this, I like the work and am never homesick. No, frequently at night after the rest of our tent have gone to bed and I am busy, I grow homesick for you and your society.

"*Confound you,* old fellow, Write.

Truly Yours
Guy
Adjt."

"I shall try to obtain a leave of absence for 20 days sometime in March," he closed his letter of January 16. "I am anxious to get one before entering on an active campaign. I have no stirring news from Bratt. Florence eulogizes a new dress of hers, and 'Baby Helen' grows 'tall astonishingly.' Allan had sent some laces and stockings from Rio to Baby.

"You say nothing about *your nephew.* Are you proud of being an uncle?

Ever Yours
Guy
Adjt."

The next David-to-Jonathan letter addressed to Edward R. Tyler, Esq., Fifth Auditor's Office, Treasury Dept., from "In front of Petersburg, Va" on January 26 speaks again of Bessie's little son, Cornele Billings. "I am happy to hear you are proud of him, for your brother Guy is," he wrote. "Shall I be unjust towards Allan? I am *more proud* of Cornele than Helen! But as it would not do to let the family know (I mean Gertie, Mother, &c) *Mum* is, of course, the word. Assure Bessie though of my love for her

and her fatherless boy, *undying* love, for I *feel it.* If *you* should ever be blessed with a *boy,* put 'G.A.' before the Tyler, for I shall certainly put 'E.R.' before the *Brown.*

"I hope the time is fast approaching when I shall see you. My Dear boy, I bid you adieu and assure you again of my love. My *brother* (in every sense of the word), Your brother

Guy
Love to Will.
Guy"

His winter leave came in February though, so the first few days in March saw him "near Petersburg" again and near the ringing down of the final curtain on the crumbling Confederacy. He reported to Ned on March third that he "reached the bloody 9th on the morning of Monday." He arrived at City Point at one o'clock in the morning "after a miserable passage from Washington and miserable weather" and "experienced the realities of a soldier's life once more by riding 20 miles to the front on Grant's up & down hill R.R." "Being dark as pitch" when he reached the station and not knowing where the regiment was, he lay down on the "sacred soil" and dozed until daybreak.

"I paid a visit to the picket line and also rode some 15 miles the next day," he continued. "The enemy's pickets are very close to ours. Nearly, if not quite as close as we were at Cold Harbor, though there is but very little firing, and then it is always at night. Our own camp is about 500 Yds. from our picket line, and there is a difference of 90 Yds between both pickets. So you see I am now sitting about 600 or 700 Yds. from the Rebels. Very comfortable to know that they can pour shot and shell into our camp when they please, is it not? Fort Fisher is a new fort we are now building. It is a very fine and strong work. It is situated about 600 Yds from the Rebel lines. Deserters are continually coming into our lines, and average about 10 per day. They generally come in though at night and just before daybreak. Frequently, officers come over, and very often non-commissioned officers do.

"I have received a letter from Florence since I left dated at Bratt Feb. 26. There was no news, except for me that *'several'*

girls mourned my loss, and thought me *sweet* &c. &c. I must close. Much love to Bessie and the rest when you write.

Love to Will.
Ever Your brother
Guy"

While Guy waited in the Union lines for the spring assault, his old friend, Rufus, cruised toward the Gulf of Mexico. Acting Rear Admiral H. K. Thatcher reported to Gideon Welles on March 26 "the arrival of the Grand Gulf in this squadron, Commander John Downs, Commanding."[1] Rufus wrote his father from nearby Pensacola, Florida, (bound for the Texas coast) on March 29, in his characteristic misanthropic (to borrow Ned's term), but humorous, vein. "I do not like the ship," he told his father, "and am not passionately attached to any of the officers. The Captain to use a sailor phrase is a regular 'Granny.' Now our grandmothers are very excellent things around the fireside at home & their eccentricities only make them more loved & cared for, but none of us would wish them to be transferred to the quarter deck of a ship & if one so humble as myself may venture to express an opinion, it is this—that these qualities, however lovable at home, do *not* look well in command of a Sloop of War.

My address will be to the ship
West Gulf Blockading Squad.
Off Galveston Tex

Via New Orleans
"Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Your aff. Son
Rufus"

On (Palm) "Sunday—April 9th 1865" the *Grand Gulf* was "Cruising off Galveston" unaware of events in Virginia. "We regaled ourselves this morning," the big blond sailor wrote, "with a long look at the Runners laying inshore under the batteries—standing by for a chance to run out. About eleven o'clock we saw one that had run ashore. We reconnoitred & finding that we could

not get at him, we relieved our feelings by dropping some shell in to him & left. So much for prize money." The boy was still down on "the Captain," or vice versa, for the name, Rufus pointed out, can be easily remembered by "calling to mind that he is continuaally Down on us all (ha! ha! ha!)"

"I am officer of the Gun Deck here," he went on, "& have to turn out at four o'clock in the morning & superintend holystoning the Gun Berth & After Orlop Decks—See that breakfast & all other meals are conducted properly. At three bells (9:30 A.M.) report Decks ready for Quarters. After Quarters at four bells report Decks ready for inspection & then 'woe is me' if grease is found on deck or spot on paint work (The 1st Lieut. inspects every day). After supper (two bells) report deck ready for afternoon quarters—after which report it ready for hammocks. Before I make any of these reports, I have to see that everything is clean & decks thoroughly swept. In addition to this, I have all the boat duty & charge of the mails & Ship's Library. Therefore you may imagine that I can get no time to study. At 9:10 P.M. I report all hands turned in & quiet & I have to see that they are so. Every Sunday the Capt. inspects the Decks in person. It is a dog's life."

Rufus' letter was written to his father's new parish in far western New York near Watertown. Gertrude recorded in her journal, which had received scant attention since little Helen's advent, that "Mother Di and Kit joined Uncle Pick in Brownsville in April." Our young sailor did not know that the Palm Sunday on which he was writing was an historic date; nor did he know anything of the eventful week which had preceded it.

Phil Sheridan had set off for his victory at Five Forks at the end of March. He asked for his favorite Sixth Corps but Grant was adamant. "It is the centre of our line," he told the eager Sheridan. "Wright thinks he can go through the line where he is and it is desirable to have troops and a commander there who feel so."[2]

The Sixth Corps went through the Petersburg line in the early dawn of Sunday, the second of April. Getty's Division was selected for the assaulting column and he "put the Vermonters ahead"[3] in the lead position. Seymour's Third Division was at the left and rear of the Vermont Brigade. At midnight the corps filed silently

out of their trenches into the position selected and there they lay whispering and shivering on the marshy ground for hours awaiting the signal. It was fired from the newly built Fort Fisher at 4:30 just as the enemy's breastworks could be discerned in the dim light. All sprang to their feet behind the Vermonters, as the great wave of 14,000 men rushed forward. Fire from the Confederate pickets discovering the movement made silence no longer necessary and a mighty cheer "told friend and foe that the Sixth Corps was on the charge" as they poured over the opposing works.

The Ninth New York Heavy moved forward under a galling fire and were the first to enter the fort in front of the left of the Third Division line. They captured four guns, wheeled to the left, charged across a deep swamp, wading breast high, to capture another fort, were driven back across the swamp, crossed it again, taking many prisoners, and moved on down the enemy's lines. Lieut. Guy A. Brown and Lt. Bigelow were wounded while charging upon the enemy's works at the head of the command. "They should receive honorable mention for their gallantry," James W. Snyder, Lt. Colonel Commanding reported.[4] They did. Official records disclose among "Recommendations for promotion for gallant conduct at the battle of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, 2nd Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps, First Lt. and Adj. Guy A. Brown, 9th New York Heavy, to be brevet captain," signed "T. Seymour, Brig. Gen."[5]

The Ninth New York was in action until late in the afternoon, when they were halted and bivouacked with the division within two miles of Petersburg. Lee was retreating westward. He had wired Jefferson Davis that morning (who was in church in Richmond—old St. Paul's on Capitol Square) that he would be compelled to abandon his lines. President Davis and his cabinet left on a special train that afternoon for Danville near the North Carolina border. Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated that night.

Of Guy and his wound and his whereabouts, the rest of that and the following days, nothing more is known. A clipping from a Nebraska paper in a family scrapbook reporting his death long after says he was "severely wounded but took no sick leave, remaining in the field until Appomattox." There is no reason to assume he did not go along by some means with the corps in their

pursuit of Lee. We have his own words at least that he returned with them. The only other reference to the wound is in a letter he wrote to Ned from Batavia in April 1866: "With the approach of hot weather, my wound begins to pain me and I am sometimes fearful I shall be obliged to 'knock off' work altogether."

It seems doubtful that Guy was in action with his regiment on April 6 when the 9th New York was heavily engaged with the Third Division of the corps at Sailor's Creek, a deary little stream meandering through marshy bottomland, where Custer's cavalry had struck Lee's rearguard under Ewell and Anderson and cut them off from the main body of troops. The latter had turned to attack the cavalry, blocking their way when the First and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps came up, and the combined assault resulted in the surrender of Ewell's corps and the capture of half of Anderson's.

Getty's division in the rear of the Sixth was not actively engaged in this fight, but at dusk that evening after the corps had crossed Sailor's Creek, John Tyler's old regiment, the Second Vermont, which was deployed in front as skirmishers, came upon Mahone's division covering the Confederate retreat. When they opened fire from the opposite bank of the western fork of Sailor's Creek, they were effectively silenced by the fire of the Second Vermont, which picketed the stream all night. This skirmish on the evening of April 6 gave the "Venerable Second," in arms since the Battle of Bull Run, the distinction of having fired the last volley in the last clash between the Sixth Corps and the Army of Northern Virginia.[6]

The chase ended on Palm Sunday and the closing scene between the two great leaders took place in Wilmer McLean's parlor at Appomattox Court House that afternoon. After Lee's surrender on April 9, the Sixth Corps waited at Burkeville Junction for the formal word that would permit them to leave the wartorn area. But the longed-for order for them to break camp sent them southward rather than towards Washington, whither most of the Army of the Potomac had already been dispatched. After Lincoln's assassination and the breakdown of negotiations between Sherman and Johnston at Raleigh for the latter's surrender, Sheridan was ordered to push southward. He started with the Sixth Corps on

April 23 and reached Danville the 27th, only to learn of Joe Johnston's surrender the day before. Jefferson Davis had left Danville for Greenboro on April 10. The Corps was kept in Danville watching the railroad and doing other guard duty while final surrender of other Confederate armies was taking place. Mobile fell on April 12 and the flag of the United States was hoisted on the City Hall on that date.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! &c. &c. etc. ad infinitum," Rufus exulted in a letter to his father on the "20th of April 1865." "Richmond & Mobile taken—just this moment got the news from the flagship & glorious news it is. We have just come in from a ten days cruise during which time we have neither seen nor heard of a Blockade Runner. I suppose that we shall soon be able to leave the service. I have no intention of remaining a Mate on the Peace Establishment. Only Galveston now remains—& that is not much. With this exception the coast is now all our own—& therefore the time when I can honorably leave the service & commence to make a start in life seems to be drawing near."

During May the *Iroquois* was cruising around the Netherlands East Indies still repairing ship and searching for some clue to the *Shenandoah's* whereabouts. There were communications from Rodgers to Welles from the Strait of Sunda and the Strait of Rhio. From the latter he reported the courtesy of the Holland government in sending an expert engineer to examine the ship's boilers at Batavia in Java. By contrast, she was not allowed in an English or French port more than a few days, but was at Singapore on May 15 when word came by telegram of "the assassination of Lincoln and Seward." "We hardly know whether to believe this or not," Allan wrote. "We can only hope and pray that God will direct the destinies of the country and bring us safely through this terrible war."

A few days later they were anchored off the "Town of Rhio, a Dutch possession" just south of Singapore in the Riouw (sometimes called Riau) Archipelago group, waiting for hard coal to come in a steamer from Singapore. "We could not take it from there" Ensign Brown wrote on May 24, "as we have coaled in an English port within three months and those wonderful neutrality laws will not allow the vessels of a friendly government to get coal

more than four times a year. I am glad that President Johnson has told these people that their men-of-war will be subjected to the same restrictions by us. Now that matters are soon drawing to a close, we ought soon to hear that this order has been rescinded on both sides."

The men of the Sixth Corps entrained at Danville, Virginia, for Richmond on May 16 and 17, but found no transportation available there to take them on to Washington, to which they marched in a wearying ten-day tramp. The Sixth Corps trek ended at Camp Griffin on June 2. The men of the early Vermont regiments had thus come full circle, for it was Camp Griffin which they themselves had built in the fall of 1861, it was there the Vermont Brigade was formed, and from there they had set out for the Peninsula on their first campaign.

A penciled note was delivered to Edward R. Tyler in the Treasury Department dated "In Camp near Wash 3d June/65." "I am here at last, after a very tedious journey from Richmond. I shall be in the city some day next week, and will see you then. We have received no orders about passes for officers to visit W. but expect them this day. In the meantime with love to Will

I remain, as ever
Guy
What do you hear from home?
Guy
I am hard up for paper &c
Guy"

They did go in the city one day the next week. The Sixth Corps had missed the Grand Victory Parade and Review of the Union Army held on May 23 and 24, but they had their own parade and were reviewed by the President of the United States on June 8.

The day before, on June 7, the Vermont brigade was reviewed at Bailey's Crossroads in Virginia by J. Gregory Smith, Governor of Vermont, accompanied by his Adjutant General, Quartermaster General, and Surgeon General. The Eighth and Tenth Vermont Regiments and First Vermont Cavalry were added to the brigade for the occasion. The troops, numbering about five thousand, were

all that remained of the twenty thousand men who had been sent from the state in those regiments to uphold so nobly her honor and loyalty.

Galveston surrendered on June 7. Thus ended the war in Texas, and who should board the *Grand Gulf* but McClellan's old foe of Peninsula days, "Prince John" Magruder! Rufus wrote on June 18, "General Macgruder spent one night aboard here with our Capt. They had both taken dinner on board the Oneida & came aboard in a state that led us to suppose that they had taken something besides dinner while there. I don't wish to insinuate anything to their disadvantage, but I will say that, had I been one of them, I should hate to have attempted to cross the Niagara on a tight rope. The Gen. is a fine looking man . . . I have been ashore once or twice. Galveston is a very pretty place & very strongly fortified. It is terribly hot. You may think that as Galveston is *ours* that we are in the harbor, but such is not our luck—we cannot get over the bar & consequently are obliged to lay over three miles outside—might as well be at sea.

"I sent in my resignation three weeks ago. Love to mother & sister Kitty if with you. Hoping to hear from you soon I am ever

Your affectionate Son
Ruf. C. Tyler—Mate USN"

He was "addressed" by the Navy Department on June 15 advising that his resignation as mate in the Navy on temporary service was accepted.

At the Javanese Batavia on the other side of the world, on June 27, 1865, the *Iroquois* paid the last honors to "our late lamented President" in obedience to the Navy Department's general order. Rodgers reported to Welles the courtesy of the Dutch government upon the occasion. "A compliment we appreciate," Ensign Brown also reported, "when foreigners are not apt to give any superfluous compliments. At sunrise we hoisted the colors at halfmast," he continued, "and fired a gun, continuing at half hourly intervals during the day—the Dutch Flag Ship following suit. All this is done on account of the President's death."

Those aboard the *Iroquois* were still on the alert for the *Shenandoah* and wondering, as were all others aship and ashore, in

what portion of the globe she was still flying the Confederate flag. As the last guns were being fired in salute to Abraham Lincoln, the Dixie raider was in the far north, between Siberia and Alaska, wreaking havoc upon the North Pacific whaling fleet. June 28, 1865, the date of Allan Brown's last letter from the East Indies, was the *Shenandoah's* last day of warfare against the commerce of the United States. None of the captured vessels had official evidence that a state of war no longer existed between the United and Confederate States of America. On June 23 the *Shenandoah* had made a prize of the *Susan Abigail* out of San Francisco. She was carrying a San Francisco newspaper of April 17, which told of Lee's surrender to Grant, but also of Jefferson Davis' proclamation to the people of the South that, despite same, the war would be carried on with renewed vigor. Waddell and his officers preferred to believe that the South was still holding out. On June 29 the *Shenandoah* was chased out of the Arctic by the ice floes and black fogs and headed again for the tropics.

It was the British bark *Barracouta,* out of Liverpool, waylaid by the *Shenandoah* on August second off the tip of lower California, which finally convinced the Confederate raider that the war was over and that "every navy in the world is looking for you." Converted again to a merchantman, she eluded them all and, while the world speculated and editorialized, sailed on undetected, her course set for British waters. On November 5, 1865, she slipped into the fog-bound Mersey and dropped anchor at Liverpool, like a family ghost come back to haunt the august Britishers.

1. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies,* Ser. 1, Vol. 22, #5451, p. 118.
2. Benedict, I, page 580.
3. Motto of the Vermont National Guard, taken from General Sedgwick's order on the march to Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.
4. Official Records, Vol XLVI, Ser. 95, page 1002, U&C Armies.
5. *Ibid.*, Ser. 97, page 759.
6. Benedict, Vol. I, pages 122 and 608.

Part II

They struggled—and their glory
Shines down through the grand arcade
Of the years that have gone between
With a light that can never fade.

And the 'crimson flag of Eutaw'
That our fathers bore so well
Should wave unto their children
Of loyalty the spell.

To true hearts it is a sign
Shall spur them on to fight
(If thus it needs must be)
To restore our honor bright.

Till brother fights not with brother
O'er their fathers' graves,
But the folds of the flag of Eutaw
O'er a land at peace shall wave.

GERTRUDE TYLER

Chapter 14

The Homeward Track

"When was your baby born, Mr. Brown?" Captain Rodgers asked in early June as the *Iroquois* sailed once more through Banca Straits towards Batavia, their East Indian headquarters.

"The 14th of October, Sir," the young Ensign replied.

"Why, then, you'll be home on her birthday, won't you?" was the encouraging rejoinder.

"Wheeler has purchased a *cockatoo,* which cries like a child," Allan told his wife, "and he has just put it down on my chair with the remark that he hopes I'll get used to it before I get home, all of which I regard as an infamous libel on Helen's reputation."

The *Iroquois* left Batavia at six in the morning of June 29, 1865, "Homeward Bound." There was a good wind on July 2 and Allan told the Captain that "my baby had hold of the tow rope," to which the Captain replied that he "hoped Greene's boy would tail on also." But by July 6 there was "little wind and therefore little or no progress." Allan was of the opinion that "Baby Helen has let go of the tow rope in disgust at her ineffectual efforts to get us along." (Capt. Rodgers felt "almost like a grandfather to our baby and Greene's," he told Allan when they met two years later at Hampton Roads.)

The ship anchored in Simon's Bay near Cape Town on August 8 and found the *Wyoming* at anchor there. Her Commander reported to Gideon Welles that the *Iroquois* arrived there "on the 8th inst. from Java" and he sent four men home by her.[1] She brought no news of the *Shenandoah,* he said. The *Iroquois* rounded the Cape of Good Hope on August 12. She sailed into the Atlantic "with fine weather and a smooth sea."

She anchored on August 25 at St. Helena, the British-held

island in the South Atlantic where Napoleon had lived in exile. Allan and "Wheeler" went ashore but they did not visit the "former prison house of the Great Conqueror," as they ascertained that in order to do so a twelve-mile horseback ride must be endured or a carriage ride at the modest rate of $15. They left St. Helena the next day and were "once more on the broad ocean *homeward bound!*" "Isn't that a fine sound to my ears!" Allan exulted (permitting himself to copy such a personal note in the big blank book). "Yes, indeed: anything that has home in it brings joy to my heart and sends my thoughts flying over all these thousands of miles to the little place among the hills of Vermont where are all my loved ones."

Captain Guy Brown was not ready to leave the service when the Ninth New York Heavy returned to their state. He was transferred to the Second New York Artillery with other men of the Ninth Heavy to await the expiration of their three-year enlistments. There were, of course, happy reunions that summer with Ned Tyler. A letter to him on July 13 addressed "351 I Street between 13th and 14th" from "Fort C. Y. Smith, Va" urged him to come over and spend Sunday—"Both you and Will! Let me know by return mail and if you come, I will have two horses for you at the foot of Aqueduct Bridge (this side) at 6 P.M. It is only a short ride from there here about a mile and it will not bung you up much. I have better quarters here than I had before. Come if you can, and bring any letter you have lately received.

Your brother
Guy"

The three friends set off soon after for a brief visit in Brattleboro, the Tyler boys staying on at New Haven after Guy returned to Washington. He wrote to Ned on August 23 that he had arrived at "Fort Ethan Allen, Va" (built by the Second and Third Vermonts in September 1861) and mustered as captain of Company I. "Met Joe in New York. Had a gay time. *Done* the city by gaslight.

"You will perceive that I am at Fort Ethan Allen near Chain Bridge. This adds to my feeling of homesickness for I will not be able to see you so often, for I have not the advantage of horses as I did have at Fort Sumner. To tell the truth, my boy, time cannot

speed too fast from now until my muster out of service. We hope before many weeks to hear of orders by which we can go out.

"Let me hear from you soon. When will you return?

Your brother
Guy
Captain

Mrs. Grundy at Batavia is already making a fuss about my going to Bratt. She thinks there must be some attraction in that direction.

Guy

Best love to your mother and all."

The following Sunday evening Guy *penned* a lengthy scribble while he and a friend, "Lamoureux," waited in Ned's room for him to return. "Ned," he began. "We have received our orders to muster out. It will probably take us about 10 days to have our papers ready. So we hope to be home soon. I shall probably not be able to see Will before we go. I had two letters from Ruf. since I saw you."

And several pages later—"My boy, I will close. We will wait a few minutes longer. I know you will be mad if you don't see us.

Ever your brother
Guy A. Brown
Capt Commd'g
Co I 2d N.Y.A.

I guess you must be after some female. Eh! My boy? It reminds me of waiting at Bratt for you!"

And on a final page in an unfamiliar handwriting—"Tyler—I have come with Brown for a visit. We have waited for 3 m . . ."

Ned himself affixed a parenthetical note after "Lamoureux's" "(Written by Lamoreux 10th Sept. '65 Sun. evening waiting for me when at Barton's in Georgetown and broken off suddenly as he was writing '3 mortal hours' when he heard me coming at which he & Guy scuttled under the bed. E.R.T.)"

The *Iroquois* was "Off Absecon Beach" on September 30. "Of course that conveys but little idea to you," the homecoming sailor rejoiced, "but to us it means that we are only 100 miles from New York—with a pilot on board and hoping to get up to the Navy

Yard by noon tomorrow." The Brooklyn Navy Yard was reached at ten o'clock in the morning on October First. "And so ends the record of my first cruise. I was detached the 6th of October, having been on board the Iroquois for two years and four months."[2]

Captain Guy A. Brown passed through New York City the first week in October, so the brothers met briefly as they had done at the start of Allan's duty in June of 1863 when Guy was a sixteen-year-old Corporal. "I saw Allan for only two hours in New York and his first question was in regard to his phenomenon in Bratt," Guy told Ned after he reached his home town of Batavia on October 13 and took up his civilian life and abode "Care Dr. Root."

"Allan wired me from New York on October First and on the 6th he came to me after fifteen months' absence," Gertrude wrote in her journal. So he *was* at home in time for the little one's birthday. "I remember the first time I ever saw you when you were not quite one year old," Commander Brown wrote to his daughter from the U.S.S. *Jamestown* on her eighteenth birthday. "You were fast asleep in your crib and were much astonished on waking in the morning to find a stranger present." He was with them for two months, during which he was promoted to master.

Rufus Tyler was in Brattleboro also. He wrote to his father in Brownsville from there on October 15. "I have about made up my mind to affect (sic!) an insurance on my life for enough to cover my debt to Uncle John. Then he will be certain of it, whether I live or die, which latter is a thing that sailors & officers in the Merchant Marine are very liable to do.

"Grandma is about as usual—all the rest well. We play whist evenings over at Uncle Charles'—he & myself against Allan & Mr. Keyes. Allan & Gertrude are undoubtedly very happy. Helen I believe musters one tooth. You have probably heard this before—as every two or three weeks I drop Kit a line, which she probably reads to you. Please delicately to hint to Mother that she owes me some letters—Kit also. Give my love to them.

"I am, my dear father,

Very Respectfully
Your affectionate Son
R C Tyler"

This is the last letter from the ill-starred Rufus. It must have been soon after this that he set out for the briny deep, this time with the Merchant Marine.

The homecoming of Pickman's youngest also belongs in this chapter. Hanson's return from his year on the packet boat occurred in time to allow for preparation for the Naval Academy, as he finished his first year there in June of 1867. "I sometimes wonder," Stem confided to his father later, "what would have become of me if I had run away from my ship in Australia, as I had strong thoughts of doing at the time, and gone up 'in the bush' to try to commence life on my own resources. As it was, I came home and had a few pleasant months with you in preparation for the naval school."

There were too many basic qualities for good in the lad to fulfill Guy's and Ned's earlier prediction that he would "go to the devil." Despite his lonely, roving, and rather footloose life, his letters show the strong ties of affection and loyalty which bound him to the family—"and the Church," he observed with unexpected feeling, "—the way you and Aunt Minna brought me up in it—is just the best old Church in the world!"

After a visit to his family in Brownsville, Guy Brown settled down for a time in Batavia, where he was engaged in business with his friend, Joe Buxton. He ended the year in December 1865 by encountering a charming visitor from Cleveland who brought back vivid memories of his old corps. "It may be that her knowledge of the Corps might have added somewhat to her beauty in my eyes, but it makes me feel so kindly towards anyone who knows the 'fighting Sixth,' " Guy confided to Ned, whom he kept *au courant* with the coterie of young friends in Batavia and Buffalo, as he reposed great confidence in Ned's "cool calculating 'Eugene Rayburn' sort of style and more mature judgment." "Miss Russell is pretty," he went on, "and you know I like pretty women. I regret I could not see more of her. She returns home today.

"Her uncle, Genl David A., commanded the 1st Division and gave up his life for his country on the plains of the Shenandoah, at Opequon Creek Sept. 19, 64. Like Genl Ricketts, he was idolized by his men, and like Ricketts, Upton and Wright, he was brave to rashness. After being twice severely wounded, he was earnestly

requested to leave the field. He replied, 'My duty is here and here I shall stay.' In a few minutes he was instantly killed by a shell.

"I cannot help writing 'fire-y' when I speak of the 'old 6th Corps.' I sometimes almost wish myself back there, roughing and fighting as we did.

> But from the Western prairie
> To Atlantic's rocky shore,
> The truest bravest, best of all
> Are in the old Sixth Corps.

"And so you are to have your darling Mamma and my sweet cousin, Minnie, to spend the holy days with you. How I wish I were with you! Do give my very best love to them, and tell 'Min' that I remember our ride from Brattleboro to New Haven in '63. Good-night, my boy, Good-night."

Guy's brother was ordered to the *Rhode Island,* flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron, on December 6, finding that "Taylor" (Master) and "Wheeler" (Ensign) "would again be my shipmates." They sailed from Hampton Roads for the West Indies on January 23, 1866, for the winter months.

Rufus Tyler also trod the homeward track, but the nineteen-year-old sailor's final voyage ended in a gloomy cave of an uninhabited island in the remote seas.

Henry Burnham stated in his *Early History of Brattleboro* that Colonel Tyler's brother, Rufus, "was lost at sea while mate of the unfortunate ship, *the General Grant.*"[3]

The *General Grant* was a new full-rigged ship of 1103 tons register, owned by Messrs. Page, Richardson and Company of Boston.[4] She sailed from Melbourne on May 4, 1866, bound for London with a cargo of wool, skins, pelts, nine tons of spelter (zinc), and gold. On the very dark night of May 13, she crashed suddenly on the towering cliffs of an island in the Auckland group. As though that were not catastrophe enough, she drifted on helplessly into a cave where she was further damaged. The difficulties of launching the small boats with survivors were almost insurmountable in the dark narrow windy cave. The ship sank in the tragic morning hours. The captain went down with her. Fifteen of the eighty-three on board survived and reached the

main Auckland Island, where ten of them lived for a year and a half before they were rescued. In later years, other ships embarked on treasure hunts to rescue the gold in the *General Grant's* hold, but were doomed to disappointment and more loss of life.

"Poor Rufus! How sad his fate! I cannot yet really realize his death. At sea and so long ago!" Guy Brown wrote these words on July 13, 1866, to his usual confidante. He was thinking of the Brownsville household especially as he mourned the boy's loss. "This blow is hard for his father and I feel sorry for him; also Hanson & Kit. I have every reason to believe that he was more dear to her than any of us, and her hopes are now with the dead. She has seen so little of the world that it seems doubly hard for her, while with us it is 'Poor fellow' and we pass on . . . 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'

"Well, my dear boy, I shall hope to see you this summer. With love to Will,

I am as ever
Affly yours
Guy"

Some twenty years later, Rufus' brother, Hanson, en route to "Apia, Samoa," wrote, "Our 1st Lieut, has been to Auckland Is. and seen the cave in which Rufus' ship the Gen'l Grant was lost. He says, what I never before knew, that the Gen'l Grant had on board the largest consignment of gold ($120,000) ever shipped from Australia in a sailing vessel. That $120,000 is still in the hull of the Gen'l Grant waiting for anybody that will come and take it. It is to be had for the getting. But she is sunk in over 100 fms (600 ft) of water—and a terrible sea dashing into the mouth of the cave—and there the 120,000 will remain till doomsday. Several parties have attempted to recover it—but it is impossible and will ever be so till invention makes gigantic strides."

Despite the news of Rufus' tragic end, and sadness because of the death of "our beloved grandmother" (Mary Hunt Palmer Tyler on July 7, age 91), a happy summer was recorded for 1866. All the Tyler cousins visited in Brattleboro—John, Clarence, and Rufus gone from the family circle that had celebrated the "New England Festal" described by Gertrude on "Thanksgiving 1859."

Florence Brown spent the summer months with them. Guy

came from Batavia for his vacation, leading to postmortems on the part of Miss Fannie and Miss Lina Tyler, duly related by Ned. Lina tossed her head and thought he was an outrageous flirt, while Fan indulged in a long correspondence with him. Best of all, for Gertrude, Allan came often while the *Rhode Island* was cruising in northern waters.

NOTES

1. Official Records, *Union and Confederate Navies*, Ser. I, Vol. 3, page 582.

2. RODGERS to WELLES

U.S.S. *Iroquois* Navy Yard, New York
October 5, 1865

Sir:

Ensigns H. C. Taylor, A. D. Brown and W. K. Wheeler, graduates of the Naval Academy, have served under my command, during the whole cruise of the Iroquois, and as they are aspirants for promotion, I trust that the Department will pardon me for making a special report in relation to them.

These young officers came to this ship skilful in the use of all arms, and thoroughly competent to instruct their divisions in all military exercises. They were also well versed in the science of navigation, but they were deficient in Naval knowledge and in nautical skill. Our cruise has been a very active one and we have been much under canvass. The Ensigns have been diligent and attentive; and their minds, well trained at the Naval School, to study and investigate, have readily seized upon the practical principles of seamanship; and they have become good deck officers and skilful navigators. Their merit as divisional Officers is of the highest order. I cannot speak too highly of their honorable character, or their moral worth. As Officers and gentlemen, I hold them in the highest esteem, and consider them a credit to the Navy.

Were I to command another ship, I should be glad to have these officers with me as Lieutenants and I beg leave most respectfully to recommend them for promotion.

I have the honor to be
Very respectfully
Your ob'dt. Serv.
s/ C.R.P. Rodgers
Commander

Hon: Gideon Welles
Secretary of the Navy
Washington, D. C.

(Copy in Allan D. Brown's book of naval orders in writer's possession)

3. Burnham, page 155.

4. Charles W. N. Ingram and P. Owen Wheatley, *New Zealand Shipwrecks, 1795 to 1960* (Dunedin 1936), pages 106-109.

Chapter 15

From the Prairies—To the Oceans

Guy Brown went to Nebraska in June of 1867 when he was twenty years old to carve out a career for himself in the West. This he did. It was the same year that Nebraska was admitted to the Union as our thirty-seventh state.

"We had a very pleasant ten-day visit from Guy, the last for many a day— he *says* two years," Gertrude wrote to Bessie in New Haven on June 2, from Hamilton, in central New York. She and little Helen had been visiting "Mother Di and Uncle Pick" there in St. Thomas' rectory since February. Allan was on the high seas between Cape Town and Hong Kong. He had been commissioned lieutenant November 10, 1866, and ordered to the U.S.S. *Unadilla* as executive officer. They sailed from New York harbor for China on January 12, 1867.

"Guy leaves for Nebraska City next Tuesday," his sister-in-law continued. "Joe Buxton has a very pretty store there, new and nicely fitted up. Mother is philosophic about it, as she is about everything—except housekeeping with no girl. That disturbs her serenity. We tried a girl, but we did not suit her. (She was 'high Irish' and wanted to sit with the family.) Now we prefer to do without any, hiring the washing and scrubbing. Half the ladies here do their own work.

"When are you coming to Bratt? I hoped to find you there upon my return. Has Aunt Amelia any scholars yet? Give my love to Aunt Sarah, and the boys when you write. Dear me! how these boys get on—Will married, Ned in Law School and George a 2nd class man. Even Hanson is sixteen and through his first year at the Academy."

Will Tyler had married Sarah Frances Hall (*also* called Fannie) in Kent, Connecticut, on February 6, 1867.

Guy settled first in Nebraska City, an attractive tree-shaded town in the hilly section of the Cornhusker State south of Omaha on the banks of the Missouri River. He must have started the study of law almost at once while he and Joe Buxton were engaged in business, for he was admitted to the Nebraska bar in 1868, various newspaper clippings state. He was quite homesick at times, and his love for family, friends, and scenes of earlier days never flagged through the years.

"I long to see you," he wrote to Ned, who was attending Columbian Law School (now George Washington University) that first summer, "but I know many, many months must go by before I can do so. I know we shall meet when Allan returns for I hope to go east then & I want us to have a grand family pow-wow.

"Write to me. I want to know how Will is getting on. How are Minnie, Bessie & George? How are all the people at Bratt? When do you go North? Will you send me the notice of Columbian Law School, when the exercises take place? Are the Risleys still there? Do you see them at all? Everything, & anything, dear boy, is of interest to me. Your old letters bring to mind all of the past, make me long for you, & Bratt & a good old smoke. 'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.' I wouldn't mind another fight in Virginia to stir up my sluggish blood & give me new strength. I expect it will be two years before I see any of our folks & my darling Mother & Sister & you. Ye shades of Fisher's Pond! Goodnight.

As ever yours
Guy

July 25th 1861—1871"

He could hardly contain himself he said in staying at his work in Nebraska City during Ned's jaunt northward. "Full well can I see just how the old house on the Common looked as you approached it and all of Uncle Charles' house is as plainly visible as if I had only left there yesterday. I thought of all the good times we had had there, of Uncle Charles & the old enjoyable smokes and chats in his room.

As ever your brother
The Captain"

And our youngest midshipman (Hanson), Pickman's remaining son, had finished his June examination and appears on the scene via a characteristic letter written in a big, bold, clear hand to "Dear Aunt Minna" from the U.S.S. *Constitution,* which had sailed back to Annapolis after the four-year interlude at Newport.

"It has been quite a long time since I have written to your most good self," the youth began affectionately, "so I write now to let you know that I have not forgotten you and Aunt Mary.

"Allow me to congratulate you on having got one scholar and another one that is coming and to remark that I earnestly hope you will get as many more as you wish. I take remarkably nice notice that those two lads have got into a person's hands who just understands how to bring up kids; I know that by experience. If I ever do anything wrong, I have not got the excuse that I do not know any better. I suppose that in about 15 or 20 days I shall have to sail for Europe; I had a great deal rather come up to Brattleboro than go to any part of Europe.

"Have seen George today, who says that Ned is coming down to see us tomorrow. Isn't that *gay?* You can just *bet* it is."

"You cannot answer this letter," he finally concluded on June 4, "because I have just learned that I must go aboard ship tomorrow; my ship is the 'Macedonian.' I hope to get a leave of absence after this miserable cruise is over. Well, my dear Aunt Minna & Mary, goodbye, and with best wishes for your success and happiness, believe me to be always

Your loving nephew
Hanson R. Tyler
U.S.N."

Amelia's "careful watch and ward" over her aged mother having ended, she had opened the Tyler School again in the guise of a "Home School for Boys." Bessie Billings with her small son, Cornele, and her mother, Sarah Tyler, had come from New Haven and were installed in the Tyler menage at the old home on the Common to help with the project for the next decade. "I used to run into that blessed old Tyler house every day of my life," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, the novelist, wrote years later to Cornele Billings to thank him for sending her a copy of *Grand-*

mother Tyler's Book. "It takes me back to the old days of youth (how absurd that sounds—old days of youth) when my own folks were alive and I lived next to you and your folks. Your grandmother, your mother, your aunt, seemed to me like my own relatives. Thanking you again, dear old friend,

Sincerely yours,
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman"[1]

Mary E. Wilkins, a quiet, reserved, goldenhaired girl, a year younger than Hanson, was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary and "wrote verses and stories very young."[2] She came to Brattleboro with her parents about 1870 from Randolph, Massachusetts, and lived near the Tylers on the Common.

Across the oceans in the summer of 1867, Lt. Allan Brown was nearing Hong Kong. His ship had left Rio on April 25 and anchored at Cape Town on May 23. He was up at daylight on August 24 to see after the navigating for the *Unadilla*. "We came up the channel between the numerous islands lying off the coast without any difficulty," he related, "and on turning a sharp angle we were at once within full view of the town and shipping. The junks were very numerous and we had to thread our way among them and the various ships and steamers with considerable caution. We came to anchor about two in the afternoon—no other American man-of-war in port." They were the first gunboat to reach the station and were quite proud of themselves, having been the last to leave the United States. A mail boat from Thomas Hunt and Company immediately put out from shore but proved to be a disappointment all round, as the mail was all for the expected *Aroostook*. The mistake was soon rectified and they all had their letters, Gertrude's latest postmarked June 9. The *Aroostook* arrived on the 28th. Her captain could only remark to Captain Baker as he came aboard the *Unadilla,* "I've nothing to say, old fellow!" The Admiral's flagship, the *Hartford,* arrived August 30 and the rest of the squadron within a few days, eight vessels in all.

The days "passed rapidly in the various duties incident to the ship and the assembling of so many vessels of the squadron." A good deal of the time Allan stood the first watch from four in the morning until eight o'clock, so he was usually in his bunk early.

When not on duty he spent his time reading French, studying mathematics, playing cards, writing voluminous letters home, watching for the mail steamers, going ashore to church at St. John's Cathedral, making the official calls required by his position and the formal and informal calls required by custom, and sightseeing and shopping in the dramatic city rimmed about with giant brown peaks.

The Peak on Hong Kong island is 1900 feet high. He journeyed to its top with Mrs. Winn, the dentist's wife, on October 7. There was a fine path to the summit but they had "chairs." They heard the gun fired to announce the arrival of the English mail as they enjoyed the spectacular view from the summit. They came down in forty-five minutes, "the chair coolies never stopping once during the whole time, but bringing us down at a swinging pace, at which I wouldn't have walked myself, let alone carry a burden."

A procession of kind friends flitted through Allan's letters in a series of social functions on shore and on the warships and merchant vessels in the harbor. There were frequent target practices and drills on neighboring islands and continual cruising about for short stays at other ports on the "China station." Macao, a Portuguese seaport forty miles west of Hong Kong, was first visited on October 14, Helen's third birthday. The town with charming tree-laden boulevards and European architecture, a small portion of the Mediterranean transplanted to the Far East, is on an island of the same name, six square miles in area west of the mouth of the Pearl River. Since October 16 was the birthday of the queen of Portugal, the *Unadilla* "participated in its celebration by dressing ship, rainbow fashion." A century later this tiny Portuguese territory perches precariously on the coast of China under the watchful eye of its giant Mainland neighbor.

Steaming on up the Pearl River, the ship stopped at a small island to engage in target practice "for great guns and small arms" and dropped anchor at Canton on Monday morning, October 28, 1867. The next day Allan went ashore with a shipmate, "Winchester," and Ah Kum, the guide. Chairs awaited them at the landing. Turning a corner, they found themselves at once in the midst of the city's life. The streets were so narrow that they had to go in single file, the chair coolies continually singing out in

Chinese, "Clear the way." It was very hot on the river, but quite cool in the narrow streets where the sun did not penetrate. As they passed along they saw "natives at work in all manner of ways, most of them half naked, and *pitching in* to their work in a style and with an energy and industry such as is rarely seen outside of China. There were any quantity of small footed women in the streets. It was very pitiful to see the poor creatures walking, but as it is the *fashion,* I suppose we must excuse them," our young man observed.

Chinese hair styles came in for their share of his attention. "The men, as all the world knows, wear theirs in a tail, shaving all but the crown of the head. The married women wear theirs in the *teapot* style as it is called, which is no more ridiculous than the *waterfalls* in vogue at home (though not unlike it) and I don't doubt would speedily become the rage were it decreed by fashion in the States. The maidens wear a sort of forelock[3] across the forehead, the rest braided and suffered to fall loosely behind."

After visiting the temples of the 400 Gods and of Bak Ti, the God of Good Luck, and a flour mill run by buffalo power, they lunched on bamboo stools in a "cake shop a la Chinoise" before leaving the new city to pass through a gate in the wall surrounding the old town. The wall was 55 feet high, 25 feet broad, 12 to 15 miles in length, and from its top they had an extended view of the city.

After lunch they saw the temples of the Big Bell and of Confucius, an old pagoda erected 1300 years before, and an ancient clyphedra or water clock with a venerable keeper, after which they returned to the ship, "glad to be once more under our own flag and to feel at home again."

The *Unadilla* returned to Hong Kong at three o'clock on November 6, 1867, to find the *Iroquois* there and almost abreast of their anchorage. The next day Allan visited his old ship and was handed a letter directed to him as ensign at Pernambuco, Brazil, and postmarked August 8, 1865, "two and one quarter years ago."

"Allan is well and serene, but Capt. Baker has been quite sick," Gertrude wrote the next April to Edith, who was visiting Uncle William's family in Brookline. "So Allan was virtually Captain—lived in the cabin and played grandee generally." He

had been living in the cabin since the previous January, when the Captain went on shore to stay with the paymaster and his wife during his illness. Mr. Brown was in command of the *Unadilla* from then until March. Affairs soon took an even more unfortunate turn. "I have a sad story to tell tonight," he wrote his wife on January 29, 1868, "the news having just been received from Japan. Rear Admiral Bell, Lieutenant Reed, and ten men were drowned at Osaka on January 11. It was blowing very fresh at the time when the Admiral started for shore, and in crossing the bar at the mouth of the river, the barge capsized. About the same time the English Admiral with a number of his officers barely escaped death. Admiral Bell's body has been recovered. Commodore Goldsborough will have command of the squadron until the arrival of Admiral Rowan."

With the *Unadilla* the only American man-of-war in port at the time, it was incumbent upon her Executive Officer to do the honors of the fleet. He went ashore in full dress to return the visits of condolence of the French consul and the French admiral. He received the official notification from Commodore Goldsborough of the death of Rear Admiral Bell on February 4, and went on shore to notify the foreign authorities about the details of mourning to be observed on the morrow. "At sunrise our colors were hoisted at half mast, the English and French men-of-war following suit: at muster I read the Commodore's General Order. At noon we fired 13-minute guns, followed by the English and French frigates, and then by the English sloop-of-war, the shore battery and three gunboats. It was one o'clock when the last gun was fired. In the afternoon I put on my best 'bib and tucker' (full dress) and went to all the men-of-war and to the Generals on shore to thank them for their kindness and to do the civil generally."

The *Hartford* came in on the 8th and Mr. Brown went over to pay his duty call on the Commodore. The 15th was logged as an important day. "The *China* (mail steamer) arrived at eight and I got your dear letter an hour later," he told Mrs. Brown. "At ten the Commodore and his staff came on board. Capt. Baker is going home in the *China* on medical recommendation and Capt. Hatfield is to have this ship. I am temporarily in command. The Commo-

dore was pleased to express his satisfaction with the general appearance of the ship which was gratifying."

Washington's Birthday was observed in accordance with the Commodore's orders.

U.S. Flag Ship "Hartford"
Hong Kong 20 Feb 1868

Lieut. A. D. Brown
Comdg. U. S. S. "Unadilla"

Sir:

On Saturday the 22d of February you will at Sunrise hoist the American Ensign at the peak and at all mastheads, and the jack upon the jack staff: at the same time crossing top-gallant yards, in honour of the day.

At Sunset the Flags will be hauled down and yards sent down.

I am, Sir,
Very Respectfully,
s/ L. R. Goldsborough
Comdre. Comdg.
U.S. Asiatic Sqdn.

Capt. Hartfield arrived on March 2 and relieved the 24-year-old Executive Officer of command of the vessel. On March 9 he noted, "We all like our new captain very much indeed."

The first of May the *Unadilla* set off on a fortnight's expedition to "burn, kill and destroy all and any pirates that we may come across." They were furnished a Chinese mandarin to assist them, who came aboard with great secrecy at Macao, accompanied by two interpreters, two servants, and a great deal of baggage. The mandarin was a "blue button of the first rank" with "a feather in his cap," literally, for he had received from the Emperor, for bravery in the face of the enemy, a peacock's feather which he was entitled to wear in his cap. As they were going in an entirely new direction (west), the Captain and his Lieutenant were on the watch all day, looking at the land and studying the chart. They were out all night and anchored at three in the afternoon of May 5 at Hoi How on the Island of Hainan.

The next morning after drills, five of the officers went ashore

with Capt. Hatfield to call on the mandarin of Hoi How; *their* mandarin (whom they called "The Major") having gone on shore the previous evening to make arrangements for their reception. Their small boat pulled up a creek to the back door of a warehouse, where they were received very courteously and taken to the mandarin's house for a "chow-chow." "As to describing the dishes which composed it," Allan wrote, "it is impossible. There were at least 40 different kinds and we were more than two hours at table. The old fellow had some villainous stuff that he called champagne and *insisted* upon our drinking it. I drank a small flaskful and had a headache for the next two hours. We were back aboard ship at five o'clock."

Allan was up early the next morning to get the ship underway, with their new Chinese friends on board. About two in the afternoon the mandarins announced that two pirates were in sight and urged the captain to fire upon a boat making off down the beach. "However, we did *not* fire upon them" Allan related. "As we came near the vessels, there was a grand exodus of the inhabitants to the hills behind the town. We called away an armed boat and the Captain went in to reconnoitre the situation, taking the interpreter with him. He found no one on board the two junks, but a quantity of small arms were discovered and quite enough evidence to show they were freebooters. They had thrown overboard their guns and fled incontinently at our approach. Some of the villagers now appeared and we learned from them that the pirates had attacked the village and brought it under contribution, failing to receive which they had burned ten or a dozen houses. They had also attacked a large junk some days before, captured and ransomed her and her passengers, but had hung the Captain. We set the two pirate craft on fire, the Captain preserving their papers for transmission to the Admiral. We then proceeded up the coast and anchored at Tow Chen in the Gulf of Tonkin."

On May 8 Allan was up at "earliest daylight." "We got underway," he said, "and stood along the coast to the northward until we got stuck in the mud. We backed off quickly and concluded to return as we were entirely outside the region of charts and surveys and had only our Chinese pilot to depend on. We stood for this island (Hainan) and are intending to make the circuit of the

island. We anchored in Chappoo Bay about five P.M. (May 9). Capt. Hatfield and I went ashore for a walk. The inhabitants had evidently never seen a white man before and they examined us with the greatest curiosity."

The *Unadilla* had an uncomfortable voyage "off the Hainan coast [now a Communist stronghold] . . . . during the night it rolled terribly, so much so as to render it almost impossible to sleep in one's bunk." On the 13th they had a fair wind "and with steam and sail the old packet was going 10 knots." On May 15 they left Hoi How again "at early daylight and bade farewell to our 'pilot expedition.' " They had not been back at their anchorage at Hong Kong very long when "three men-of-war were signalled as coming in. One of them proved to be the long awaited *Piscataqua* with Admiral Rowan; the other two a Prussian and a Portuguese. The amount of banging away for the official salutes was fearful."

The *Unadilla* was "At Sea" again on May 30 "bound for Bangkok, the capital of Siam, 1500 miles away from Hong Kong, farther than we have been since our arrival on the Station." The Admiral had "made signal" the morning before for them to "get up steam and prepare for sea." They hurried around at a great rate until they left the harbor at 4:30 in the afternoon, which they considered "pretty sharp work" since they had had no intimation of the matter beforehand. The Captain was as surprised as anyone. Their errand was to present Siam's Prime Minister (for the King) with some breech-loading firearms and ammunition, which the United States government had sent out by the *Piscataqua*. The Admiral had planned to go himself, but being unable to do so, had entrusted the mission to Captain Hatfield. On June 5 they were seven days out and rounding the cape at the tip end of Cochin China (south of South Vietnam), which would put them into the Gulf of Siam, still four hundred miles away from their destination.

They steamed up the Chao Phya River some twenty miles on June 8 and anchored at Bangkok, "the Venice of the East," about eight in the evening. The mysterious darkness had already fallen. Twilight does not linger long in Thailand. It was dreadfully hot and the mosquitoes were so thick Allan had to sleep in his bunk under a mosquito bar. At daybreak their horizon was bounded by the tops of trees a short distance off. The river banks were low,

the vegetation luxuriant, and the country very flat with no high land for miles.

All the officers that could be spared went with the Captain and the consul to call on the Prime Minister and present him with the rifles. "We had three shore boats for the party and the arms," our young man related. "These boats have houses on them to protect passengers from the sun: two rowers are in front and two behind this house. On our way we passed numbers of floating houses: they are built upon a raft of bamboos about a foot and a half out of water—and are veritable houses—like a small cottage at home. They are moored to large piles driven into the bottom of the river—and of course are movable at pleasure. The stream is lined with them, and here the native business is done: shops & stores of all kinds are found among them. All the going about is done in boats and there is comparatively little walking to be done. The buildings that are on the land are not far from the river—and these are principally temples and private residences of wealthy people.

"We landed at last and found horses provided for us: but the Consul & I preferred to walk. The Minister's house is of brick, and the grounds are surrounded with a whitewashed brick wall. There are wide open verandas all about the house. There we were received by the old fellow, the Kralahome as he is called, barefooted & in his sleep clothes, which, considering we were in epaulettes, was hardly the thing. After considerable palaver, we returned to the ship: fired a salute of 21 guns to the Siamese flag. The Kralahome came aboard about 3 P.M. and was saluted with 17 guns." (It was the same *Kralahome* who had startled "Anna" when he met her on shipboard as she arrived in Bangkok with her little son to work for the "King of Siam" in 1862.)[4]

On June 11 the same party went to call upon the King with the addition of "Rev. Dr. House, an American missionary," as interpreter. They were met at the landing by officials of the King's household, who conducted them to the palace to await the "royal pleasure." "The audience was fixed for *three* o'clock," Mr. Brown continued, "but it was *four* before we were admitted. The palace is built of brick, whitewashed and roofed with tiles: the grounds are about a half mile square, and contain besides the palace proper

many other buildings, such as the dwellings of the royal wives, of the retainers, stable, &c, &c., not to mention quite a large temple or chapel royal. There was quite an array of (barefooted) soldiers to receive us as we entered the precincts. We were introduced through a side door leading into the private reception room of His Serene Majesty. On coming within the walls, our conductors (who were *nobles*) went down upon their hands and knees and crawled into the presence. We found the King in a small room (about 16 x 24) furnished quite handsomely—and were successively presented to him. He wore an ill fitting silk sack coat, a sort of under jacket and a pair of breeches; *and* a magnificently jewelled star on his left breast. We were invited to sit down at a table—the King at the head, the Captain and I on his left and right respectively. He began to talk in tolerably good English, and discussed very learnedly about the eclipse to take place in August next. We had tea & coffee served in cups of beautiful china, presented to the King by the Emperor Napoleon III. Finally, the King dismissed us by rising and holding out his hand to the Captain. We retired & went into the public audience hall: it is a large room with a throne for the King."

King Mongkut, or Rama IV, the fourth king of the present Chakri dynasty, was then in the last year of his reign. He was sixty-four years of age in 1868. One of the first monarchs of that ancient land to see the advantage of closer ties with the western world, *he* was the King of Siam who employed Mrs. Anna Leonowens to teach the royal children. She had left Siam the year before Allan and his friends visited the court.

After leaving King Mongkut's palace, the party from the *Unadilla* visited "the temple of the greatest idol hereabouts," the Wat Po. "In it is a reclining image of Buddha, 160 feet in length, built of brick, heavily gilded. This temple has in it a large number of idols, over 500, all richly gilded. The grounds are very extensive and have within them four large monuments to Buddha, each not less than 100 feet high. The style of architecture is very beautiful & the proportions are faultless. After this we returned to the ship quite tired out and ready for our dinners."

The following day the ship's party was accompanied by several "missionary gentlemen," who had volunteered to introduce them to

more of the sights of Bangkok. Captain Hatfield and Lt. Brown returned to the ship early to receive a visit from the Crown Prince, who was expected at three o'clock. He arrived at four and was saluted with twenty-one guns upon his departure. The King sent a present of fruit. His Royal Highness, Prince Chulalongkorn, "Mem Ah-na's" most important pupil, was then fifteen years old. He had learned his lessons well. He was destined to become one of Thailand's great national heroes. King Mongkut died suddenly October 1, 1868. Chulalongkorn, who is known as "the Abraham Lincoln of Thailand" because he abolished slavery and other feudal customs, reigned as Rama V from the time he ascended the throne as a young lad until 1910. Chulalongkorn Day is celebrated each year in honor of this beloved monarch. An equestrian statue of him stands on the public square in front of the National Assembly Hall or Parliament Building. The ruler of present day Thailand, King Bhumiphol (Rama IX), is a grandson of Anna's Crown Prince and his beautiful Queen Sirikit is a greatgranddaughter.

After more calls and sightseeing, the *Unadilla* left the fabulous old city on the winding river with its network of klongs (canals); its sparkling pagodas; its fascinating floating markets; its myriad red, white, and gold wats (temples); and its smiling, happy, friendly people. Now known to the world by its ancient name of Thailand ("Land of the Free")—may the liberty-loving land ever be so!

The *Unadilla* set sail on June 18, 1868, at 10:30 in the morning and anchored at Hong Kong at 11:00 A.M., July 2. On July 4 they "hoisted all the American ensigns that we could raise: the English vessels in port dressing ship also." They had a fireworks display at nine o'clock that evening amid the cheers of the men on board the English flag ship.

On July 6 the *Colorado* came in from San Francisco with the mail, bringing a letter from Gertrude, and Allan's commission as lieutenant commander from March 12, 1868, which gave him $160.00 in back pay. He was then twenty-four-and-a-half years of age.

Back in the land of the prairies, Guy Brown had given up his former business and had applied for the district clerkship of that

part of the state. It would take half the hours he had put into the store, he told Ned Tyler on June 24, 1868, and would enable him to use the extra time for study. He was still heart-whole, although he had made "three or four cavalry dashes on the enemy, but not yet surrendered. When next I determine to make a charge, I assure you it will be with my whole line of battle. From the necessity of any such charge, however, I hope to be delivered for some years yet. Still you know the frailty of the human mind. But *you* are so wary, ever like Eugene Rayburn. In your bachelorhood, you will yet trot my children on your knee.

"You know that the greatest future good old time to which I look forward is at Fisher's Pond in '71. Yet I hope to meet our family in reunion before that at the time Allan returns and I live in hope I may see you also. But the meeting at Fisher's Pond will be the completion by those alive of a promise made ten years before near the spot on which your life was once in danger. At this time, I cannot look back upon that without a shudder. Dear old boy, good bye.

As ever yours
Guy A. Brown"

By December he had been appointed district clerk and was working to secure the clerkship of Otoe County, an elective and more remunerative office. He and his friend "Dean of Auburn," the deputy clerk, were cozily situated in rooms in a private house, nicely furnished with Guy's furniture and pictures, and situated on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri Valley and River for many miles. "A young lady who has heard of you asks if I have heard from 'Eugene' lately," he wrote Ned in between the swearing of witnesses during an important jury case being tried in the attractive old brick courthouse in Nebraska City, said to be the oldest public building west of the Missouri River. (It is only a *few miles* west.)

It was growing cold in Hong Kong by Christmastime. Allan wrote his wife that an overcoat felt pleasant during the night watches. The thermometer was 44 degrees, the coldest weather they had experienced for a year and a half. They were watching for the flagship *Piscataqua* and hoped she would come in before

Christmas. "A merry Christmas to you and baby," he wrote home on Christmas Night, "a merrier one than I have spent, but not as merry as I hope our next one will be."

The *Piscataqua* arrived on New Year's Day 1869 bringing the Admiral—and George Tyler on his first long cruise. He had graduated from the Naval Academy June 2, 1868. Allan went over to the flagship in the afternoon for a confidential talk with Rear Admiral G. C. Rowan. He had been anxiously waiting to confer with him. He had been on sea duty almost continuously since his graduation in 1863, with only a few short periods of leave. Several of his contemporaries had been relieved and ordered home. Captain Hatfield had been ordered home too and replaced by Captain Yates. The Admiral would promise nothing.

But on a second call on the same errand on February 14, "he sent for his Secretary to look over the records of the other fellows who had been ordered home and finally gave him the order to detach me and send me home—and just wasn't I jubilant?" he exulted to his wife. "And thankful! It wasn't very hard work to stand my first watch last night, I can tell you. Now, please God, I shall be with you in about nine weeks!"

Packing with a glad heart, he transferred his heavy baggage on the 18th to the Pacific mail steamer, *Great Republic,* "a magnificent vessel," where he held a levee in his room until ten that evening. There were many people to see him off the next day, including Ensign George Tyler. As the *Great Republic* steamed out of the harbor past the *Piscataqua,* her band played "Home Sweet Home" and Allan and his fellow passengers "waved their handkerchiefs in adieu. And so goodbye to Hong Kong!"

They reached Yokohama on February 28, "seeing Fusi Yama as white as marble glistening in the sunlight and looking not more than ten miles off: its actual distance is forty-five." They docked at San Francisco on Easter Eve, March 27. In Brattleboro, Gertrude saw in a New York newspaper the name of Allan D. Brown, U.S.N., on a list of passengers arriving in San Francisco by the China steamer, "a most welcome Easter gift," she wrote in her journal. The next day a telegram announced his expected arrival in New York three weeks hence. He sailed from San Francisco March 30, and his long encirclement of the globe ended when he

reached New York on April 21, 1869 (presumably having crossed the isthmus by train). He had sailed out of New York harbor on January 12, 1867. Gertrude was waiting for him at the Metropolitan Hotel. "The fact must be enough," the Navy wife recorded in her journal. "Words cannot do justice to the subject. We stayed in New York until Friday, the 23d, when we took the boat for New London, reaching home Saturday morning. And there was Helen! She just looked at her father without a word. Only after repeated questions as to who it was, she drew a long breath and said emphatically, 'Papa!' "

Guy Brown was also eastward bound. He was headed for Washington on April 29 on the way to a meeting with his brother in Vermont. His friend, Ned Tyler, was unable to get leave from his duties in the Treasury Department to join him in New England. The penciled letter to Ned "On Board Chicago & N.W.R.R.." looks a good deal like some of his letters from the war zone. It was written on "Clerk's Office" letterhead—"District Court, First Judicial District, Nebraska City."[5]

"My dear Boy," Guy wrote in a shaky hand from "near Boone, Iowa," "I am en route to you but am now bound for Chicago where I have a little business. I can't write much or very well as the cars joggle so. I propose staying with you about 3 days, and can't stay longer, but would like to have you go up to Annapolis for a day with me in order that we may see Hanson as I would like very much to do. It is a great effort for me to come to Washington as I have got so far to go and must get back to my duties as soon as possible.

As ever yours
Guy"

He had left his heart as well as his work in Nebraska. He had been engaged for several months, he announced in a letter to Ned on March 20, "to a young lady here, Miss Mary Holmes. She is a western girl, an Indiana Hoosier. She is of medium size, fair complexion, light hair and 'Brown' eyes. She is 18 years old—a home girl, intelligent, a good vein of wit and well educated, more in home duties as a wife needs to be than most girls of her age. Her parents are good people—her father quite a wealthy machinist

here." Mary was sensible and down to earth, yet sparkling, vivacious, and full of life.

Guy's last visit as a bachelor to "the three B's" as he called them—Brattleboro, Batavia, Buffalo—was duly related to his usual confidante when he was "again in my western home" on June 16. ("Dear Bessie! She was so glad to see me, so loving and so beautiful!") At Hamilton "we had our reunion dinner done up in Mother's best homecoming style." At Batavia, he made a pilgrimage to Fisher's Pond, where he hoped to meet Ned in 1871. "I was carried back," he told his friend, "to the time when you almost yielded up your life—when we were there together—friends only of recent date, but coming from the water with love abounding each for the other and friendship cemented by the struggle we had undergone. I have felt as if I came from that place years older than I was, though I have almost ever since been a wild careless boy, but in the innermost recesses of my heart, I have felt your love strengthen and support me.

"I have been as you know fickle, yet never have I been to you, never shall I be to my 'betrothed.' My visit has been a good thing, because of all old and new friends I have seen. I come back to her with more and more love increasing at every hour. Our wedding is to take place July 22d. Do not feel it incumbent upon yourself to give the bride anything. Only one thing she hopes for and that is the love of my friends."

Guy closed the long letter: "My dear Boy, Goodbye. I enjoyed being with you so much. It will ever be a bright spot in my memory. Love to Will and wife and remember me kindly to others.

Very affly
Guy"

After the visits in Hamilton and Batavia, the Allan Browns received the joyful news that Allan was to have shore duty at last. They celebrated Helen's fifth birthday in their quarters at the Naval Academy as Commander Brown began his duties as instructor in mathematics. "What a birthday I've got!" the little girl exclaimed, surrounded by all her new possessions. She would be quite contented, she observed, if only Mamma would send for Cornele. She missed her playmate and schoolmate sadly. The last

of the many family pupils, the little folks had already started their studies under Aunt Amelia.

Appearing here at the end of the decade is the first letter written by Helen Tyler Brown, a later voluble family scribe. "Dear Aunt Edith," she began in her own wobbly handwriting with her mother's help, "Oh, I like my birthday so much. I liked the doll's clothes very much. I send you *thank you* for making them. I call the doll *Rosy Lizabut.* I liked the bedstead very much & the doll could fit it. Tell Grandpa that I liked that purse he gave me & send him thank you. I think Grandma's sash very pretty and I send her thank you."

"I had some *'Nurseries,'* " the missive continued in Gertrude's handwriting at Helen's dictation, after her efforts on the first page of the wee notepaper had tired her. "I liked them *very* much. I give thank you to everybody at our house and to Aunt Mary, & like the paper dolls very much. I've got a room of my own and I sleep in the room of my own. Sarah is a very good nurse. I wash myself partly and she washes me partly—washes me and dresses me.

O O O O O O O O O O O	Those are kisses for Aunt Edith
O O O O O O O O O O O	Those kisses are for Grandma
O O O O O O O O O O O	Those kisses are for Grandpa Tyler.

I send my love to everybody and say goodbye.

(signed very crookedly)
HELEN T. BROWN"

Brattleboro was visited with a double catastrophe at the end of the sixties. The disastrous "Flood of the Whetstone" occurred early in October.[6] "Does Bratt feel ruined entirely?" Gertrude asked at the end of the long letter she wrote home about Helen's birthday and the new menage. The rain had fallen in the Twin State Valley for thirty-six hours. "Whetstone's silver brook," which Royall Tyler had pictured "soft murmuring as it winds adown this wild green mountain glen,"[7] rose suddenly on Monday, October 4, and rushed toward the river in a raging torrent, carry-

ing all before it—homes, businesses, bridges, lumber, and household belongings. Only the covered bridge over the brook at West Brattleboro (the famous "Creamery Bridge," still standing) withstood the onslaught. Not so the bridge over the Connecticut! As the powerful current with its tragic debris reached the mouth of the Whetstone near the railroad station, it demolished the bridge over the river between the village and the island where a former one had capsized in 1857.

"What are the people doing about rebuilding?" queried the anxious young woman in Annapolis. And the "Flood of the Whetstone" was followed by the "Great Fire of 1869," which consumed all the buildings on the west side of Main Street between High and Elliot on October 31, 1869.[8]

"What about the new bridge?" was Gertrude's final question from Annapolis. And written across the back of the long letter of October 17, 1869, are the words, "Allan says I had better signify that I mean the bridge over the Connecticut."

NOTES

1. Copy of Mrs. Freeman's letter to C. C. Billings, dated Metuchen, New Jersey, May 21, 1925, is in the Royall Tyler Collection at the Vermont Historical Society. Cornele brought the letter to a family gathering in June 1925, and the copy, made at that time, is in the handwriting of Ethel Ruth Brown Sutherland.

2. Cabot, page 939.

3. (Marginal note by Allan D. Brown in his blank book: "*1876 —This is called *banging the hair* and is undoubtedly copied from the Chinese.")

4. Margaret Landon, *Anna and the King of Siam* (Garden City 1945), page 22.

5. Officers listed in the upper corner of the District Court stationery: "Hon. O. P. Mason, Chief Justice; O. B. Hewett, District Attorney; J. W. Moore, Sheriff; Guy A. Brown, Clerk."

6. Cabot, page 844.

7. Royall Tyler's "Lines on Brattleboro," page 834, *Ibid.*

8. *Ibid.*, pages 499 and 851.

Chapter 16

Academy Days

The Browns lived at "#12 Naval Academy" (known affectionately as "The Corral"), in a row of neat brick buildings, which formed the "Officers' and Professors' Quarters" near the upper Academy gate. Their windows looked out on the well-kept greensward crisscrossed with tidy paths and shaded with graceful elms. At right angles to the officers' quarters and stretching across the northern edge of the grounds was the long building topped with a tall cupola known as "Upper Quarters," the main barracks of the midshipmen. At the other end of the broad lawn was the Superintendent's house, the Seamanship, and other Academy buildings, with a large oval field beyond and the blue Severn glinting in the background. A long paved walk led down to the wharf where lay the old *Santee,* from which George Tyler had written in January 1865 during its sojourn at Newport, and which would for years be a part of Academy life.

Little Helen was vastly amused and had a good view of the proceedings soon after her arrival when the midshipmen had a fire drill at their quarters near the Brown windows. "There were four engines—hose carts to match & a hook & ladder company—all middies of course," her mother wrote. "There they were, all tearing about like mad—throwing water—pumping engines—shouting —yelling & carrying on generally for about one hour."

Commodore John S. Worden, the new Superintendent, was formally received at the Academy in early December. "All the officers were assembled in the Yard," Gertrude reported, "epaulettes & swords, all their wives in nice array, & a good share of their children, the midshipmen drawn up for dress parade, and the band ready with the music, but the cars were half an hour late.

Finally the Commodore made his appearance at the lower gate, the drum beat, the marine guard presented arms, and the Santee fired a salute for the departing Admiral, as his flag was hauled down, and another for the incoming Superintendent as the Commodore's flag was hoisted. The old gentleman was introduced to the officers, and then presented to the battalion by the Commandant of Midshipmen, after which came dress parade."

One of Gertrude's first callers was "Mr. McCormack of the old Iroquois crowd" (the one who was always being sent off in a boat to round up a pilot). "I had not seen him since the summer she sailed from Brooklyn for France," Gertrude wrote. "He has been here the last three years and is off to sea again. It was quite like seeing an old friend."

And, of course, Firstclassman Hanson Tyler was a frequent guest, very glad to have home folks at the Academy. He usually dropped in during Helen's favorite period, before bedtime, and found the little girl sitting in Allan's lap with Gertrude reading to her. Uncle Stem was a great favorite. "The band plays every day," Helen wrote to Tyler Street. "There are midshipmen and I like to see them. Uncle Stem is here and is *there* every night. We have a parade. They have guns and they do this way [drawing of midshipman presenting arms, drawn by Papa]."

Christmas was joyous after the two previous ones spent apart, but the smell of the evergreens at Old St. Ann's was the first thing that really seemed like Christmas to Vermont-bred Gertrude. She and Allan trimmed their holly tree in the little parlor of their quarters. Hanson Tyler joined them for dinner and an evening of family fun. He was much pleased with his share of the fun and gifts. He put his buttons and studs right on, observing that they "were the proper thing you know," and " 'Uncle Charles had a right proper idea of doing things,' " his cousin reported. "Then we had a cup of tea and some cake to top off with. Stem left soon after gunfire and we were in bed a few minutes after ten."

"Christmas is over, but not the felicity of it," Gertrude wrote home the next day. "Helen sits on the floor, perfectly happy, keeping up all the while a little happy undercurrent of talk to herself and her children. She is entirely absorbed in her gifts"—each one and its reception lovingly mentioned by her Mamma, including

the ones from "Auntie Kit, Grandma Di and Uncle Pick" in Hamilton. " 'And thank everybody very much for me when you write, Mama,' she says."

"It rains—and rains—and would be dreary," Gertrude concluded, "only Allan is at home, and it is the day after Christmas."

'I spent a quiet happy winter," Gertrude noted in her journal, "fabricating another tiny wardrobe."

"Helen is just about as good as they get them up," Allan declared to "My dearest Sister." "I wonder if the next can possibly be as sweet-tempered, good-natured, &c. as she has always been!" the proud father wondered. "It doesn't *seem probable,* but it may be just within the limits of possibility.

"Gertrude no doubt will more than fill this sheet with tucks, gores, gussets, bands, hems, seams, braids, yokes, ruffles, edging, lace, pleats, skirts, waists, petticoats & all the other various paraphernalia of the wardrobe upon which she is constantly at work.

"Give my best love and a kiss to Mother. What's the news from Nebraska? I believe that I'll write to Guy some of these days.

Affly. yr. brother,
Allan D. B."[1]

"Of course, we look for you & Edith next summer," Gertrude added. "I imagine the gayest season is about the holidays, but neither of your adoring families would be willing to spare you from home at Christmas. Love to Mother and Uncle.

Always your aff. sister
G. T. Brown"

A happy aftermath of the sixties occured in the spring. Bessie, the beloved cousin, was in Annapolis for the event. "We expect Bessie down next week," Allan wrote his sister in Hamilton on February 17, "and I expect the crisis will come off in the course of a week or two after that—or sometime along. Stem *seems* to be in perfect innocence of the impending increase in the census, but it is perfectly evident to anyone going about with eyes open. Best love and kisses to Mother. Love to all.

Affly. yr. brother
Allan D. B."

The crisis did not come off so soon. Ethel Ruth Brown was born at the Naval Academy (as she always proudly asserted a "Navy child born under the Flag") on April 1, 1870. She was a lovely creature from birth, inheriting her grandmother Diana's beauty. What pleasure her infancy gave to her father, who had missed the first year of his firstborn's life!

Hanson Tyler, meanwhile, who had appeared in Allan's eyes so innocent of the situation, had convulsed his pal, Edith, in Brattleboro with his comments on the approaching development. "I most was tickled to death the other evening when I was over to Gertie's," he wrote in February, "to see what you had written on the corner of the Phoenix about how you were daily expecting a telegram &c. I thought your feelings about expectation were approximate to my own: whenever I am over to Gertie's now-a-days, I always keep my eye right on my hat, ready to make a break as soon as I see any indication of anything's turning up. I keep one eye constantly on my hat, and one foot on the floor, and my face pointed toward the door all ready to make a dive at the first sign of anybody's beginning to make the voyage into the world."

"Now, Kit, did you ever, ever see the equal of that youth?" Edith asked as she related this bit of Stem-er-y to her friend Florence. "I never did! I laughed and laughed over that. Then I read it to Mamma, and we had another scream over it."

Another Tyler-Brown romance was in full swing. Despite the demands of his Naval life, George Tyler had managed to capture the heart of the charming Kit—the heart which had been touched in earlier girlhood by a former Tyler youth, Rufus of the "waving locks of palest red." "If George does come home in June, won't it be jolly though!" Edie exclaimed in a letter to "My darling Kitten." "I guess we four young ones will manage to enjoy ourselves next summer—you and George, Stem and I—don't you think so?"

But George did not come home in June and the joint trip to Annapolis was postponed at his instigation. "Edith came down in mid-May," Gertrude's journal commented briefly, "and she, Allan and I stood sponsor for our little Ethel Ruth," the baptism at historic old St. Ann's in Annapolis. Hanson's birthday letter of thanks on May 18 to his Aunt Laura had far more to say about his little cousin's arrival. He had called at the Browns' the night before on the joint birthday (his nineteenth and Gertrude's twenty-

ninth) "to congratulate Gertie on her unparalleled success in having reached such an august age so happily and was delighted both with your and Edie's kind presents and with seeing the telegram informing us of Edie's coming tomorrow. I can't possibly see what led Geo. into such a great mistake as to suppose that Edith could have half such a nice time here in the winter as she can now. Why, she can see more fun during the coming two weeks of examination than she could in two months of fall or winter. There are lots of reasons why she should come now.

"I have just finished my last recitation in the U.S.N.A. All that remains for me to do now is to rake together the few brains they have left me after these four years of study, pass the graduating examination, stick the diploma in the pocket and start for home.

"May 24th. I have been so busy with examinations, drills and trying to look after Edie that I have had hardly any time to finish this. Please excuse such a poor letter and accept my most sincere thanks, and a great deal of love from

Y'r most affectionate nephew,
Hanson R. Tyler"

Another happy event occurred while Stem was writing to Edith's mother. Edward Provost Brown (named for Guy's friends, Edward Tyler and Ben Provost of Buffalo) was born in Nebraska City on May 18. These two young Browns, Ned and Ethel, born one month apart, became fast friends later in life. Guy wrote to his friend, Ned, about the baby's birth on May 19, 1870.

"Dear Boy—Our boy was born last night at 9 o'clock and is a fine & healthy looking chap weighing 10 lbs. I could scribble all over the paper in the ecstasy I feel over the new birth. He is just the sweetest little fellow you ever saw and you will trot him on your knee some day if God spares his life. My darling wife has suffered a good deal but is content in having her baby in her arms at last. Dear Boy, write to us. Let me know if all is well. Mary sends much love & a kiss from baby to 'dear Uncle Ned'.

Affly
Guy

The young Capt has light hair and is strong & able bodied."

The Annapolis Browns went "Home" in June, when Allan went on the "Practice Cruise" with the midshipmen on the *Savannah* to England and Madeira. A brief missive for Helen in her father's large clear printing covered an entire sheet of business-size stationery.

"MY DARLING LITTLE
HELEN.
I SEND YOU A PAIR OF GLOVES, THAT I GOT FOR YOU IN ENGLAND. I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE THEM. KISS DEAR MAMA FOR PAPA, AND BE A GOOD GIRL. TELL ETHEL THAT PAPA HAS SOMETHING FOR HER, BUT HE CAN NOT SEND IT IN A LETTER,
PAPA."

The family from Hamilton were in Brattleboro for the summer, and Ensign George Tyler came back from China. He was ordered to signal duty June 15, promoted to master July 12, 1870, and attached to the *Guerriere* on September 17.[2]

"I understand George lives in Bratt and occasionally visits N.Y. Harbor," Hanson wrote to Aunt Minna from the "Steam Packet Nipsic, Navy Yard, Washington," on December 3. Stem had spent the summer shivering off Prince Edward Island. "A fellow most shivers and shakes his limbs off." he told "My very dear Father" off Charlottetown on August 31, sending "best love to Mother, Florence, Aunts Minna & Mary, Uncle C. and Aunt L., Gertie, Edie and all" before "cruising up about Anticosti and the Magdalene Islands" in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was "terrible tired of fried codfish for breakfast, codfish chowder for lunch and boiled cod for dinner—the usual bill of fare while out cruising," he reported to Aunt Minna in September.

Miss Brown and Miss Tyler embarked on their visit to Annapolis in December. The two friends—graceful Florence of the rosy cheeks and bright face "framed with ebon border," and dainty little Edith with her Dresden china figure—set out for New York early in the month. They did not lack for masculinity to keep watchful eyes on them and furnish escort in the big city, where they spent a short time on the eve of George Tyler's sailing with the *Guerriere* for the European squadron. George met them at the railroad station; Joe Tyler boarded the horsecar as they rode up

from the depot; Uncle Giles Boardman was waiting at Freese's Hotel to take them to supper; Ned arrived from Washington the next morning in time for breakfast; "Cousin Dan"[3] appeared on the scene later in the day; and as a finishing touch, who should appear in the picture that first year of the new decade but the long lost cousin, Clarence Tyler, the ex-Confederate midshipman! There he was awaiting them at the hotel when they all returned from a visit to the *Guerriere*. "He said he should not have known George at all, but he knew me directly," Edith wrote her parents. "I don't think I should have known him if he hadn't spoken. He made quite a call and was quite agreeable, evidently doing his best and I encouraged him as much as I could. I told him when Papa would be down and that he would be glad to see him and he said he should certainly call on him. I think the youth ought to be encouraged." The reunion was no doubt made easier for the young man because the first contact with the Vermont cousins was with the gentle Edith, whom he had last seen as a child of nine.

That was the lovers' last evening together and Edith made up her mind, she said, that she would "let them sit up as long as they wished to," so she was glad she had Ned to visit with her "though he got awfully sleepy."

George sailed for Europe at noon Saturday, the 17th, after seeing the girls off for Annapolis in the morning. His sailing orders had kept them there longer than planned. But poor Stem! It was *his* loss and *his* disappointment. He had a few hours leave and went down to Annapolis to see them on the eve of *his* sailing for the Caribbean, only to find that his favorite cousin and his stepsister were detained in New York by Dan Cupid. He gave vent to his feelings aboard ship to Aunt Minna after casting off.

"I went down to Annapolis yesterday afternoon," he wrote from "U.S.S. Nipsic, Potomac River, 17th of Dec. 1870," "hoping not only to see Allan and Gertie, but also Edith and Florence; but with my usual ill luck, and the way in which some people seem bound to mix everything up, I was very much disappointed. I was going to pass *one* pleasant homelike evening among my relations and have a real nice time, talk over old times, and learn all about the Bratt. boys and girls from Edith—but instead I found only Allan & Gertie. I of course had a pleasant and sociable time with them, but I should have enjoyed myself twenty times better if

Edith had been there too. If she had been put in charge of that journey, they would have got to Annapolis Friday as they should have done—for she knows a thing or two, and can do things straight. Oh! it does make me so terribly vexed. I only had leave to stay in Annapolis from 7 o'clock in the evening to 6:20 the next morning and then to get cheated out of half the fun by any such miserable mixed up foolish arrangements—oh! it's horribly aggravating—isn't it?

"We left the Navy Yard this afternoon, and are going to Norfolk to stay a day or two to get some men and then sail for Key West; next we go to Tehuantepec, Mexico, and then to Vera Cruz or some other port near there for coal, and then we go to Aspenwall, and from there to the mouth of the Otrato River. Now then, my dear Aunt, the proper place to direct the first few letters (that you are going to write me) is to Key West and all after that to Aspenwall.

"Please give my best love to Aunts Mary & Sarah, Bessie, Uncle Chas. & Aunt Laura—and again thanking you *most kindly* for your nice Christmas gifts, I remain, as I shall all my life,

Your most loving nephew
H. R. Tyler

"You just think of it, Aunt Minna, and see if you don't think you would be displeased to get cheated out of an evening you had been looking forward to for a long time, just because two folks can't tear themselves apart a few minutes sooner. Particularly when they've been cooing at each other most every day for six months—and ought to have been married five months ago, and been all through with it!

Stem"

He also wrote to Edith, she told her mother, "in a great hurry just before he sailed. It was filled with two subjects—his immense disgust at George and Kit for keeping me in New York so long and his hope to find a letter from me awaiting him in Norfolk."

"In December Florence and Edith came down and were with us here for six weeks. We had quite a gay winter until Lent began," is the last entry in Gertrude's journal.

There were immediate preparations for a masquerade ball. "We have been busily sewing all day," Edith wrote home that first Monday evening, the 19th. "I have been sewing the red braid on my peasant dress. Gertrude approves of our dresses. Her own is that Chinese dress of hers and she will look first rate in it. Allan's is going to be jolly and will just suit his style—Brother Jonathan, an' it please you—bed ticking pants and vest, red and white striped calico swallow-tailed coat, and a grey felt hat just like the pictures.[4] I expect there'll be lots of sport at the ball." And the elder sister added, "Edith will look as cunning as camphor in her peasant dress— she never wore anything so becoming. I think all her dresses are no end pretty."

The young ladies enjoyed their New Year's experience when they "received" all day with Gertrude and another Navy wife in the Brown parlor. "Gertrude wore her long black silk and looked first rate," the little sister told their mother. "Kit and I indulged in our light silks, low necked waists, and pima and muslin overdresses. Kit's was very becoming. I never saw her look better. They said that mine looked nicely too.

"People commenced coming about eleven o'clock and kept it up until about five with only occasional short pauses. A few came alone, but most of them came in squads of from two to six or seven and stayed from 5 to 15 minutes. Generally, one of the squad was acquainted with Gertrude or Mrs. H. and he would introduce the rest of them. There were rather more officers than middies, but a good share of each. It was lots of fun. Of course, we did not have any dinner, but we ate cake and figs and drank coffee all day. We had about 50 calls."

Gertrude added, "Allan was out calling all day. He said our two girls were as prettily dressed and looked as nicely as any he saw anywhere. A few days ago the Commodore sent around a request that no officer would 'offer wine or any spirituous liquors' to the Midshipmen on New Year's Day. When the old gentleman called on us, he took a seat near the table and carefully looked to see what was on it. They say he did so everywhere and where he detected any wine he spoke of it. The children, big and little, are well—and all send love to you people.

Your affectionate daughter
Gertrude T. Brown"

Florence went back to Hamilton early in January, but Edith's visit included a jaunt to Washington to visit her cousins, Will, Fannie, and Ned Tyler. The latter had graduated from Columbian Law School (now George Washington) and was engaged in the practice of law. Allan and Gertrude came the next day to accompany them to the "President's Levee" on January 20, 1871, Gertrude in blue satin and Edith clad in her "black silk skirt with light silk looped over it and high necked waist." "The President gave me a cordial handshake as if I were one of his cronies and said Good Evening," Miss Tyler related. "Mrs. Grant only bowed. After we had been presented, we passed on with the stream, but edged out of it before reaching the opposite door. We went round behind the President and his wife and looked on at the sport, then passed on into the East Room and stared around awhile, and then came home. Mr. and Mrs. Colfax were there of course. I have Mrs. Grant's and Mrs. Colfax's dresses firmly implanted in my mind and I'll tell you about them when I get home. They were very handsome."

Little Miss Tyler danced the next evening away at an Annapolis hop as a final fling before returning home for the beginning of Lent.

Guy was not able to keep the long-planned tryst on the banks of Fisher's Pond "at the time so long ago appointed." He and his Mary and little Ned were living in a tiny house in Omaha while he worked and studied in the law office of the Hon. James A. Woolworth. He advised Ned of the hard decision on March 27, 1871. "I was appointed Law Librarian of the State in March & on May 1 we go to Lincoln, the Capital, to commence my duties there, and what I think is an advantageous step for me. In July our Supreme Court meets. To leave these places, is to cut off that which is to supply us with bread, and to give up the foothold which I cannot but think I am just beginning to obtain after my four years residence here. At this date I see not my way clear to even a short leave of absence.

"When I think of the old memories which cluster around that spot; the sudden death of our dear Rufus, of Barber, of Totten, of Pringle, and of Eales, of your dear self and your trials there, of the pond and its peaceful quiet of the long midsummer days, our camp

& the old time pleasures, I am tempted to leave all that I have that I may be there. But comes now the love I bear my dear wife and baby, and the necessity of work for their support, all this causes me to say, 'I cannot go.'

"I hope you may soon write to me. Tell me your plans, for in them you know I shall always feel interested.

As ever Your Brother
The Captain"

Guy's stepbrother was "At Sea Making Passage from Vera Cruz to Tampico, Mexico." Hanson Tyler concluded, he told Aunt Amelia on "9th of July 1871," that he had seen Mexico enough and the sooner he could get up into Vermont where a fellow could get well cool the better. "I wish I could see you, Aunt Minna. You don't know how much I like you for yourself and for all your kindnesses to me since I was knee-high. Bessie is a mighty nice old girl too; give her my best love and a kiss and tell her I am going to write to her soon.

"I understand there's something of a little row going on in the family; I should everlastingly enjoy being at home to have a hand in it. I'm afraid it will all be over long before I can get there to enjoy the sport."

The "little row" referred to Tyler Street reaction to the romance Edith was indulging in. His best-loved cousin's budding affection for "Will Platt" gave rise to Stem's next observation that he "must find somebody to get sweet on when he had a chance"—"there's no use going to sea if one has nobody to think of during night watches and to write sweet letters to when he's in port.

"I understand Mother and Kit are going West soon. Isn't anybody going with them for escort? It's a pretty long journey for them to take alone."

They were met in Chicago by friends of Guy, who was enthusiastic about his new home. "I do think that Lincoln will increase by solid growth to be a solid city. I like it. It is in the midst of a fine country. It will be a railroad center. It's railroads are now three. This will be an agricultural state. Five years ago when I first came to Nebraska, Lincoln was a bare prairie with no houses upon the ground. Now it has a population of 5000. The State

University, the Capitol, the Asylum and Penitentiary are all located here. Thinking of its infancy, it is marvellous so far in its growth."

Edith was a captive member of the expedition when the Annapolis Browns returned after the summer in Vermont, Allan having joined them after the practice cruise. Edith had fallen in love with George Willard Platt, who had come to Brattleboro to work for his uncle, Henry C. Willard, at Clark and Willard's drugstore. Her winter at the Academy was designed to nip her romance in the bud. It was frowned upon her by her parents; at least by her adamantine little Mamma, who considered Will's prospects insufficient to justify his addressing their daughter at that point. He was the son of the Reverend G. Lewis Platt, Episcopal rector at Tivoli over in the Hudson Valley, and the late Sarah Willard. Edith was a dutiful daughter of the past century. She wanted to please her parents, wrote the usual loving letters home, enjoyed Academy life, was escorted about by sundry midshipmen and honestly tried to forget Will—unsuccesfully.

In one such letter, she copied the following note sent from Washington by Ned on October 17, 1871: "Dear Edith, I extract the following item from the 'National Republican' newspaper of this city of this date.

> 'At the Pensacola Navy Yard a few nights ago a tipsy sailor attempted to get on board the United States Steamer *Nipsic* but fell off the gangway plank and was about drowning when Midshipman Hanson R. Tyler, an accomplished young officer attached to the ship, sprang overboard and *succeeded in saving him at the peril of his own life.*'
>
> Yours affly
> E. R. Tyler"

"Isn't that splendid!" his cousin exclaimed. "Stem wrote to me about it but he did not picture it as being anything dangerous or of much account anyway. Perhaps Ned sent the paper to Bratt. If not I hope Uncle Pickman will see this.

"Love to all—Your loving daughter

Edith"

Stem wrote to her that he was not in search of glory when he

saved that man's life but he really thought he would get drowned, so he *"skipped over and lent him a hand."* "Isn't that characteristic!" Edith asked. He had come to regard his coming home in the light of a *conundrum* and had "given it up."

Commodore C. R. P. Rodgers visited the Academy that fall. "You remember he commanded the Iroquois when Allan went to the East Indies," Gertrude reminded her mother on October 23. "I have not seen him since before they started that time (August 1864). He is now head of the Bureau of Detail. As we were coming in from Church, Allan saw him crossing the road, and made a rush for him. He came back to the door—said he had just been to see us. He regarded Helen with an eye of interest as 'the young lady of whose arrival we heard at Cape Town.' Then he made some remark about her size and what 'milestones these little people were.' I replied that there was another milestone upstairs. 'Oh! yes! he knew it, he kept track.' We met him again in the afternoon, when we were out with Ethie. He came up to speak to baby, & she stretched out her bit of a hand, 'How do!'—conducting herself in a most exemplary manner. I am very glad to have seen him again. He was my first acquaintance in the Navy, barring Allan himself, and a most agreeable one, though I used to be very much frightened of him. He was such a stately gentleman. He doesn't seem nearly as formidable now.

"Helen is happy in her school. When she was writing you the other day, Allan says that Ethie came up and covered the paper all over with kisses. Ethie grows so sweet every day—and so wise. She is fat—and rosy—and the jolliest mite! She enjoys a joke as well as anyone—and understands almost everything that is said."

"Congratulate Aunt Sarah for me on the safe arrival of the Guerriere," Gertrude wrote home in the winter. "I suppose she and Kit will be looking forward to seeing George before long. May as well make the most of him while they can, before he goes to sea again." George Tyler was detached from the *Guerriere* March 11, 1872, and no time was wasted in making the most of him.

The Browns looked out of their windows at "the Corral" upon arising Good Friday morning and found the English man-of-war *Danae* lying in the stream. Gertrude wrote home about the English visitors on Easter Monday morning, April 1, after presenting two-

year-old Ethie with her birthday gifts at the breakfast table. "The Danae was just this side the Santee, and the Royal Alfred was just discernible in the distance. She draws too much water to come inside. They saluted the flags and the Commodore, which salutes were returned from the Santee at eight o'clock. This morning H.B.M.'s Eclipse has come in and lies near the Danae in the stream. The streets are full of sailors on liberty and we occasionally see officers strolling about. They look exactly as though they had stepped out of *Punch*. I suppose we shall give them a hop.

"I must write to Kit to congratulate her on the happy event and extend a cordial invitation to them to come here. With many thanks for the pretty things for the dear baby.

Your affectionate daughter
Gertrude T. Brown"

The hop for the English officers was in full swing later in the week, "and everyone expected an all night hop," Mrs. Brown reported, "but the Admiral withdrew his officers at one o'clock as they were to sail at four A.M. Consequently, Naval etiquette demanded that the ball, being given for them entirely, should cease."

Edith was "flying around the room in a gallop" with one of the Englishmen, she said in her account of the affair, "when the band began to play 'Home Sweet Home.' I stopped in consternation and rushed up to Capt. Cooke to ask if they really meant it. My poor partner appeared as much disgusted as anybody. Such a universal growl as there was—to be obliged to go home at one o'clock when we were expecting an all night hop!

"Love to Papa," Edith concluded on April 7, "You will get this the day of Kit's wedding. I wish I could go with it—for the occasion.

Your loving daughter
Edith"

She had capitulated for the nonce and it was easier not to be in the same town with Will. She was happy with letters from Kit and Bessie telling how well everything went off and how happy and contented the principals were. Florence Brown was married to George Whittlesey Tyler in Brattleboro by the bride's stepfather on April 9, 1872.

The bride's brother marked the cementing of the new Tyler-Brown tie with a letter to the bridegroom's brother. "My dear Boy," wrote Guy on April 9, "We are today united by a closer tie. I am sure it did not need this to make our affection for each other any stronger than it is. Still an affair of such moment does serve to bring us nearer together by the relationship which arises from it. I would that we could be in Bratt today. Would we not make the welkin ring once more, my boy? I often think of a time to come when I can be with you there surrounded by the rest of our dear ones, but will it ever come? Can we expect it when the years are fiying so swiftly and soon we shall be gathered to our fathers?" (He was then twenty-five years old.)

At that time he was engaged in "revising and compiling the laws of the State of Nebraska," having been commissioned to do so by the state. His letter of April 9 is the first one (in the present writer's possession) written on "State of Nebraska" stationery, the letterhead bearing the words, "Law Division, State Library," and the state motto, "Equality before the Law."

Stem's letter to Guy from Havana begs for inclusion in this tale, which would not be complete without this one letter in existence from Hanson Tyler to Guy Brown.

U.S.S. Nipsic
Havana, Cuba
23rd of March '72

My dear brother,

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity," which please bear in mind as you overhaul this my earnest request to you and Sister Mary for pardon for my very long neglect. I've no excuse, old fellow, and must trust only to affection and the remembrance of old times for forgiveness. So sitting here on "the stool of repentance," I beg your pardon, and merely say in extenuation of my guilt that I am sure you know that my long silence has not been for any want of regard or affection on my part . . . Having delivered myself of which remark, I crawl quietly down off the "stool of repentance" and stand by to go ahead with the letter . . . my ship has been here now for over four months and I'm beginning almost to despair of ever "seeing home and friends once more."

I tell you, Guy, you don't know how much I should like to see you and have a good old confidential talk about our various

ups and downs in the world since we last saw each other. If you could only be here, or better, if I could only be with you in Nebraska this evening with my pockets full of Havana weeds, what a splendid time we could have and we'd everlastingly *talk*.

There is a good deal of fun going on here, and I am acquainted with some pretty little Cuban young ladies that I go to see quite often and take quite a fancy to. I see by a small scrap of paper that Edie sent me [an extract from a Batavia paper] that you have a two or three year job of revising the laws of Nebraska. I wish you the very best success, old boy. But I should think that revising laws must be fearfully *dry* work, and that it would need at least one glass of beer to every two pages to make it at all endurable. . . .

Also be sure not to omit to pat the small boy on the head for his Uncle Stem. I should like to see little Ned very much, Guy, for I've been led to believe that, unlike most small boys, he's something extraordinary.

Well! goodnight, Guy, give my best love to Mary and the infant and though I'm not much on writing letters, recollect that there is no one who takes more interest in your success or wishes more sincerely for your welfare than

Your very aff'ate bro.
H. R. TYLER

The bride and groom were in Annapolis for two days on their way to the Norfolk Navy Yard where George was ordered to report for ordnance duty May 7. An outdoor reception for distinguished Japanese visitors took place just below the Brown windows, so the family and guests could see them received at the Upper Gate and watch the crowd assemble, "the officers in full dress, swallow tails and cocked hats." "Allan came rushing in from recitation," Gertrude related, "in furious haste for his coat, hat, and gloves. He was ready just in time. The illustrious guests appeared on foot from the depot. The sergeant of the guard opened the Great Gates for their entrance. The Secretary of the Navy introduced the Japanese Ambassador to the Commodore. There was a general lifting of hats among the officers. The band played. The Marines presented arms while a salute was fired from howitzers on the parade ground." The Tyler-Browns rushed downstairs at that point and stood just behind the "illustrious party" during Dress Parade. "They looked just like the pictures in 'Harper's Weekly,' " little Mrs. Brown observed.

The honeymooners were escorted to the depot in the afternoon—"a family procession, with William leading the way with the carpet bags," the little girls in their best white dresses with fluted ruffles, for the farewell to "Uncle George and Auntie Kit." The young couple were in Norfolk until September, when they went to Torpedo Duty at Newport, where George Tyler had entered the naval school in 1864 and where he and his bride would enjoy several more months of home life.

Commander Brown's next tour of sea duty was approaching. Each day and each event was cherished as May drew to a close. Tyler Street was always a lodestone to home-loving Gertrude, but she was sad at the thought of leaving Annapolis and the prospect of "being torn by conflicting emotions." "The Yard is so lovely now. Every day I think everything looks as beautiful as possible, and the next day there is a new touch of loveliness."

The sun shone brightly and the green arches of the elms lent a graceful shade for the "grand drill day" during the final week of the month. The sisters started out at half past nine, airing their new cambric dresses and fashionable flat hats trimmed (by Edith) with puffed muslin and flowers. They strolled over to the midshipmen's quarters and sat on the steps to watch Battalion Infantry Drill. Everyone was out—except Helen, who was on a picnic with little friends. Little Ethie was in her element. She loved the drills and dress parades. She was ready to be off with the first drumbeat. "See Midshy," she would say, "determined to run after them—she's a true daughter of the Naval Academy," her mother declared.

After Battalion Infantry Drill, the middies retired to their quarters to change into monkey jackets for Howitzer Drill, while the crowd adjourned to the upper parade ground to see " 'Navy dress parade, not Army' as Allan said—that is, howitzers instead of muskets. They brought up the howitzers, eight of them, and at the various toots of the bugle went through the motions of firing. Ethie was delighted. They rushed about and fired their battery, repelling the enemy in all directions, finally retiring from the field victorious." The battalion moved on to the waterfront, trailed by its loyal following, to watch howitzer Boat Drill and see a division of midshipmen landed on the sea wall, while their attack was protected by firing from the boats.

Allan and Edith attended Great Guns Drill at three o'clock while Gertrude rested. It was too noisy for her. She went with Allan to Competitive Drill at five. "There were four companies, each of which drills by itself—& the best one takes the flag and keeps it the rest of the year. It was good to see the radiant faces of the boys in that company. They were no end proud of it. The colorbearer held it by the tip end of the staff, elevating the flag as high as possible into the air. Then followed dress parade, at which the victorious company carried the flag."

The graduates serenaded the Yard during the night of May 29 "by having in the band and taking them around to each house." It was one o'clock in the morning when they reached the Corral. There were heads at each window watching the group as the First-classmen took turns holding the lights, while the band played a waltz followed by "Out of the Wilderness' and wound up with "Shoo Fly." "The Building gave three cheers for '72 which was returned by them, after which '72 retired down the Middle Walk singing 'Goodnight, ladies, we're going to leave you now.' "

The Browns and Miss Tyler had received their invitations to the final dance, the "Farewell Hop given to the Graduating Class by the Class of Seventy Three" on May 31—"very prettily gotten up and a credit to the Hop Committee." Gertrude and Edith were looking over their "ball dresses" as the elder sister wrote her final letter from Annapolis on May 30. Allan's departure date was still uncertain. The "detachments" had not yet come from Washington. "We'll telegraph when we start," she advised her parents, "so you will have warning of the approach of our invading army."

Comander Brown was "detached" about the first of June. He took his family to Brattleboro and then to the seashore at Marshfield. They were accompanied by Bell, who "reigned in Sarah's stead." She was "young, about Sarah's color, rather pretty, with a very pleasant expression—has been used to nursing all her life and evidently likes it." She had agreed to spend the summer with the Browns "and longer if she likes it." Since that was the last trip North, it is reasonable to conjecture that Bell was the "young colored girl employed by Mrs. Commander Brown," who married Andy Reed of Brattleboro, the "contraband youth" who had attached himself to Major John Tyler on the sortie to Madison Court House in March of 1864.

Allan was ordered to the *Omaha* as navigator on August 10. She was lying at the Philadelphia Navy Yard outfitting for her next voyage. Gertrude was in Philadelphia until the *Omaha* sailed on October 9, a few days before Helen's eighth birthday.

Guy and Mary's second son was born October first in Lincoln. They named him "Eugene Rayburn"—for "Guy's favorite character in Dickens." The present writer, who is also addicted to Dickens and *Our Mutual Friend,* never understood the full significance of the name (and doubts if it was understood in the family) until she fell heir to Guy's letters and realized that Ned and Eugene Brown were *both* named for their father's beloved friend and favorite character in *life.*

"All was peace by the river" as she watched "the waters calmly glide," but Edith's tender conscience was torn between "inclination and duty." She had had a few casual meetings with Will Platt and had decided that "there was no more use in trying not to care for him than in trying not to breathe." He went to Philadelphia that fall to work and to study pharmacy, leaving Edith to confide her struggles to her journal. Another confidante was loyal Bessie, to whom Will wrote long letters with discreet messages to his chosen young lady. "I sometimes wonder," he wrote, "how such a lovely creature as she is could have become attached to me." For some weeks Edith went over to "the other house" to read her cousin's letters until her tender conscience (and the older girl's discretion) forced her to forego even that comfort.

Through all the ups and downs of her love affair, Edith wrote loyally and regularly to Stem. "He is a dear, generous affectionate fellow," she said in her journal, "and his great affection for me deserves all the reward I can give." Hanson had three months leave in Brattleboro after he came in to Annapolis to "stand examination for Ensign." The quartet had their long deferred reunion at New Year's when Florence and George came up from Newport. Stem let them all know he was glad Will Platt was not there, "which created a laugh as it is well known in the family that Stem considers me his special property—my society, that is," Edith explained.

"He has told me so many times that he cared for me more than anyone else in the world except his father," she wrote, as

Ensign Tyler went away on March 19 for six months at the Charlestown Navy Yard, where the friendly youth enjoyed his cousins in the Boston area.

The gentle Edith had plenty of Vermont granite in her own makeup. When Will returned from Philadelphia, she announced to her parents, "It is my *full, firm* and *deliberate intention* and *determination* to marry Will when he is able to support me. I am old enough to choose for myself and he is his own master. We are engaged to all intents and I don't care who knows it." But all the poor child's eloquence and "all Papa's arguments" failed to move Mamma in the least.

She called on Judge Tyler at the probate office to talk it over with her father and was able to report, "Papa was just as good and kind as he could be. He felt confident he could make Mamma see it, when he could say to her, 'Now Will has a good position and prospects, they have behaved with a great deal of judgment and discretion, and we ought to withdraw all opposition and make things easy and pleasant.' " And thus it came about in the course of time!

The Reverend George Palmer Tyler and his family had left the Congregational parsonage in Brattleboro for Lansingburg, New York, but there were still four households in the family setting as at the beginning of our story. The Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler and his wife had returned to the scene for the remainder of their lives. His health and the strong Tyler ties there had brought him and Diana back to his ancestral valley. And now there were *two* young Navy families to "come home" and to be shared with other Tyler elders when the menfolks went to sea or were on leave; not to mention the lone sailor, Hanson, who hoped "all hands would muster in Bratt." "Mother Di" bought land on the river side of Tyler Street and built their home a few doors north of the Judge Tyler residence.

"I am ever so happy that you are so contented and joyous in the new home," Ensign Stem wrote to his father from the U.S.S. *Monongahela* at Rio de Janeiro on March 14, 1874. "From all that I have heard in my letters, Mother has made it such a 'thing of beauty' that I am sure it must be a 'joy forever.' I am sure if there is anyone in the world who can make a house so, it is

Mother. I everlastingly wish I was up in good cool Vermont instead of in this benighted place. Kindest love to Mother and all the relations and pleasant recollections to *Miss Mary Wilkins.*"

The new abode was our loved "Nine Tyler," a capacious, hospitable home, which housed Tyler-Brown joys and sorrows until well into the present century.

NOTES

1. This missive to Florence, dated January 16, 1870, is the earliest actual letter from Allan D. Brown in the writer's possession, since his epistles to his wife were copied in the notebook for his children.

2. Extracts of Officers' Records, National Archives.

3. The last reference to Daniel Fuller Tyler as an employee of the State of New York is in the 1866 Legislative Manual, which lists him as "Executive Clerk under Governor Reuben E. Fenton." (Letter from John P. Lomenzo, Secretary of State, February 25, 1964.)

4. "Brother Jonathan," the forerunner of "Uncle Sam" in the cartoons, is said to have originated from Royall Tyler's Yankee Jonathan in his play, "The Contrast." It is noted that our national character is depicted as "Jonathan" in many of the cartoons in *Harper's Reissues* of the 1860s.

Chapter 17

West Coast Journeyings

While Pickman's son was at Rio in March of 1874 with the South Atlantic Squadron, Diana's son was on the other side of the continent at Callao Harbor, Peru, waiting to set sail for San Francisco. His ship was due to come into the Mare Island Navy Yard "for overhaul," and his little family were preparing to join him at Vallejo. Florence Brown was in California also. She had gone to join her husband that same month of March, Edith Tyler noted in her journal. Lt. Tyler had been detached from torpedo duty at Newport and assigned to the steamer *Hassler* on July 17, 1873, for three years of coast survey duty.[1]

Allan Brown's ship had been beating up and down the west coast of South America for more than a year. The *Omaha* had sailed from Portugal to Brazil in the fall of 1872, as the *Iroquois* had done eight years before. She had entered the treacherous Straits of Magellan near the southern tip of South America in late January 1873. Lt. Commander Brown found the majestic panorama entrancing while attending to the intricate navigation in the narrow channel. The green hills of midsummer covered with a thick forest of beeches were close to him, while the sunlight glanced on the snowy hilltops of the Andes in the distance and the "bold battered front of Cape Froward stood sentinel at the end of the Straits."

Their heaviest gale of wind since leaving Philadelphia was experienced as they left the straits on January 28, 1873, with bow pointed north. The food rolled from one side of the table to the other, so that meals had to be eaten "al fresco." The leg of mutton actually jumped off the platter and pitched onto the deck while in the process of being carved. Allan ate his meals standing up,

with his plate anchored on his bureau. "What a blessing it was to have the ship steady and quiet (on January 30) with a fair wind and a favoring sea sending us onward toward our destination!"

The *Omaha* had been without mail since Rio. None came until February 18, 1873, when they were at Valparaiso in central Chile with their sister ships, the *Benicia* and *St. Mary's.* Allan found three letters lying on his bureau that night when he returned from a grand ball given by the "Young Men of Valparaiso" held at a theatre with the "pit" *covered with a Brussels carpet for dancing,* the first tier of boxes used for cloak rooms, the second reserved for the ladies, the third tier occupied by the bands, and the supper laid out on the stage. Allan was astonished to find so much style and beauty among the Chilean ladies. Some of the toilettes were magnificent, and he had never seen so many diamonds at one time in his life.

But— "Judge of my astonishment and gratitude," he told his wife, "when on coming aboard ship and entering my room, I found three letters from you. It was with devout sincerity that I thought 'Thank God!' I proceeded to read them, looking at the last part first (as I always do) to be sure that all was well. They had in all $1.10 postage on them and I had to pay in addition $1.15 for their passing through the Chilean post office. They would have been cheap at twice the money." Gertrude had experienced a similar situation as the *Erie,* which bore Allan's last letter with instructions from Rio, had burned at sea.

On Washington's Birthday the *Omaha* "dressed ship with flags from stem to stern and at noon fired a salute of 21 guns, as did all the other men-of-war in the harbor."

The voyage northward took them as far as Panama, where they dropped anchor at eight in the morning of June 15, 1873, the navigator having been up all night looking after the steering. While at Panama he made a sentimental journey with three other officers by railroad to the other side of the Isthmus so they could "see the broad Atlantic once more" and feel closer to their loved ones. They turned out at 4:15 in the morning, left the ship in the market boat and boarded the train at seven. Chairs were provided them in the baggage car. The summit of the road was ten miles from the city of Panama. The place was plainly marked where the

water divides and flows toward the two oceans. They had two hours at Aspinwall, at what is now Colon, the eastern entrance to the Panama Canal, and were aboard ship again at six that night.

Finding orders to rendezvous with the Admiral's flagship, the *Pensacola,* they sailed south again and found her awaiting them on August 15 at Coquimbo in northern Chile. Allan was transferred to the flagship as Executive Officer, with regrets at "leaving this pleasant mess," and a month later was "At Sea for Panama" again, the *Pensacola* having received word that Rear Admiral John J. Almy with a new group of officers had left New York and would join the ship at Panama. She anchored there at three o'clock on September 18 and was greeted with a salute from their sister ship, the *Benicia,* "as soon as she could make us out." The new Admiral, captain, and officers were in from New York and came aboard on the 22nd.

A pelting rain interfered with the "fine show" prepared to receive Admiral Almy, so only the essentials were carried out. The battalion was under arms in semishelter on the gun deck. The two Admirals came below to the strains of "Hail Columbia." "The troops were inspected, the new Admiral's orders read and the *old* Admiral's flag hauled down with a salute of 13 guns." The new admiral's flag was hoisted likewise, the *Benicia* saluted the new flag and the return salute from the *Pensacola* ended the "necessary powder burning." The *Pensacola's* Executive busied himself "getting off the old party in time to take the one o'clock train, the old Admiral asking us to take a glass of wine with him in the Ward Room, where his health was drunk with three enthusiastic cheers, rather to the astonishment of the new crowd."

There was no pleasant train ride to view the broad Atlantic for our young man on that visit to Panama. The new Admiral found a revolution going on. The Executive's first duty under his new officers was to go ashore and assume command of the "U.S. Naval Detachment, Pensacola Barracks," which set up headquarters at the railroad depot. It consisted of one hundred men each from the *Pensacola* and the *Benicia,* landed for the protection of American property—the Pacific Mail Steamship and the Panama Railroad Companies. The detachment soon settled down "with that adaptability to circumstances which is so much culti-

vated by a Naval life," leading a regular camp life: reveille at five; drills, details, dress parade at sunset. "I being Colonel," Allan said, "assume the folded-arms attitude and proceed to have our two drums and fifes march up and down the line." He was also kept busy with daily reports to Admiral Almy and Captain Hughes.[2] The fighting went on just outside the city walls. He did not pretend to understand it himself, only that "the *outs* want to get in, and the *ins* want to *stay in.*" The revolution was over on October 7, "the outs having withdrawn." Commander Brown got on board ship on October 8, on which date he received a message "By telegram from Aspinwall"—

> To Comdr. Brown Permit me to express to you in the name of the Rail Road Company the very great obligation we are under to yourself personally and the officers and men under your command.
>
> Tracy Robinson
> Supt.

Allan promptly fell ill with Panama fever (from which stemmed his "service incurred disabilities"), thirty or more of his detachment immediately following suit.

He was off duty for four weeks. At Talcahuano, Chile, he wrote of an excursion party on a new railroad up the Valley of the Bio Bio to the city of Concepcion, where "the scenery was not unlike the Connecticut above Holyoke with a constant succession of beautiful views." Christmas was spent at Valparaiso, where the ship stayed until ordered to Callao, a seaport in Peru, on February 15, 1874.

Early in March they were looking for the *Omaha* every day, as the Admiral announced that he would transfer his flag to her and send the *Pensacola* north for repair. The *Omaha* arrived March 29 and the *Pensacola* rejoiced to receive orders on April 12 to prepare for sea. Admiral Almy left her with the usual ceremonies on the 16th and hoisted his flag on the *Omaha.* Allan was in comand of the battalion, which was drawn up under arms, with all the other officers in frock coats and epaulettes on the quarter deck. The Admiral came on deck, Commander Brown ordered "Present Arms," the drums rolled, the band played "Hail Colum-

bia," and the flag was hauled down from the *Pensacola's* mizzen. The Admiral shoved off, and hoisted his flag in the bow of the barge to a salute of thirteen guns. It was then hoisted on the *Omaha* to another salute of thirteen guns. "So we are no longer flagship, but we are homeward bound!" Allan wrote to his wife on the 17th amidst busy preparations for sea and joyful plans for the reunion in California. "We sail tomorrow afternoon at one o'clock 'or as soon thereafter as the wind shall serve,' and then we leave the land behind us until we reach the Golden Gate!"

The *Pensacola* reached San Francisco on June 7, 1874, and Gertrude arrived with their daughters ten days later. They had come down the Atlantic coast in the steamer *Acapulco,* crossed the isthmus by train and boarded the Pacific steamer, *Montana.* Captain William Harwar Parker, a naval officer at the Naval Academy in April 1861, and later head of the Confederate States Naval School, worked for the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company from 1865 to 1874. He tells of a fire on board ship in June of 1873, when he commanded the *Montana* between Panama and San Francisco.[3] Was he in command of the *Montana* in June of *1874?*

Helen, of course, remembered the trip from Vermont to Vallejo perfectly and it was a favorite tale in after years. Even four-year-old Ethel remembered the adventure. Helen's studies under Aunt Amelia having been interrupted by the journey, she went off with Allan every day on the morning boat to the island and was brought back to the wharf each afternoon, after classes with several little girls of the Navy Yard, for whom a young lady was "imported" as teacher by the Navy families.

The little Browns enjoyed their trips of inspection with their parents to see what was being done to the *Pensacola.* It was in a dismantled state, but they were much pleased with everything they saw, especially on the day she was floated into the "Sectional Docks," and the water pumped out. "She loomed up very large when entirely out of the water. . . . Ethel yelled 'Papa—Papa' and was disgusted that he could not hear her," her mother wrote home. "It is amusing to watch Ethie's absorbed face as she tries to take in what is going on." The little lass was happy in her reacquaintance with the Navy. It quickly dawned upon her that "Papa must be obeyed." She was delighted with her father's brass buttons and

wanted "Papa to wear his shiny coat" on all occasions.

Several of the Pacific ships were at Mare Island that summer —the *Pensacola, Portsmouth, Narragansett, Saranac, Iroquois* and *Benicia.* There was the usual coterie of naval friends and social gatherings on shore and on shipboard.

Allan had a spell of sickness in August which was pronounced a "return of Panama fever." Helen's penchant for the role of chief nurse, for which she was famous in the family, was first made of record at that time. "At first she was quite alarmed," Gertrude observed, "but upon being reassured it was not dangerous, she proceeded to take care of Papa—most effectually. She was more attentive than I—even reluctant to go to school, thinking I might neglect Papa in some way."

The *Hassler* came in early in October bringing George—*and Florence*—still on the coast survey. They had been up and down the California coast for some months. The *Hassler* was not a Navy vessel, so the young wife could travel on her. The Browns had been eagerly waiting for the Tylers to join them in Vallejo. The little girls had been running from window to window for several days to watch for the *Hassler.* Allan and Gertrude spied her "peacefully tied up to the buoy" as they returned from an afternoon walk, so they proceeded down to the wharf, got a boat and went aboard her to find the young people preparing to come off. Helen greeted the travelers with a happy shriek, "Oh, Auntie Kit!" as she raced around the corner with Ethel trotting after her. The latter "kissed Kit but would have nothing to say to George at first."

Helen was delighted with her tenth birthday, but "burst into a perfect passion of crying" when the next letter came from home. Mary Whitwell Tyler, third child of Royall Tyler, had died on October 5, 1874. Helen was grief-stricken when she realized there would be no kind Aunt Mary to welcome her when she returned to Brattleboro. "I had to talk to her some time before I could quiet her," Gertrude reported.[4]

Hanson did not know of his aunt's death. He sent "love to Aunts Minna and Mary and all" on November 3, 1874, from "U.S. Str 'Monogahela,' Cape Town, Africa," where "those little Dutch girls with their rosy cheeks, light hair, blue eyes, and clear

bright complexions do everlastingly take my eye." "We leave here," he wrote his father, "for the Crozet & Kergueland Is. on the 15th inst. and get back here with our Transit of Venus gang about Jan'y 25th. It will be a long most uncomfortable voyage. The islands are in a very stormy latitude, and they say it snows there almost every day—a ship frequently having to stand off and on a week before finding a day smooth enough to run in and effect a landing. The islands are very desolate and not inhabited except by penguins, seals and sea-elephants, so I flatter myself on the brilliant prospect of getting away from two places at least without getting spooney on anyone. When I leave here you know I depart entirely from communication with the outer world, so after receiving this, you won't probably hear from me for over three months. You will probably receive this about the 6th or 8th of December, on which latter day I shall be at the Crozets, probably half breaking my neck and racking my eyes by trying to look at the transit of Venus through a piece of smoked glass. On Christmas we expect to be at Kergueland, where I shall be cold and wretched enough through the long night watches.

"Now, Good-bye, my dear Father, *give my very best love and a kiss* to Mother and Edie. Love to Aunts Minna, Mary and all from

Your very loving son,
Hanson R. Tyler."

The Crozet Islands, an uninhabited group in the Indian Ocean, and Kergueland Island (sometimes called Desolation Land), lying southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, all discovered by French explorers, also had in common that they were mountainous, bleak, inaccessible, and seldom visited. Although Hanson Tyler expected to look through smoked glass at Venus during his visit to the Crozets, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* states that *Kergueland* "was occupied in 1874-75 by the expeditions sent to observe the transit of Venus" (Vol. 13, page 350).

While Stem spent a desolate Christmas in that dreary spot, our young naval foursome made merry on the West Coast. To the *men* in the party, the Tyler-Brown menage in Vallejo seemed very homelike after the lonely Yuletides spent in foreign lands. The

handsome ebon-haired brother and sister and the fair-skinned Tyler cousins made their "little sittingroom gay and Christmas-y" with evergreens. The "grand opening" of a mammoth basket from Brattleboro was the special feature of Christmas afternoon. "George brought in the basket and took off the rope, I cut the threads," Gertrude related, "Kit tore off the cover, the children were in the way generally, and everyone began to talk at once." When the package from Edith "For Allan and George" came to light, "both boys grabbed for it and began a fight over it, but finally settled it amicably and proceeded to open it." All declared themselves completely satisfied with the contents of the Vermont bundle. Allan was sure his part was the best of the lot, Gertrude was certain that her wishes could not have been met more exactly, the little people were wild with joy over their things, while Florence, who was acquiring tiny garments for a newcomer, felt that the best had fallen to her share.

George stayed with her and the children when Allan came from "aboard ship" in the evening to take Gertrude to some amateur theatricals on the island in late January. They went in "the Lively, the Yard launch." The band from the *Pensacola* furnished the music. They proceeded homeward at midnight in the launch from the *Hassler,* where they had been invited by "Mrs. Captain Taylor" to stop in for a glass of wine after the performance. Gertrude found it a scene of enchantment as they returned—"the water smooth as glass, the Pensacola and Benicia in midstream with colored lights at the mast, and the Lively and steam launches of the other ships darting by like little demons wtih red headlights enveloped in clouds of steam."

Lt. Tyler became the sole man of the house soon after this episode, as the *Pensacola* sailed for the "Sandwich Islands" about that time. There are no letters of record from that magnificent place (now the State of Hawaii).[5] Gertrude's letter of January 21 about the midnight seascape contains the last mention of Allan on the California scene that winter. The household was augmented by another bit of femininity when Faith Tyler was born February 5, 1875. She was Helen and Ethel's "first cousin on the Brown side and second cousin on the Tyler side."

After seeing Florence and Faith comfortably established in their

new regime, Gertrude and the little girls went to Wilmington, California, to spend April and May with her maternal uncle, George Britton Keyes, and his wife, the former Julia Thomas, daughter of Elihu H. Thomas of the Thomasville section of Brattleboro. Uncle George was admitted to the Windham County Bar in 1845, married Julia in 1847, and acquired a son, Charles, in 1848, but California lured him in 1849. He sailed around the Horn with other Forty-niners in the ship *Pharsalia* out of Boston, spent some time prospecting on the Tuolumne River, came back to Brattleboro for Julia and little Charlie in 1853, was county assessor and county judge in Jacksonville, California, and about 1870 moved to Wilmington, which lay directly south of Los Angeles amidst orange groves on an arm of San Pedro Bay.[6]

His niece Gertrude and daughters steamed down the California coast from San Francisco in the spring of 1875. A Navy friend saw them settled in their stateroom on the *Ancon* at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning. Gertrude's place at the table was at the left of Captain Stethard, "a very nice fellow, energetic and full of fun." It was superb weather all the way. They reached Santa Barbara Sunday evening. The *Hassler* lay at the wharf (to the reader's surprise—but evidently not to the Browns'). A familiar figure in naval uniform, with sandy hair and moustache, was on hand to greet his cousin and her daughters (his wife's nieces) and squire them about for an hour and a half until the whistle blew. They went for a moonlight walk with George Tyler through the town, sweet smelling from the numerous flower gardens.

The *Ancon* anchored in San Pedro Bay about noon on Monday. A little steamer came off to pick up the Browns, and wound its way between low green banks for about two miles to the Wilmington dock, where Uncle George Keyes was waiting for the travelers. The waterway was part of the bay, Aunt Julia explained, with no fresh water in it, but it looked like a narrow deep river, not as wide as the Connecticut opposite the Tylers.' The depot where the cars came in from Los Angeles was adjacent to the wharf. The land was very flat, but just across the creek rose quite a "decent size hill" called Palos Verdes, about a mile and a half distant. Back on the horizon were hills, "genuine ones, but forty or fifty miles distant."

The children were as happy as larks at Uncle George's, with a large sandy yard to play in enlivened by the presence of Black Congo, the cat—who allowed her new babies to be played with without fuss; a big brown dog named Badger—because he was born in a badger's hole; and several fowl with a delightful array of downy chicks. The yard also boasted an assortment of seventeen boxes filled with good earth in which Aunt Julia kept her flower garden. Ethel reveled in sand and dirt pies to her heart's content. The whole household was amused by the droll little girl. Helen explored Charlie's old books, "did sums" with her mother, and busied herself with *her garden* of mignonette and sweet alyssum, which she tended diligently in one of Aunt Julia's flower boxes.

They were intrigued with the novel Keyes establishment in the center of town where Uncle George lived and kept a store. The latter occupied the lower story of a large red house with a wide piazza in the front. An outside stairway led up to a cozy sitting room full of books with "the large picture of Brattleboro" on one wall and of "Grandpa and Grandma Keyes" on the other. The guest rooms were also over the store. A small white house in the large yard contained the dining room, kitchen, and family sleeping rooms. Grandpa Britton's tall clock ticked away in a corner of the dining room as though it had never known any other home. A Chinese helped Aunt Julia in the kitchen. Uncle George was busy at the store until late in the evening. He made Gertrude think so often of "Grandpa;" "so like him in expression and way of speaking."

Charlie Keyes, a young man of twenty-seven, who helped his father in the business, seemed quite captivated by little Ethel. He thought she was quite the prettiest and cutest little girl he had ever seen. "She calls him 'Cousin Charlie' and has made him her obedient slave," her mother reported. Big sister Helen elaborated on the subject to her niece in later years. Charlie was said to have declared that, if ever he had a little girl of his own, he would name her "Ethel" in tribute to their charming little guest from the East. Charles G. Keyes married on January 28, 1876, Mrs. Annis Taylor Cole of Los Angeles.[7] Their children were Asa and *Ethel* Keyes.

Charlie was available on several occasions to drive his mother and their guests to call on friends at some of the neighboring homes and ranches. The drive to the Jotham Bixby sheep ranch in a two-horse, double-seater, open wagon took them to a large adobe mansion built around three sides of a square, the fourth side forming a high fence with great gates in it and locust trees in full blossom lining the inner wall. A large garden lay within the courtyard, where their New England eyes feasted upon orange and lemon trees, yellow with fruit and white with blossoms, scarlet pomegranates, grapevines, verbena, lilacs, and roses. French honeysuckle covered a large summerhouse with pink profusion in the middle of the garden and yellow jasmine climbed over the wide veranda and loaded the air with fragrance. "Behind the house," wrote Gertrude, "the ground dipped suddenly and there a brook ran through the valley with trees near it and cattle feeding, a real homelike scene, with blue hills in the distance and in one direction the sea." The lunch hour and afternoon visit slipped by until five o'clock when the horses were brought round and they drove away loaded down with oranges and flowers.

An hour's train ride with Aunt Julia through the vineyards and orange orchards prefaced a memorable trip to Los Angeles. A stroll through the city took them to "the hill," the highest point of land, where they ate their lunch, sitting upon grassgrown remains of earthworks thrown up by General Fremont. The city lay at their feet, almost hidden in the orange groves and vineyards which spread out widely up and down the valley. A few miles distant, the hills rolled gently up till they were lost in the blue of the moutains, twenty-five miles distant.

Charlies Keyes came up the next day on the morning train and engaged a team to drive them to the Stoneman ranch for a call on Aunt Julia's friend, the General's wife. "General Stoneman is a retired officer of the Regular Army," Gertrude explained. "He served through the war and was at one time in command of this department. Now he lives on his ranch, cultivates oranges and grapes and has a good time generally."[8]

The road to the ranch wound in and out among the hills through occasional fields of barley and oats. Ground squirrels ran across the road and round-eyed owls winked at them from their

holes by the roadside. Blackbirds sat on every fence. The ranch lay in the midst of wooded country, the most homelike the travelers had seen since leaving New York. The house of unpainted redwood charmed them. After dinner they sat on the broad low verandah, thick with vines, where they could peep into a linnet's nest and see four little ones clustered there. A tiny brook ran bubbling over the pebbles just beyond the piazza's end—"a real Vermont brook for clearness and coolness." The vineyards stretched away for many acres, "all green as green could be," until the ground slipped gently away to meet the hills. The garden in front of the house, gay with flowers, boasted a famous old rose tree, where a climbing rose had entirely enveloped an old apple tree to the topmost branches and hung in long swaying festoons of tiny pink roses almost to the ground.

Such scenes as these seemed to Gertrude like delightful oases. Normally, she found the sand, dust, and wind very trying. "You don't know anything about wind in our dear home country," she wrote. "Here, it sweeps over these miles of plains, bringing the sand in such quantities that the air is darkened by it. The house rocks like a cradle and the sand sifts in." She thought longingly of home—of "how lovely the grass is—and the green trees."

The Keyes family urged Gertrude to stay longer, but she felt that their kindness had embraced three extra people long enough —and she was anxious to get back to the new baby. She rejoined her sister-in-law in Vallejo on June 2, 1875. It was the last Keyes visit. George Britton Keyes died in Wilmington, May 22, 1877; his wife, Julia, on January 7, 1878. The father in Brattleboro outlived the son. At the time of Judge Asa Keyes' death in Brattleboro, June 14, 1880, aged ninety-three, he was the oldest justice of the peace in Vermont, the oldest lawyer and the oldest living graduate of Dartmouth College.[9]

"The new child Faith appears to be remarkably fine looking," the little one's Uncle Guy wrote to her Uncle Ned May 31, 1875, on "State of Nebraska, CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION" letterhead. Guy was secretary of the convention and had much to do with the constitution's framing. Upon its adoption he was made reporter and clerk of the Supreme Court and state librarian.[10]

It was early in September in Vallejo that Gertrude heard the

glad announcement, "Mrs. Brown—a gentleman!" It was dinner-time and she and Ethel left the table precipitately. Poor Helen was indulging in the mumps for her father's return. Gertrude had been suffering from a headache for a day or so. "It's the excitement of waiting for Papa," Ethel observed confidentially to an inquiring friend, much to her mother's astonishment. "She's the queerest, oddest little mortal!" The same friend urged Ethel to stay in California with her as preparations for departure were in full swing, but the little girl declared that she couldn't. "My two grandmas would feel so bad," she explained. "I think they would cry if I don't come."

The Brown family sailed from San Francisco at noon, September 15, on the *Montana.* There was talk of an overland trip and a visit in Nebraska, but the expense was prohibitive. The journey by sea was one third the cost of the train travel. They came up the Atlantic Coast in the steamer *Colon,* sister ship of the *Acapulco,* reaching New York October 11, 1875. The maples on Tyler Street were ablaze in a flaming welcome of scarlet glory. Wantastiquet rose out of the Connecticut like a mammoth bouquet. Guy Brown and little Ned were waiting at Nine Tyler with "Grandma Di and Uncle Pickman," and there the two five-year-olds had their first meeting. There was joyous reunion with "Grandma and Grandpa and Aunt Edith" at Judge Royall Tyler's. The elder Ned was with his mother and sister and Aunt Amelia at the Tyler School on the Common.

His two friends from Nebraska accompanied him to Washington for a hurried visit before returning to Lincoln for the opening of court. "Neddie Boy was the same good little traveler, attracting the attention of passengers by his gentlemanly behaviour," Guy wrote Ned on October 26, picturing the return to their "western home again"—"after an exceedingly pleasant visit with you and Will, and the dear ones in Bratt." "Mary and Eugene met us at the depot with great rejoicing. Eugene was wild with joy at seeing Ned."

"Dear boy," the letter ended, "I disliked leaving you more than ever before. Mary loves you too as my friend above all other friends. My lines have been cast in pleasant places, yet my heart was heavy as I bade you good-bye and felt your handclasp. Who-

ever survives will be comforted and made better by the love the other bore him."

George Tyler brought his family home from California the next summer, so they missed the grand Centennial Ball held at the Brooks House on February 22, 1876: "the most brilliant and delightful gathering of its kind ever held in Brattleboro—drawn from her best social circles."[11] Hon. Asa Keyes and Judge Royall Tyler were listed among the "Floor Managers." The Tyler sisters' colonial gowns, described in the enthusiastic *Phoenix* clipping, were treasured, and have been worn on several occasions by their feminine descendants. Gertrude's was of bright blue satin with overdress of blue-and-white striped brocade from China; Edith's of light blue silk with overdress of plum brocade. Lt. Commander Brown was present in a full dress suit of maroon velvet with white silk stockings; and "Mr. G. W. Platt" attended in velvet coat and vest, knee breeches of white satin, and a white wig.

"Allan was ordered to Annapolis in September 1876 as Assistant Instructor in Astronomy, Navigation and Surveying," Edith Tyler noted in her journal. (Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers was Superintendent of the Naval Academy.) "Stem was at home in the fall for quite a long time. I spent a good many pleasant evenings over at Auntie Di's enjoying Kit's playing and the singing of the assembled crowd. On December 3, Kit's baby boy was born, whom they named Royall and were immensely proud of. He seemed a healthy child, but in the spring caught whooping cough, and after a few days of suffering died when he was just four months old." Little Royall Tyler died April 2, 1877.

The large green house at 9 Tyler Street, where Pickman and Diana lived and where the little "R. T." was born and died, sat well back from the street amid stately trees and shady walks with the dense green of Wantastiquet rising behind it.[12] Long French windows opened upon a veranda, vine hung, which clung affectionately to three sides of the house. A long gravel walk curved up to the front steps, which faced southward toward the "new" Episcopal rectory next door at No. 7. A long woodsy ravine, filled with ferns, vines, white birches, wild flowers (and eventually a profusion of lilies-of-the valley) ran from the river's brink between the two properties almost up to the Tyler-Brown dining

room windows. The long "Annex" pointing toward the river served, among other things, as a repository for family records and memorabilia for the next sixty years.

East of the house, a wide grassy area was encircled by a long pathway, which ran along the fernclad brink of the ravine, turned to skirt the high river bank and again to border the flower garden along the northern edge of the property. Inviting rustic seats were built at intervals along the walk. The most commodious settee was at "The Point," which projected high above the water and commanded a tri-state vista southward, of mountain, river, and distant Massachusetts hills.

Thomas Pickman Tyler's role of family historian occupied the remainder of his days. He is still known to present-day scholars as a harborer and cherisher of Tyler memorabilia. He devoted much of his time to collecting, studying, and preserving family data and documents which came to him through inheritance, extensive correspondence, and research. Most cherished project was his *Memoirs of Royall Tyler,* a proposed life of his father, the writer and Chief Justice, and a labor of love never completed.

John Steele Tyler of Boston, Pickman's eldest brother and great mainstay in that and all other activities, died January 20, 1876, after a long life full of honors bestowed upon him by a grateful city. By the time of his death at age eighty, he had acquired four greatgrandchildren, all living in Boston. His granddaughter, Mary Eliza Cutter, had one son, Horace Bertram Pierson, born in June 1866. Emily Cutter's eldest, Lowell Tyler Pratt, was born February 12, 1867; and Stella, John and Emily Pratt were born in the Seventies.

"I was much grieved to hear of the death of our good Uncle John, of whom we have always felt so proud and to whom we have all felt it was an honor to be related," Hanson wrote to his father from the "U.S. St'r Monongahela, Key West Florida" on "2nd of February, 1876." "From the days when he used to delight my infantile mind with a silver quarter, through the years when I knew of his many kindnesses to you and to others, until the last time I enjoyed the ever hospitable welcome to his home, he has been my ideal of all that is generous, disinterested and good."

So we leave Pickman and his family circle in the familiar Tyler setting on the Connecticut riverbank where his soldier son walked thoughtfully through the April landscape in the opening pages of our story. The brave gallant John and the melancholy tragic Rufus were gone, but, as the young soldier began this tale with tidings of his lieutenancy, so the remaining son appropriately closes it (save for a last chapter of farewell) with a filial letter in final tribute.

"I am very anxious to see your biography of John,"[13] he wrote to "My Own Dear Father." "I hope to before long as I feel something is missing if I do not occasionally have an opportunity for a few weeks association with our family, which I think is just the nicest family in the world.

"Hasn't it ever struck you, Father, that your sons have all been rather different from those of my uncles? All the sons of your brothers seem to settle down contentedly in the footsteps of their fathers and keep along in the even tenor of their ways. Geo. it is true follows the sea—but he began his sea life in a quiet respectable sort of way, far different from the manner in which either of your sons commenced his seafaring existence. None of my cousins have been a cause of uneasiness to their parents like I have been to you and Uncle Charles in my early days. Those of us you have lost were taken away suddenly in their youth.

"Well, Father, we have the consolation of knowing that the only one of the present generation who has really done honor to our name and brilliantly distinguished himself was *John*—and he was one of US.

Your loving son,
Hanson R. Tyler, USN"

NOTES

1. Extract of Officers' Records, National Archives.
2. A complete "Copy of Correspondence between the Commanding Officer of the U.S. Naval Detachment (A.D.B.) and the authorities of the Ships in the Bay" is on file in Allan D. Brown's book of naval orders.
3. Parker, *Recollections of a Naval Officer, 1841-1865.*
4. Helen Tyler Brown recalls, in her appendix to *Grandmother*

Tyler's Book, her childhood sorrow at hearing of Aunt Mary's death. (Page 343.)

5. Allan performed his final year of copy work for his girls under painful circumstances. The last letter he copied for them in 1878 was the one of April 17, 1874, from Callao, Peru.

6. Asa Keyes, *The Keyes Family* (Brattleboro 1880), page 175; and Cabot, page 527. The venerable author of the Keyes genealogy, compiled with the help of and largely by his daughter, Eliza, was at that time ninety-three.

7. Keyes, page 175.

8. General Stoneman was Governor of California in 1883, at the time Captain William H. Parker wrote his book, *Recollections of a Naval Officer.*

9. Cabot, page 526.

10. Newspaper clipping in Diana Tyler's scrapbook (DSM collection).

11. *Vermont Phoenix*, February 25, 1876.

12. So it appeared to a small girl of the following century!

13. Presumably a reference to the account of "Col. John S. Tyler" in Henry Burnham's *Brattleboro Early History*, page 153.

Chapter 18

Epilogue

On that commanding southern mound
From whence the enbosomed hamlet's seen,
A pensive party quit the round
Of pleasure for death's solemn scene.[1]

Gertrude Tyler Brown died in childbirth at Annapolis September 18, 1877. Her sister, Edith, was called back from her honeymoon by the sad development. In fact, the bride and groom were on a mountaintop at "Catskill Mountain House" out of reach of the telegrams from Annapolis. Upon their return to river level, they were met at the Saugerties ferry by Will's father with the chaise and the tragic tidings. Gertrude was brought home to her final resting place in her native green hills beside the "dark blue tide" of her beloved river, with the funeral service in the little church which had witnessed her younger sister's marriage scarcely a fortnight before.

Edith had finally married her Will on September 5, 1877, at eight o'clock in the evening in St. Michael's Church, Brattleboro. Guy, Ned, and Eugene Brown were there from Lincoln; Ned Tyler from Washington; George, Florence, and Faith from Brooklyn; Uncle William from Brookline; and Cousin Mary Loring and her daughter, Sallie, from Salem. Will's father, the Reverend George Lewis Platt, came from Tivoli to assist the rector, the Reverend William Henry Collins, with the ceremony. But the Annapolis family were not able to be present; nor was the beloved cousin, Bessie, who was ill with a "fibroid tumor for which there was no cure."

The honeymoon took the Platts to Montreal and Lake George before the boatride down the Hudson to New York City, where they visited George Tyler's ship, the *Plymouth,* recalling the visit

to the *Guerriere* in December 1870, and also called on "Dan and Clare and Joe," the last mention of those brothers en trio; before going to Tivoli in the Hudson Valley for a visit to Father Platt and the final sad ending.

So many brotherly letters from Guy Brown appear in this tale, it is appropriate to quote here the one letter of record which he sent to his own brother. He wrote from Lincoln on September 24 on "State of Nebraska—Supreme Court" letterhead ("Guy A. Brown—Clerk and Reporter"):

"My dear Brother:

"Language will fail to convey my thoughts upon receipt of the sad, sad news which has brought such overwhelming sorrow to you and your precious children. I can only write a line to assure you of my brotherly sympathy in this your hour of affliction. May God in his mercy give you all strength to bear the terrible blow. Pray write me particulars when you are able to do so. Give much love to the children from Mary & myself.

Your sorrowing brother,
Guy A. Brown"

The *Plymouth* went to sea immediately after Gertrude's funeral, so, providentially, Florence was able to accompany her brother to Annapolis to keep house for him and his motherless girls. He addressed a postcard to his mother-in-law, "Mrs. Royall Tyler," on October 11 telling of their arrival. It began typically—"Dear Mamma"—and ended, "It is needless to say that I am reminded at every step of what might have been.

Affectionately yr. son,
Allan D. Brown"

A decade of George's letters to Florence have survived beginning with the one from the Norfolk Navy Yard on November 10, 1877, as the *Plymouth* was about to set sail for the West Indies. "It is a great comfort," the first (and only one to be quoted) began, "that I have been with you in Annapolis and know so well your surroundings and your daily routine. Give lots of love to Allan and all. You must be careful of yourself my beloved. Be good to our darling. May God bless and keep my

own darlings. God bring us together in health and safety. I hug and kiss you and our precious Faith. Ever devotedly,

Your own true
George"

Mr. and Mrs. Platt began their married life in Greenfield, the next large town south of Brattleboro across the Massachusetts line. Their long life together was productive of happiness for all (including "Mamma")—except perhaps *Stem!* "What *has* become of Edie?" her cousin asked. "Since Will Platt carried her off, I have heard almost nothing. But that is apt to be the way with married folks—while we single people remain the same—always constant and true." Poor little Edith! They all leaned upon *her* as she began her new life. There were many letters to her headed "27 Naval Academy" between October 1877 and June 1880 from her "affectionate brother, Allan D. Brown" and from adolescent Helen, for *Edith* was the confidante to whom they all turned at that sad time. She and Will lived in Greenfield until 1889 when they moved to Great Barrington in the Berkshires where Will owned a drugstore and where he built their home, which they called Pine Knoll. Their children were Gertrude Tyler, Royall Tyler, and Laura Willard.

Amelia Sophia Tyler, "Teacher of Three Generations," died February 28, 1878, "after a few days' illness with lung fever." (Edith's journal) "The sad tidings of Aunt Minna's death were very unexpected to me," Stem wrote his father from "U.S.S. Swatara, Aspinwall, U.S. of C" (Colombia) on April 6. "As you say, she was one who loved you and loved me, who had no faults, and who was my ideal of all that is noble, beautiful and good; the only mortal I ever knew who seemed perfection, for in the whole 70 years of her life I feel assured she never sinned at all. I also received a kind, cheerful, chatty letter from Bessie, who enclosed one Aunt Minna had begun to me."

Bessie Tyler Billings, also "noble, beautiful and good" in her young widowhood, died September 20, 1878, just a year after Gertrude. So the devoted cousins, whose lives were so closely entwined in girlhood, wifehood, motherhood, were not long apart in death, leaving teenage Helen and Cornele and little Ethel

motherless. After Bessie's death, her mother and her son moved to Washington and made their home with Ned and the older daughter, Amelia, who had followed her brothers into government service. Cornele spent a year in Lincoln with "Uncle Guy" (was he not *Ned's* nephew and *Bessie's* son?) and attended the University of Nebraska before entering the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in 1886, although he did not follow a naval career. After two years of sea duty, he became a civilian employee of the Navy in the Hydrographic Office.

Allan D. Brown was promoted to commander February 9, 1880. "It was the fourth pleasant event of the 14th," he told Edith. He received a letter from *her,* from his mother and from *"Miss Peirce"*—"and later in the day the Admiral sent for me and delivered to me my commission as Commander—'my Valentine from the President,' I call it." "Forwarded with sincere congratulations. St. Valentine's Day. February 14, 1880. Geo. P. Balch, Rear Admiral USN, & Supt. Naval Academy" is inscribed on the back of the commission.

Commander Brown was detached from the Academy in the spring and went to Newport on torpedo duty, taking his daughters "Home" to Brattleboro for several months.

He was married on October 21, 1880, to Adeline Shannon Peirce at a large and fashionable evening wedding at the Church of the Atonement in Philadelphia. There was a "brilliant reception" afterwards at 1710 Race Street, home of the bride's parents, Judge William S. Peirce of the "Court of Common Pleas," and the former Elizabeth Irwin. The bridegroom's brother-in-law, Lt. George W. Tyler, was listed among the ushers.[2] Commander Brown's sister, niece, and daughters were among the guests.

"I don't suppose anyone will ever know how Allan felt at the wedding," Florence wrote to 'My darling Edie" from Annapolis on November 14. "No doubt he tried to forget everything but the present moment. I have a feeling that the sight of the children and myself was a reminder to him of bygone days that perhaps he would have been glad not to have. I felt so near to him all that time here and now I long for the children and miss them. I hope they will visit often at Bratt when I am there." She was still "Ever your loving Kitten."

"I want you and Mamma always to feel that you are still the children's nearest relatives," Allan had written Edith regarding his engagement in an effort to soothe their feelings at the idea that he could be "so soon happy." " It is not soon to me: those two years were longer than any six before. My natural disposition is such that it is hard for me to be without family life and affection. I suppose you are right in your assertion that every man thinks the stepmother of his children will be the model and exceptional one. As for myself, I am *sure* of it, and I have good foundation for thinking so."

He was right. She was a model and exceptional one, bringing sunshine into all their lives and into the lives of all who knew her. Adeline Peirce Brown was one of the flowers of the family, delightful to look upon and possessed of a lively, happy, and sweet disposition. She belonged to a large, well-to-do and cultured family, all of whom were kindhearted, hospitable and charming, but none shone more brightly than "Addie," as her sisters called her. The Brown household she first gladdened was at 48 Mill Street, Newport, until January 1882 when Commander Brown was ordered to proceed to the Navy Yard at Mare Island to assume command of the *Jamestown* and bring her to New York for the training of apprentices. The homeward voyage brought the ship around the Horn from Mare Island to Block Island—a voyage of 112 days without sight of land.[3]

Only one letter has survived from "R. Tyler" since the one he wrote to his nephew, "Dear Col," on May 1, 1864 just before the Battle of the Wilderness. It is written on "Probate District of Marlboro" letterhead on August 29, 1882. "As it will please you to have your young friend with you," the Judge wrote to his granddaughter, Helen, "I am content. Let me remind you, however, of two or three things. As you know, I am an old fogy—I care nothing for forms & conventionalities. Now Grandma is altogether different, as you well know. She has got used to me and my untidy & unconventional ways, after forty years' experience—but they disturb her still, in some degree—especially if a stranger is in the house. To me, it's nothing—to her it's everything. In view of these facts, you must see to it that the rooms, downstairs at least, are 'picked up'—'put in order' or whatever you women call

it—especially after I have been in them—my cigars, papers, matches, books, pamphlets, &c, &c.

"You must relieve your Grandma of all these things, which I think are of no consequence, but which to her are of very serious moment. Now things being understood, I see no reason to doubt that you & your friend & Grandma will have a very pleasant time together.

"Remember me affly to your father & give my regards to your mother.

Affly yr. Gdfather
R Tyler

"And Kiss Ethel for me!"

The "young friend" who came with Helen to enjoy Tyler Street hospitality for the first time was Florence Peirce, Adeline's youngest sister and slightly older than Helen.

William Clark Tyler of Brookline died suddenly March 22, 1882, from "rupture of the heart." Details were sent to Judge Tyler by his "affectionate niece Lina" and "dutiful nephew, Henry C. Tyler." Their mother, Caroline Mary Etheridge Tyler, died the following month, on April 15, 1882. Neither Lina nor Henry Tyler married, but their brother, William Royall Tyler, married Ellen Francis Krebs in Trinity Church, Boston, on June 28, 1883, when he was thirty years old. At that time he was "sub-master" at Adams Academy in Quincy.

Commander Brown was detached from the *Jamestown* February 5, 1884.[4] He reported for duty at the Naval Observatory in Washington on October 15, 1884, as Assistant Superintendent with the Nautical Department, including the Time Service, his special charge. The observatory was located on a knoll north of where the Lincoln Memorial now stands. The Brown family were in Washington until the father's retirement. They lived at 1755 Q Street, N. W., where a son, William Peirce Brown, was born November 19, 1887.

Allan Brown would have one more voyage. He sailed from Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Navy Yard in the fall of 1888 in command of the historic *Kearsarge*. (Actually, the Navy Yard is

on an island in Portsmouth Harbor at the mouth of the Piscataqua River in the town of Kittery, Maine.) So many years had passed and so many miles traversed since young Ensign Brown first saw the conqueror of the Confederate *Alabama* at anchor at "Deal in the Downs," England, on August 11, 1864! She was under his command until May 15, 1889. On the voyage to South America, Commander Brown was assailed by increasing attacks of malaria. He was in retirement in Brattleboro at the time the old ship, which was built at the Portsmouth Navy Yard in 1861 and named for Mt. Kearsarge in New Hampshire, was wrecked off Roncador Reef in the Caribbean on February 2, 1894.

"Farewell, farewell, old Kearsarge,
Thy majestic form we'll never see more.
You were wrecked, looted and burnt
On the reef of Roncador."[5]

Guy Brown's life of valued service was cut off in its prime as his father's had been. He died at Lincoln October 27, 1889 at age forty-three after a long siege with "consumption." At the time of his death he held the offices of Clerk and Reporter to the Supreme Court, and State Librarian. Clippings in his mother's scrapbook, from Lincoln, Batavia, Brattleboro, and church papers contain resolutions showing the esteem in which he was held by his profession, city, state, parish, and diocese. He was a member of Farragut Post No. 25, Grand Army of the Republic.

Allan, Florence, and Ethel had spent the previous August with the family at their home on South 27th Street in Lincoln. To Ethel, in the bloom of her late teens and with three boy cousins to squire her about, the visit was a delight despite the sadness of Uncle Guy's illness. The faithful *Edward,* as Mary referred to Ned Tyler in her letter to Florence, was with them for a visit a short time before the death.

Guy's third son, Allan LaRue Brown, was born January 19, 1877. A fourth son, Lawrence Ashton, was born on LaRue's third birthday, January 19, 1880, and died at the age of four months. The second son, Eugene, died in early manhood on June 26, 1896, leaving Ned and LaRue to survive. They were both graduates of

the University of Nebraska and both lawyers; both retired from active practice, because of Ned's health, to lead outdoor lives as owners of a large farm at Arbor, five miles north of Lincoln. Ned Brown was very brilliant, was "recognized as one of agriculture's leading spokesmen," and received distinguished awards for his service to his community, state, and university.[6] He was widowed early in life and his mother kept house for him at Arbor Farm until well into her energetic, spry, and popular old age. There are descendants through Ned's daughter, Elizabeth Brown.

Lt. Hanson Tyler and Lt. George Tyler rendezvoused in the South Seas. Stem's graphic letters had come along from all quarters of the globe, full of humor, affection, and pathos, written in a bold black hand. He was a big handsome fellow, rather lantern-jawed as to moustached countenance, a dashing brass-buttoned figure in the photograph sent from Yokohama "To Hon. R. Tyler with the kindest regards of his aff nephew, Hanson R. Tyler, Lieut. USN, USS Swatara, 10th December 1881." "I should have been rope's ended time and again for my neglect in not writing," he told his father "At Sea—Honolulu to Samoa" on July 29, 1889. He wrote from the "U.S. St'r Adams"—"a happy ship with the pleasantest set of officers one could wish to sail with." It was a shipmate on that voyage who told Hanson he had been to the Auckland Islands and seen the cave where Rufus' ship, the *General Grant*, was shipwrecked in 1866.

The *Adams* reached Apia Harbor, Samoa, a Pacific crossroads on the route to Australia, on September 13, 1889. There had been a crisis there earlier in the year with Germans and Americans glaring at each other from their warships. The situation, caused by an uprising of islanders against a German puppet chief who held sway in part of the islands, literally blew over in the wild hurricane of March 1889. Robert Louis Stevenson, a witness, noted that the warships were thrown on the beach at Apia "as schoolboys' caps tossed on a shelf." The *Vandalia,* the *Trenton,* and Hanson's first ship, the old *Nipsic,* rushed to the scene to watch out for Uncle Sam's treaty interests, were sunk with the German *Olga, Adler* and *Eber.*[7]

One of the few letters of record *from* Ned Tyler was written to his brother George, Executive Officer of the *Mohican*, on March

22, 1890, just as *she* was setting sail for Samoa. "The thought of your going disturbs Mother seriously. I wish you a happy voyage and a safe return and think of you as you sail. You are our roamer, while to us you can draw a line on the map at any time. But as for kindly thoughts, they are independent of territory. You did well to send us the newspaper. Your own bright cheery face!

Much love, dear brother, from your aff brother,
E. R. Tyler"

The two cousins joined forces at Leone Bay, Tutuila Island, Samoa. Hanson came over from Apia on the *Adams* on April 24, 1890, to "wait for the Mohican to show up." "The little gunboat rolls about here as if she were lashed in the top of a tall tree in a thunder storm." He had seen quite enough of Samoa in the eight months he had been there. "No more 'Summer isles of Eden Lying in dark purple spheres of sea' for Hanse, if you please. Plain ordinary New England is quite good enough."

Hanson too was on the *Mohican* as it set sail for home via the Sandwich Islands. George was laden down with a treasure trove of large photographs of the South Seas, picturing Samoan dignitaries, their wives, daughters, and nieces (all in amazing dress and undress), native scenery and living arrangements, as well as the damaged warships lying in Apia Harbor. Hanson sent a few lines from Honolulu on January 30, 1891, "to carry warm greetings to cold Vermont." "There is little use of my telling about matters here," he teased, "for George writes it all to Kit. The latter remark, Father, is copied from you—for years ago, do you remember, you used to write to me when I was a little boy and say:

'My dear son,
As your aunts and cousins have told everything, there's nothing left for me to say but that I am

Yr. loving Fr
T.P.T.'

"I only say that in fun, Father, for it is not at all the case. You used to write me the best of letters."

Numerous parties and balls had been planned, he said, for the arrival of King Kalakaua, who had gone to San Francisco the

previous November, but he died there January 20, 1891. "And since the good old King was brought home yesterday under such melancholy circumstances, all joy has turned to universal mourning." The King was succeeded by Queen Liliuokalani, the last royal monarch of the kingdom of Hawaii, on January 29, 1891, the day before Hanson wrote his letter.

There was sad news awaiting the *Mohican* when she reached San Francisco in early April. Edward Royall Tyler, the recipient of Guy Brown's many letters, died March 30, 1891, after a few days'—almost a few hours'—illness with pneumonia. He had reentered Federal Service some years before and at the time of death held the position of "Principal Examiner" in the Patent Office. He was "at work till close of day Saturday, went to bed Sunday (Easter), and died at 8:40 Monday." He was forty-nine. His end was similar to that of *his* father, Edward Royall, who died at forty-eight.

"Is it not strange that he should have followed Guy so soon—they were such dear friends," Adeline wrote on March 31 to Florence in Brattleboro from Bedford City, Virginia. The Brown family were spending the winter in the Virginia mountains, having fled the dampness of Washington because of Allan's malaria. An illness of Helen's detained the ladies in Bedford, while Allan hurried to Washington to help there. "How my heart aches for them," Mrs. Brown continued. "I fear his poor mother can hardly survive the shock. The ways of Providence are past finding out and we must yield to the unerring decrees of the loving and Allseeing One. It is hard for your husband to receive such sad news—so far away from his home and dear ones. Won't you express the heartfelt sympathy we feel with him. Share our love with your mother and Faith—and accept, my dear sister, the sympathy we feel with you and yours.

Affectionately,
Adeline Peirce Brown"

Amelia and Cornele took Ned home to Brattleboro. Minna occupied herself writing a long letter of particulars in a shaky hand for her youngest brother just as she was "moving out of the city on the B&O (Wed., April 1) with C.C. and the remains of our darling Edward."

Will Tyler remained in Washington with Allan Brown to watch over his own mother and to attend the last illness of his mother-in-law. *His wife Fanny's* mother, Mrs. George B. Hall of Kent, Connecticut, died at their home on R Street that same evening. A telegram was received in San Francisco on April 4 by "J. T. MacMillan, Branch Hydrographic Office," Navy Department, a friend of Cornele's: "Please board Mohican on arrival notify Uncle George Uncle Edward's death pneumonia and Grandma's from grief. C. C. BILLINGS"

Sarah Boardman Tyler died peacefully Friday, April 3, before Amelia and Cornele could leave Brattleboro. She was eighty-four. Will and Allan were with her as well as other friends. To make matters worse, there was a bad snowstorm of twenty inches in the Connecticut Valley during the night of April 2, so that trains were delayed and telegraph wires were down as far south as Hartford. Allan finally managed to get through on the telephone to North Adams in the Berkshires, from which place a message was relayed to Fred Childs, the postmaster at Brattleboro and a family friend. Upon returning to Washington, Minna added a brief note of love in the long letter Allan sent to George in San Francisco, which ended, "You need no words to tell you my sympathy, my dear fellow—Affectly yr bro." "Allan has told you more than anyone else knows," wrote Minna. "I hear she said she was going to Edward and a few minutes before the end that she saw Edward. We have laid around her the shawl you brought from your first cruise.

Love, darling.
Amelia"

After the second funeral in Washington, Cornele went back to Brattleboro with his grandmother's body to rest beside her two Edward Royalls. Florence and Faith awaited them at Nine Tyler with family and friends as they had awaited Edward a few days before.

The younger Minna—Amelia Secunda, as Pickman had dubbed her at birth—the firstborn of that family, was the last to survive. She has been glimpsed but briefly through the letters in this tale, but her role was not unimportant in the family connection. She pursued "the even tenor of her ways," earning her

living from girlhood, devoting her early years to teaching and the last thirty odd years to Federal employment. She was said to be very brilliant, a worthy pupil and niece of *her* Aunt Amelia. She helped with the establishment of Hampton Institute and taught Booker T. Washington, who paid tribute to her in a lecture in Brattleboro in 1900.[8] Her mother pictures her in the late seventies in Washington as "closeted in her own room, working hard on her translations" in connection with her work for the Dead Letter Office. For twenty-seven years she was in the Patent Office, where her work was largely in the Botanical Department.

Pickman approached her in the mid-eighties about his wish to publish a book of family verse, but she did not consider her rhymes worthy of a place and did not care to have them preserved. "You yourself, Uncle Joseph and Uncle George," she replied on January 11, 1885, "have written the only verses worth preservation, so far as I know (not meaning to include Grandfather of course) that bear the name of Tyler. The rest of the rhymes were good enough for their occasions—at least the best of them—but might as well die with the circumstances from which they sprung."[9]

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, the educator and founder of kindergartening in America, wrote to Judge Tyler on April 2, 1886:

> Dear Cousin,
>
> Last spring I was in Washington & saw Edward's children & occasionally hear from Amelia who is in the Patent Office. My sister Mary, named for your mother (now in her 80th year) & I in my 82nd are boarding at Cheshire St., Jamaica Plain. If you ever come to Boston I shall be glad to see you.
>
> Yours affectionately
> Elizabeth P. Peabody.[10]

Amelia Tyler died in Washington May 23, 1908, at age 76. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness" is carved on her tombstone in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Brattleboro.

Lt. Comdr. George W. Tyler was detached from the *Mohican* November 4, 1891, and placed on special duty with the Bureau of Navigation. He died at the Naval Hospital in Washington February 17, 1896.

Despite disabilities incurred before Fredericksburg, William Clark Tyler outlived his younger brothers. He died March 7, 1907, age sixty-eight, at 926 R Street where he had lived for many years. He and his wife Fannie had no children. He had been an employee of the Treasury Department since he was discharged from the Army October 26, 1863. He was a member of Kit Carson Post, G. A. R.

Bessie Tyler's son, Cornelius Canfield Billings, grew up to be one of the large handsome Tyler men—fair complexioned and light-haired. He made his home with his Aunt Minna in Washington until he married at age forty-two Almena Jones Dressel, the widow of a naval officer with two children, Alger and Alice. The former was commander of the illfated dirigible *Macon*. Cornele resigned as First Assistant Commissioner of Patents early in the present century to enter practice as a patent attorney in New York City. He had no children of his own. He and Almena had a summer home on Ames Hill in West Brattleboro. The bond between him and his second cousin, Helen Tyler Brown, was always close and pleasant to see—forged, they were well aware, by their births two months apart during wartime with fathers far away, the one on shipboard in the South Atlantic, the other gone to the next world; by their mothers' deep affection for each other; and by their own childhood years of play and study together.

Hanson Tyler was still serving on the *Mohican* when his father died. The Reverend Thomas Pickman Tyler, D.D., tenth child of Royall Tyler, died January 30, 1892, exactly one year after his son's letter from Honolulu, which is the last one of record. "Do take the best care of yourself, Father," he wrote then, "and *do be careful*—for although folks may be scattered, the old love of home and parents never can scatter."

Stem married late and died early. He was the last one of Royall Tyler's grandchildren to marry. (Was his great affection for his cousin Edith responsible for his long bachelorhood?) His marriage to May Horton, presumably in California, occurred one year after his father's death, January 25, 1893. They had one son, John Steele Tyler, named for his uncle, the young Colonel. Hanson was retired from the Navy for disability in 1896, but was recalled to active duty during the Spanish-American War as were Allan Brown and Cornele Billings. Lt. Hanson R. Tyler died at Vallejo

"at his residence on York Street" May 11, 1900, just before his forty-ninth birthday. He was buried at Vallejo with full naval honors. The band from the *Independence,* the receiving ship at Mare Island, on which he served during the recent war, played a dirge as the funeral party moved to the cemetery.[11] His son, John Steele Tyler, a Marine in World War I, died without issue in 1952. Thus ended Thomas Pickman Tyler's line.

Last link of record with the well loved Dan of the Joseph Dennie Tyler line and of the earlier chapters of our tale is the letter he wrote to Helen Tyler Brown in 1900 from Menton, France. He and his wife, the former Sarah W. Latimer, whom he married October 17, 1883, were "in excellent health and spirits." It was signed "Very affectionately your cousin Dan." [12] They had just seen "Emily Pratt, the younger" (Uncle John's great-granddaughter) on her honeymoon, "a great beauty and a charming girl," recently married to Don Alonzo Clay at Emanuel Church, Boston. Dan and his brother Clarence moved to Florida in the mid-eighties. They lived at "Riverside, Green Cove Springs on the St. John." Neither one had children. After Dan's death in 1910, his widow married Edward Royall Tyler, a resident of Boston and of Menton, France. He was a descendant of the Chief Justice's brother, John Steele Tyler of Boston, the Revolutionary War agent and Boston theatre manager.

Joe Tyler, Dan's youngest brother, was the first of the trio to marry and the only one to have children. He had married Catherine McLear of New York City November 2, 1872. Like his father, Joseph Dennie Tyler, he had a large family of children, and like him, lost three of them in childhood. Only one of Joe, Jr.'s sons, Edward Fuller Tyler, had children. His son, Edward Royall Tyler, a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force during World War II, is an architect living in Rockville Centre, Long Island. He has six children including two sons, Edward Royall and Jeffrey Paul.

Of the Chief Justice's nine sons and numerous grandsons, only the descendants of Joseph Dennie and William Clark have carried the Tyler surname down to the present day. Uncle William's elder son, William Royall Tyler, who married Ellen Krebs in 1883, became headmaster of Adams Academy in Quincy in 1893. He died suddenly from pneumonia November 1, 1897, one month before his forty-fifth birthday.

William Royall Tyler and Ellen Krebs had one son, Royall Tyler, a distinguished author, historian and diplomat, referred to in Tyler Street annals as "Major Royall Tyler of Paris." It was he who owned the original manuscript of his great-grandmother's autobiography—written especially for his grandfather, William Clark Tyler—and who gave permission for its editing and publication in 1925. Major Tyler was an officer in the Signal Corps during the First World War, after which he served as establishment officer on the Reparations Commission in Paris and as Deputy Commissioner, League of Nations, in Budapest, Hungary. He married Elisina de Castelvecchio of an old Florentine family, who engaged in outstanding war work in Paris with Edith Wharton, the novelist. The Tylers lived at 21 Quai Bourbon and at Antigny-Le-Chateau Par Arnay-Le-Duc, an old chateau in Burgundy they bought in the early 1920's which survived the German occupation in World War II and is still owned by the family.

Their son, William Royall Tyler, is the distinguished Tyler statesman of the present day. After many years in the service of the United States Department of State, he has resigned from government service to become director of Harvard University's Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. From June 1965 until June 1969, William Royall Tyler served at The Hague as United States Ambassador to the Netherlands. In his family circle is a son, Royall Tyler.

Returning to the Brown family at the end of the past century, the father wrote *"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"* after June 24, 1891, in his book of Naval orders. That was the date Allan D. Brown was placed on the list of retired officers after thirty years of active duty for disabilities incurred in service. But there would be other honors and other opportunities for service. He retired with his family to his mother's home at 9 Tyler Street, Brattleboro, but he did not indulge in a leisurely existence. He gave lectures and wrote scholarly articles, contributing to *Harper's Magazine,* the *Army and Navy Journal,* and the *Scientific American.* He studied immediately for the Episcopal priesthood and was ordained deacon November 30, 1892, in St. Michael's, Brattleboro, by the Right Reverend W. H. A. Bissel, who succeeded Bishop Hopkins in 1868. He was in charge of Old Christ Church, Guilford, and later the Church of the Good Shepherd, Barre.

He was ordained a priest in June 1895 in St. Paul's Church, Burlington, by the "new Bishop of Vermont," the Right Reverend Arthur Crawshay Allison Hall, who was the Diocesan from 1894 to 1930. Ethel wrote a long account of the occasion to Aunt Edith, including her delight in the beauties of Rock Point, the diocesan property on Lake Champlain, comprising several acres of farmland and woodland, which Bishop Hopkins had purchased as a farm to help support his large family in the 1830s. The Browns were invited to the Bishop's house for supper, followed by the evening chapel service at the girls' school, then known as Hopkins Hall (now Rock Point School), and a farewell visit to the lakeside to gaze at the evening loveliness. "The lake was like glass and reflected the distant mountains as well as the sunset sky, of a deep rose color tinged with gold, and in the midst hung Venus, large and luminous. We gazed and gazed, loath to leave so much beauty behind. There are times when one is so happy and content it seems impossible to bear any more joy, and such was to me my trip to Burlington for Father's ordination and my visit to the Bishop.

Always your loving niece,
Ethel Ruth Brown"

Ethel herself was quite a scribe. She was one of the Brattleboro belles of the Gay Nineties, and taught "elocution" and physical education classes at "Miss Sawyer's School" on North Street (on the site of Miss Barber's earlier "Laneside"). Helen wanted to study medicine or at least take nurse's training, but her father wouldn't hear of either course. She was the smaller of the sisters, resembling her mother, with fair skin, delicate coloring, brown hair, and blue eyes; while Ethel had the brilliant coloring and almost black hair of the Browns, with hazel eyes. Her beauty of face and form was exceeded only by the sweetness of character which always shone from her countenance.

The second Mrs. Brown won all hearts and in the more than forty years she lived in Vermont became as much a part of the Brattleboro scene as the river and the mountain. She was on cordial, friendly, hospitable terms with all Tyler kindred, with whom she was as popular as with her own.

The two remaining sons of Royall Tyler, the Chief Justice,

each died in 1896. The Reverend George Palmer Tyler, D.D., eighth child of Royall Tyler, died in Lansingburgh, New York, on January 18. He was a trustee of Middlebury College, which had conferred his Doctor of Divinity degree upon him. His wife, Elizabeth Atwater Trowbridge, had died in 1891 shortly after their golden wedding. He was survived by his daughter, Mrs. John Gaston Mairs (Frances Bradford Tyler—"Cousin Fan") and two grandchildren, George Tyler and Elizabeth Atwater. The grandson, "Tyler" Mairs, had no children. Elizabeth Mairs was the genealogist of the family. She assisted many of her friends to become better acquainted with their lineage, and especially her own kin, for whom she had always great interest and loyalty. Her husband, Charles Merritt, drew the genealogical charts which are in *Grandmother Tyler's Book*. His automobile license read "NY 5 CE," representing, he explained, "Charles Edward, Civil Engineer, City Engineer, Construction Engineer, Consulting Engineer" in that order. He and Elizabeth were prominent in the life of their home city of Utica, New York, where their daughter, Frances Ann Merritt (Mrs. Edward D. Drees), and her three daughters were born and live.

Ethel Ruth Brown was married in St. Michael's, Brattleboro, on June 30, 1896, to the Reverend George Joseph Sutherland, rector of St. Mary's Church, Northfield, Vermont. He was born in Drummondville, Quebec, of Scottish and French Huguenot ancestry, the son of Donald Sutherland and Eleanor Menut. Ethel was attended by her sister Helen, her little brother Peirce, and her young cousin and godchild, Laura Platt. Bishop Hall performed the ceremony assisted by their friend, neighbor, and rector, the Reverend William Henry Collins, who had officiated at her Aunt Edith's marriage nineteen years before. "The Brown wedding was the most ideal in many respects I have ever seen," Miss Molly Cabot declared, writing, not in her "Annals" but to her sister, Grace Holbrook. "Ethel was not only a beautiful bride, but her manners were pure grace and romance. The Bishop officiated in the most solemn and perfect manner. Mr. Sutherland, being a priest, did the same. There was quite a swell supper at the house and the grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns."[13]

Ethel's grandfather died October 27, 1896, at age eighty-four,

the last of Royall Tyler's eleven children. "Royall Tyler—*clara et venerabile nomen*" marks the earthly resting place of the ninth child, who had added further dignity to the name he bore. At the time of his death, Judge Tyler still held the offices of Windham County Clerk and Probate Judge of the District of Marlboro and was last at his office on October 16. He was "known as a man of deep knowledge and incorruptible integrity . . . the personification of unaffected dignity, yet withal genial, loving and loveable," Mary R. Cabot, who lived across the street from him, tells us in her *Annals of Brattleboro*.[14]

The Reverend Allan Danvers Brown, Commander, U.S.N. (Retired), became President of Norwich University December 8, 1896, and his family adjourned to Northfield near the new Sutherland household. George and Ethel eventually acquired three children, Allan Donald, Margaret Gertrude, and Dorothy Eleanor, all born in Vermont. The middle child, a very beautiful, lively little girl blooming with health, died at the age of nine after a sudden short illness with the dread meningitis.

President Brown died on Easter Day 1904 at the home of his daughter and son-in-law at Micadale in the mountains of western North Carolina (at that time the "Missionary District of Asheville") while on leave from Norwich. The University of Vermont had given him an LL.D. in 1897. "The strife is o'er—the battle done—the victory of life is won" are the grand Easter words carved on his gravestone. Memorial services were held for him in Dewey Hall at Norwich, built during his presidency, and at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Barre during the hour of the funeral at St. Michael's, Brattleboro.[15]

Laura Britton Keyes (Mrs. Royall Tyler) survived into the present century, the last of the Chief Justice's daughters-in-law. She died June 5, 1907, at age ninety. Diana Osborne Brown Tyler fell down the long front stairs at Nine Tyler, broke her hip, and expired in October of 1900.

During their long widowhood, Adeline and Florence, sisters-in-law, lived together at Nine Tyler Street, chatelaines of a hospitable and gracious home, whose charm was enjoyed by many. With daughters Helen Brown and Faith Tyler, they comprised the Tyler-Brown household during the first three decades of this century.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Tyler, as well as Edith Platt, lived into their eighties and were the last survivors of their generation in this tale.

Thomas Pickman Tyler's mantle had fallen on his great-niece, Helen Tyler Brown. He gave it to her before he died. She spent many years repairing, enlarging, and trying to render it complete in order to strengthen Royall Tyler's place in our heritage. Always, however, when physically able, she would shelve "R.T." and her "work" at a moment's notice and, without compunction (but with inner pangs), rush to fill any family gap she was requested or felt called upon to fill. Her devotion to the cause of "R.T." was exceeded only by her intense loyalty to those living. In this regard, it should be emphasized that neither she nor Thomas Pickman Tyler, during the years they worked on Tyler research, were amply supplied with physical and fiscal resources.

Faith Tyler's sudden death on January 1, 1930, marked the end of the Edward Royall Tyler line. Her first cousin, Cornele Billings, had died unexpectedly April 22, 1926. They were both strong, vigorous, and active. Faith was tall, calm, serene, resembling her paternal grandmother, Sarah Boardman Tyler. There was more resemblance between Florence and her pretty niece, Ethel, both being decided Browns, than between Florence and Faith, but the spiritual bond between mother and daughter was close. Faith studied kindergarten and business subjects in Washington and later graduated with honors from Sargent School of Physical Education in Cambridge. Toward the end of her life she succeeded her mother as executive secretary-treasurer of the Brattleboro Mutual Aid Association and went every day to their office on Harris Place, working after hours in her field of corrective massage. She had been out to give a massage to one of her patients on New Year's Eve a few hours before her death. "It is interesting to see how her faith, simplicity, sweetness and helpfulness impressed everyone she came in contact with," her Aunt Adeline wrote to Ethel that January.

Adeline Peirce Brown left us December 12, 1938. She outlived her stepdaughters and her own large family of sisters and brothers. Her son, Lt. Cmdr. William Peirce Brown, U.S.N. (Retired), died in Brattleboro December 10, 1967. He had no children.

Hanson Tyler had gone to his grave long before, but his contemporary, his loved cousin, Edith Tyler Platt, was the last of the third generation (Royall Tyler's grandchildren) to survive. She died in October 1940 at a beloved eighty-nine in Will Platt's ancestral valley of the Hudson, to which they had retired, some years before. Her widowed daughter, Laura Lawrence, a retired teacher, kept house for her in Upper Red Hook, New York. And little Edith Tyler, who fought so long in order to marry the man of her choice, had the largest number of descendants of any of the Tyler progeny. So with descendants of the older sister, Gertrude, the line of Royall, the Judge, who fathered only daughters—the beloved "Uncle Charles" of the soldier and sailor lads of the sixties—has been the most prolific of all of Royall Tyler's eleven children.

And from his daughter's daughter's daughter stems this saga of the Tyler and Browns, whose lives were woven into our country's heritage.

NOTES

1. Royall Tyler, "The Chestnut Tree," page 38.
2. Newspaper clipping, Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.
3. Cabot, page 922.
4. Navy Department
Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting
Washington Feb'ry 1st 1884

Sir:

As you are about to retire from the command of the U.S.S. Training Ship 'Jamestown' under assignment to other duties, the Bureau desires to express to you its appreciation of the interest you have taken, & the services you have rendered, during the last two years in connection with the training of Apprentices for the Naval Service.

Very respectfully
Your Obdt. Servt.
Earl English
Chief of Bureau

Commander
A. D. Brown
Comdg. U.S.S. Jamestown
New York, N.Y.

5. Hobson, page 167.
6. Clipping from Lincoln newspaper, March 1950.
7. Theodore Roscoe and Frederick Freeman, *Picture History of the U.S. Navy,* (New York 1956).
8. Cabot, page 276.
9. Letter in Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.
10. *Ibid.*
11. Clippings in Helen Tyler Brown scrapbook (*D.S.M. Collection*).
12. Letter in Vermont Historical Society.
13. Letter dated July 3, 1896, was given to Helen Tyler Brown "For Dorothy."
14. Cabot, page 539.
15. Obituaries in Royall Tyler Collection, Vermont Historical Society.

Appendix

Descendants of Royall Tyler and Mary Hunt Palmer

(Three generations mentioned in foregoing pages)

CHILDREN

	Born	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Royall "Riall"	1 Dec. 1794	11 Nov. 1813	.....	
John Steele "Uncle John"— "The General"	28 Sept. 1796	20 Jan. 1876	Mary Wheeler Winship	23 Nov. 1820*
Mary Whitwell "Aunt Mary"	23 June 1798	5 Oct. 1874	.....	
Edward Royall "Uncle Edward"	3 Aug. 1800	28 Sept. 1848	Ann Murdoch Sarah Ann Boardman	May 1828 10 July 1831
William Clark "Uncle William"— "The Major"	28 Aug. 1802	22 Mar. 1882	Caroline Mary Etheridge	24 July 1850 *
Joseph Dennie "Uncle Joseph"	14 Sept. 1804	28 Jan. 1852	Amanda Fuller	May 1834 *
Amelia Sophia "Aunt Minna"— "Teacher of Three Generations"	29 Jan. 1807	2 Feb. 1878	.....	
George Palmer "Uncle George" "The Parson"	10 Dec. 1809	18 Jan. 1896	Elizabeth Atwater Trowbridge	12 May 1841*
Charles (Royall) "Uncle Charles" "The Judge"	19 Apr. 1812	27 Oct. 1896	Laura Britton Keyes	29 Apr. 1840 *

CHILDREN (continued)

	Born	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Thomas Pickman "Uncle Pickman" "The Doctor"	20 Nov. 1815	24 Jan. 1892	Mary Ann Clark Diana Osborne Brown	9 Dec. 1841 11 July 1862
Abiel Winship "Winship"	9 Nov. 1818	20 Sept. 1832	.....	

GRANDCHILDREN

	Child of	*Born*	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Lucinda Baldwin "Cousin Lu"	*John*	16 Apr 1822	6 July 1891	George H. Cutter S. D. Crane	2 June 1842* 3 Oct 1878
Amelia "Minna"	*Edward*	23 Oct 1832	23 May 1908	.....	
Elizabeth "Bessie"	*Edward*	9 Sep 1834	20 Sep 1878	Cornelius Canfield Billings	23 Dec 1861
William	*Joseph*	5 May 1836	1836	.....	
John Steele "Little John Steele"	*Edward*	1 Sep 1836	3 Mar 1840	.....	
Ellen	*Joseph*	6 Mar 1837		Samuel J. Person	9 June 1858
William Clark "Will"	*Edward*	17 Dec 1838	7 Mar 1907	Sarah Frances Hall	6 Feb 1867
Daniel Fuller "Dan"	*Joseph*	3 Mar 1839	1910	Sarah Latimer	17 Oct 1883

*Known descendants living.

GRANDCHILDREN (continued)

	Child of	*Born*	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Gertrude	*Royall*	17 May 1841	18 Sep 1877	Allan D. Brown	29 Dec 1863*
Jane	*Joseph*	26 May 1841	3 June 1841	.....	
Edward Royall "Ned"	*Edward*	14 May 1842	30 Mar 1891	.....	
Charles W. G.	*Joseph*	6 June 1842	4 Aug 1855	(drowned)	
John Steele	*Pickman*	29 Apr 1843	23 May 1864	(of wounds)	
Clarence Whitehead "Clare"	*Joseph*	4 Jan 1844		Mattie Sullivan	
Walter Clark	*Pickman*	22 July 1845	2 Feb 1846	.....	
Joseph Dennie "Joe"	*Joseph*	3 Oct 1845	1913	Catherine McLear	2 Nov 1872*
Trowbridge "Trow"	*George*	1 Jan 1846	3 Mar 1859	.....	
Helen	*Royall*	28 June 1846	2 Sep 1850	.....	
Rufus Clark "Judge"	*Pickman*	20 Jan 1847	May 1866	(shipwrecked)	
Frances Bradford "Fannie"	*George*	17 July 1847	9 Dec 1907	John Gaston Mairs	26 Sep 1876*
George Whittlesey	*Edward*	2 Nov 1847	17 Feb 1896	Florence Brown	9 Apr 1872
Hanson Risley "Stem"	*Pickman*	17 May 1851	May 1900	May Horton	30 Jan 1893

GRAND CHILDREN (continued)

	Child of	*Born*	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Mary Caroline "Lina"	*William*	10 June 1851		.....	
Edith	*Royall*	2 Sep 1851	Oct 1940	George Willard Platt	5 Sep 1877*
William Royall "Will Royall"	*William*	12 Dec 1852	1 Nov 1897	Ellen Francis Krebs	28 June 1883*
Mary	*Pickman*	May 1853	Apr 1854	.....	
Henry Carey	*William*	1 Oct 1855		.....	

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

	Child of	*Born*	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Mary Eliza Cutter	*Lucinda*	26 Sep 1843		Charles E. Pierson	18 Dec 1862 *
Emily Lyman Cutter	*Lucinda*	27 Feb 1849	30 Jan 1921	Isaac Lowell Pratt	27 Feb 1866 *
Samuel Person, Jr.	*Ellen*	(Before 1862)			
Helen Tyler Brown	*Gertrude*	14 Oct 1864	16 Nov 1935	.....	
Cornelius Billings	*"Bessie"*	2 Dec 1864	22 Apr 1926	Almena J. Dressel	17 Nov 1906
Ethel Ruth Brown	*Gertrude*	1 Apr 1870	1 Mar 1932	George J. Sutherland	30 June 1896 *
Faith Tyler	*George W.*	5 Feb 1875	1 Jan 1930	.....	
Charles A. Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	13 July 1875		.....	
Alice A. Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	2 Nov 1876	15 Oct 1883	.....	

*Known descendants living.

GREAT-GRAND CHILDREN (continued)

	Child of	*Born*	*Died*	*Married*	*Date*
Royall Tyler	*George W.*	3 Dec 1876	2 Apr 1877	.....	
George Bell Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	1 Mar 1878		Ida Jackson	1905
George Tyler Mairs	*Frances*	14 July 1878	10 June 1954	Helen Foley	10 Apr 1910
Gertrude Tyler Platt	*Edith*	23 Nov 1878		Arthur Leon Moore	28 June 1901 *
Clara Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	1 Mar 1880	5 Mar 1880	.....	
Clarence W. Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	18 Aug 1881	17 Oct 1883	.....	
Royall Tyler Platt	*Edith*	9 Sep 1881		Gertrude L. Ellerman Bertha S. Bibb	May 1909 6 May 1956
Elizabeth A. Mairs	*Frances*	4 May 1883	9 Apr 1957	Charles E. Merritt	3 Sep 1910*
Edward Fuller Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	18 Aug 1883	Feb 1953	Frances Callan	1907 *
Royall Tyler	*William Royall*	2 May 1884	2 Mar 1953	Elisina de Castelvecchio	*
Laura Willard Platt	*Edith*	19 Mar 1885	30 Jan 1971	Ernest A. Lawrence	Sep 1907 *
Joseph Dennie Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	24 Jan 1886	1972	.....	
John Trowbridge Mairs	*Frances*	2 Mar 1887	17 Apr 1888	.....	
Henry Royall Tyler	*Joseph, Jr.*	30 Apr 1888		.....	
Henrietta E. Mairs	*Frances*	Oct 1888	July 1889	.....	
John Steele Tyler	*Hanson*	1894	1952		

*Known descendants living.

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